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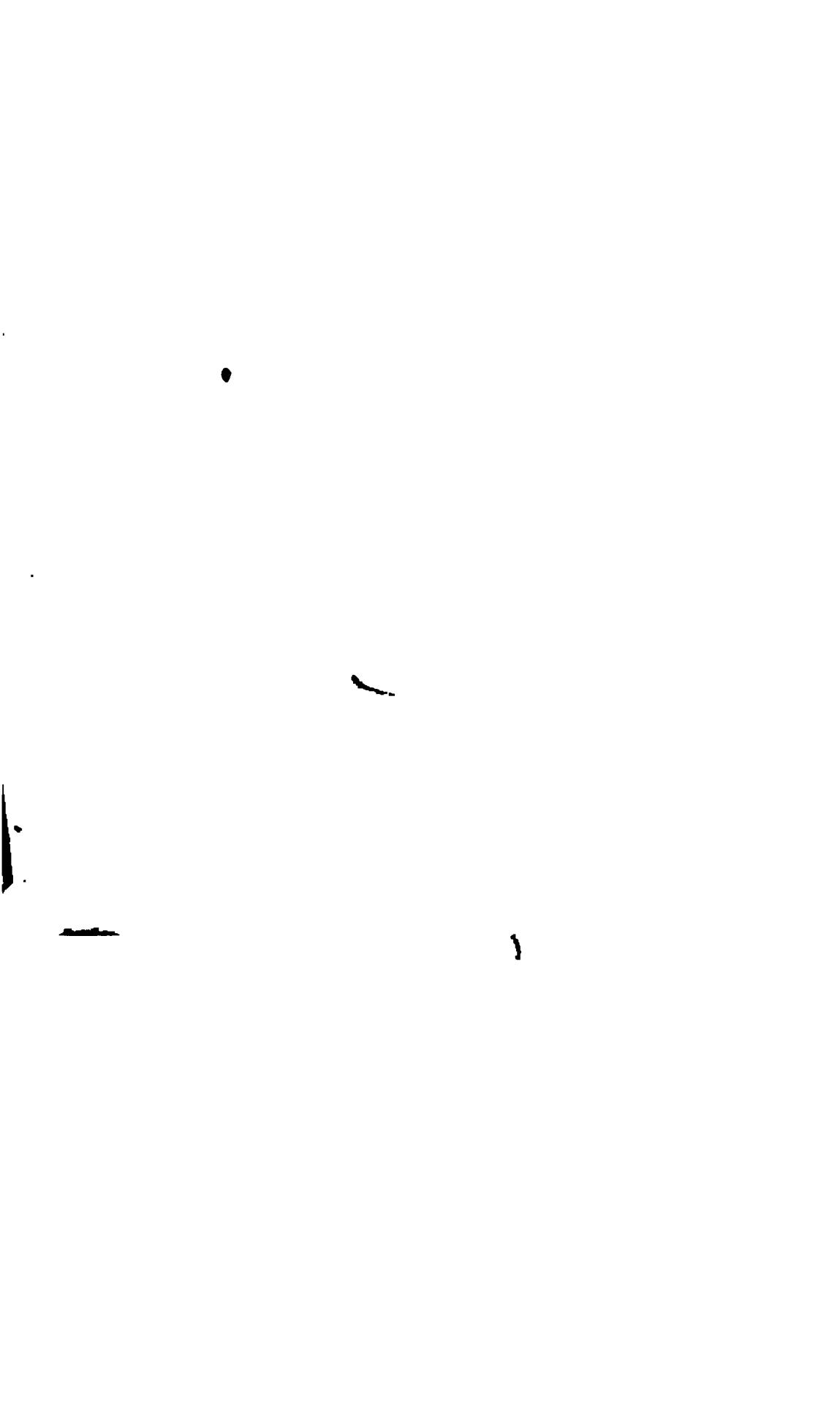
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# KENILWORTH.

VOL. 10.



HANDY VOLUME "WAVERLEY."

# KENILWORTH.

BY  
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.



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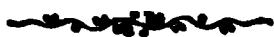
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ASTOR, LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS  
1800

LONDON :

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# ENILWORTH.



## CHAP. I.

*I am an innkeeper, and know my grounds,  
And study them; Brain o' man, I study them.  
I must have jovial guests to drive my ploughs,  
And whistling boys to bring my harvests home,  
Or I shall hear no flails thrack.—THE NEW INN.*

IT is the privilege of tale-tellers to open their story in an inn, the free rendezvous of all travellers, and where the humour of each disposes itself, without ceremony or restraint. This is especially suitable when the scene is laid during the old days of merry England, when the guests were in some not merely the inmates, but the messmates and temporary companions of mine host, who was usually a sonage of privileged freedom, wimely presence, and humour. Patronised by him, the characters of company were placed in ready contrast; and they soon failed, during the emptying of a six-hooped tub to throw off reserve, and present themselves to one other, and to their landlord, with the freedom of acquaintance.

The village of Cumnor, within three or four miles of Oxford, boasted, during the eighteenth year of Queen Anne, an excellent inn of the old stamp, conducted by a master who ruled, by Giles Gosling, a man of a goodly person, and of somewhat round belly; fifty years of age and upwards, moderate in his reckonings, prompt in his

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payments, having a cellar of sound liquor, a ready wit, and a pretty daughter. Since the days of old Harry Baillie of the Tabard in Southwark, no one had excelled Giles Gosling in the power of pleasing his guests of every description ; and so great was his fame, that to have been in Cumnor, without wetting a cup at the bonny Black Bear, would have been to avouch one's-self utterly indifferent to reputation as a traveller. A country fellow might as well return from London, without looking in the face of majesty. The men of Cumnor were proud of their host, and their host was proud of his house, his liquor, his daughter, and himself.

It was in the courtyard of the inn which called this honest fellow ~~his~~ lord, that a traveller alighted in the close of the evening, gave his horse, which seemed to have made a long journey, to the hostler, and made some inquiry, which produced the following dialogue betwixt the myrmidons of the bonny Black Bear.

"Whai ho ! John Tapster."

"At hand, ~~With~~ Hostler," replied the man of the spigot, showing himself in his costume of loose jacket, lined breeches, and green apron, half within and half without a door, which appeared to descend to an outer cellar.

"Here is a gentleman asks if you draw good ale," continued the hostler.

"Beshrew my heart else," answered the tapster, "since there are but four miles betwixt us and Oxford. —Marry, if my ale did not convince the heads of the scholars, they would soon convince my pate with the pewter flagon."

"Call you that Oxford logic?" said the stranger, who had now quitted the rein of his horse, and was advancing towards the inn door, when he was encountered by the poddy form of Giles Gosling himself.

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"Is it logic you talk of, Sir Guest?" said the host; "why then, have at you with a downright consequence—

‘The horse to the rack,  
And to fire with the sack.’"

"Amen! with all my heart, my good host," said the stranger; "let it be a quart of your best canaries, and give me your good help to drink it."

"Nay, you are but in your accident yet, Sir Traveller, if you call on your host for help for such a sipping matter as a quart of sack—were it a gallon, you might lack some neighbourly aid at my hand, and yet call yourself a toper."

"Fear me not," said the guest, "I will do my devoir as becomes a man who finds himself within five miles of Oxford; for I am not come from the field of Mars to discredit myself amongst the followers of Minerva."

As he spoke thus, the landlord, with much semblance of hearty welcome, ushered his guest into a large low chamber, where several persons were seated together in different parties; some drinking, some playing at cards, some conversing, and some whose business called them to be early risers on the morrow, concluding their evening meal, and conferring with the chamberlain about their night's quarters.

The entrance of a stranger procured him that general and careless sort of attention which is usually paid on such occasions, from which the following results were deduced:—The guest was one of those who, with a well-made person, and features not in themselves unpleasing, are nevertheless so far from handsome, that, whether from the expression of their features, or the tone of their voice, or from their gait and manner, there arises, on the whole, a disinclination to their society. The stranger's address was bold, without being 3 2

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and seemed eagerly and hastily to claim for him a degree of attention and deference, which he feared would be refused, if not instantly vindicated as his right. His attire was a riding-cloak, which, when open, displayed a handsome jerkin overlaid with lace, and belted with a buff girdle, which sustained a broadsword and a pair of pistols.

"You ride well provided, sir," said the host, looking at the weapons as he placed on the table the mulled sack which the traveller had ordered.

"Yes, mine host; I have found the use on't in dangerous times, and I do not, like your modern grandees, turn off my followers the instant they are useless."

"Ay, sir?" said Giles Gosling; "then you are from the Low Countries, the land of pike and caliver?"

"I have been high and low, my friend, broad and wide, far and near; but here is to thee in a cup of thy sack—fill thyself another to pledge me; and, if it is less than superlative, e'en drink as you have brewed."

"Less than superlative?" said Giles Gosling, drinking off the cup, and smacking his lips with an air of ineffable relish—"I know nothing of superlative, nor is there such a wine at the Three Cranes, in the Vintry, to my knowledge; but if you find better sack than that in the Sheres, or in the Canaries either, I would I may never touch either pot or penny more. Why, hold it up betwixt you and the light, you shall see the little motes dance in the golden liquor like dust in the sunbeam. But I would rather draw wine for ten clowns than one traveller.—I trust your honour likes the wine?"

"It is neat and comfortable, mine host; but to know good liquor, you should drink where the vine grows.

*Trust me, your Spaniard is too wise a man to send you the very soul of the grape. Why, this now, which you account so choice, were counted but as a cup of bastard at the Grayne, or at Port Saint Mary's. You should*

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travel, mine host, if you would be deep in the mysteries of the butt and pottle-pot."

"In troth, Signior Guest," said Giles Gosling, "if I were to travel only that I might be discontented with that which I can get at home, methinks I should go but on a fool's errand. Besides, I warrant you, there is many a fool can turn his nose up at good drink without ever having been out of the smoke of old England ; and so ever gramercy mine own fireside."

"This is but a mean mind of yours, mine host," said the stranger ; "I warrant me, all your town's folk do not think so basely. You have gallants among you, I dare undertake, that have made the Virginia voyage, or taken a turn in the Low Countries at least. Come, cudgel your memory. Have you no friends in foreign parts that you would gladly have tidings of?"

"Troth, sir, not I," answered the host, "since ranting Robin of Drysandford was shot at the siege of the Brill. The devil take the caliver that fired the ball, for a blither lad never filled a cup at midnight. But he is dead and gone, and I know not a soldier, or a traveller, who is a soldier's mate, that I would give a peeled codling for."

"By the mass, that is strange. What ! so many of our brave English hearts are abroad, and you, who seem to be a man of mark, have no friend, no kinsman, among them ! "

"Nay, if you speak of kinsmen," answered Gosling, "I have one wild slip of a kinsman, who left us in the last year of Queen Mary ; but he is better lost than found."

"Do not say so, friend, unless you have heard ill of him lately. Many a wild colt has turned out a noble steed.—His name, I pray you?"

"Michael Lambourne," answered the landlord of the Black Bear ; "a son of my sister's—there is little pleasure in recollecting either the name or the connection."

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"Michael Lambourne!" said the stranger, as if endeavouring to recollect himself—"what, no relation to Michael Lambourne, the gallant cavalier who behaved so bravely at the siege of Venlo, that Grave Maurice thanked him at the head of the army? Men said he was an English cavalier, and of no high extraction."

"It could scarcely be my nephew," said Giles Gosling, "for he had not the courage of a hen-partridge for aught but mischief."

"Oh, many a man finds courage in the wars," replied the stranger.

"It may be," said the landlord; "but I would have thought our Mike more likely to lose the little he had."

"The Michael Lambourne whom I knew," continued the traveller, "was a likely fellow—went always gay and well-attired, and had a hawk's eye after a pretty wench."

"Our Michael," replied the host, "had the look of a dog with a bottle at its tail, and wore a coat, every rag of which was bidding good-day to the rest."

"Oh, men pick up good apparel in the wars," replied the guest.

"Our Mike," answered the landlord, "was more like to pick it up in a frippery warehouse, while the broker was looking another way; and, for the hawk's eye you talk of, his was always after my stray spoons. He was tapster's boy here in this blessed house for a quarter of a year; and between misreckonings, miscarriages, mistakes, and misdemeanours, had he dwelt with me three months longer, I might have pulled down sign, shut up house, and given the devil the key to keep."

"You would be sorry, after all," continued the traveller, "were I to tell you poor Mike Lambourne was shot at the head of his regiment at the taking of a sconce near Maestricht?"

"Sorry!—it would be the blithest news I ever hear

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of him, since it would ensure me he was not hanged. But let him pass—I doubt his end will never do such credit to his friends: were it so, I should say"—(taking another cup of sack)—"Here's God rest him, with all my heart."

"Tush, man," replied the traveller, "never fear but you will have credit by your nephew yet, especially if he be the Michael Lambourne whom I knew, and loved very nearly, or altogether, as well as myself. Can you tell me no mark by which I could judge whether they be the same?"

"Faith, none that I can think of," answered Giles Gosling, "unless that our Mike had the gallows branded on his left shoulder for stealing a silver caudle-cup from Dame Snort of Hogs-ditch?"

"Nay, there you lie like a knave, uncle," said the stranger, slipping aside his ruff, and turning down the sleeve of his doublet from his neck and shoulder; "by this good day, my shoulder is as unscarred as thine own."

"What, Mike, boy—Mike!"—exclaimed the host;—"and is it thou, in good earnest? Nay, I have judged so for this half-hour; for I knew no other person would have ta'en half the interest in thee. But, Mike, an thy shoulder be unscathed as thou sayest, thou must own that Goodman Thong, the hangman, was merciful in his office, and stamped thee with a cold iron."

"Tush, uncle—truce with your jests. Keep them to season your sour ale, and let us see what hearty welcome thou wilt give a kinsman who has rolled the world around for eighteen years; who has seen the sun set where it rises, and has travelled till the west has become the east."

"Thou hast brought back one traveller's gift thee, Mike, as I well see; and that was what thou didst need to travel for. I remember well, amor

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other qualities, there was no crediting a word which came from thy mouth."

"Here's an unbelieving Pagan for you, gentlemen!" said Michael Lambourne, turning to those who witnessed this strange interview betwixt uncle and nephew, some of whom, being natives of the village, were no strangers to his juvenile wildness. "This may be called slaying a Cumnor fatted calf for me with a vengeance.—But, uncle, I come not from the husks and the swine-trough, and I care not for thy welcome or no welcome; I carry that with me will make me welcome, wend where I will."

So saying, he pulled out a purse of gold, indifferently well filled, the sight of which produced a visible effect upon the company. Some shook their heads, and whispered to each other, while one or two of the less scrupulous speedily began to recollect him as a school-companion, a townsman, or so forth. On the other hand, two or three grave sedate-looking persons shook their heads, and left the inn, hinting, that if Giles Gosling wished to continue to thrive, he should turn his thriftless, godless nephew adrift again, as soon as he could. Gosling demeaned himself as if he were much of the same opinion; for even the sight of the gold made less impression on the honest gentleman, than it usually doth upon one of his calling.

"Kinsman Michael," he said, "put up thy purse. My sister's son shall be called to no reckoning in my house for supper or lodging; and I reckon thou wilt hardly wish to stay longer, where thou art e'en but too well known."

"For that matter, uncle," replied the traveller; "I shall consult my own needs and conveniences. Mean-time, I wish to give the supper and sleeping cup to those good towns-men, who are not too proud to remember Mike Lambourne, the tapster's boy. If you will let me have entertainment for my money, so—if not, it is

...tions, thou shalt not  
...ns nour, and shalt e'en have whateve  
list to call for. But I would I knew tha  
thine, which thou vapourest of, were as w  
it seems well filled."

"Here is an infidel for you, my good  
said Lambourne, again appealing to t  
"Here's a fellow will rip up his kinsman  
good score of years' standing—And for th  
sirs, I have been where it grew, and was t  
the gathering. In the New World have I be  
the Eldorado, where urchins play at che  
diamonds, and country wenches thread rubi  
laces, instead of rowan-tree berries ; where  
are made of pure gold, and the paving-ston  
silver."

"By my credit, friend Mike," said young  
Goldthred, the cutting mercer of Abing  
were a likely coast to trade to. A--  
cypresses, and -- - .

## KENILWORTH.

alchemy to decoct thy house and land into ready money, and that ready money into a tall ship, with sails, anchors, cordage, and all things conforming ; then clap thy warehouse of goods under hatches, put fifty good fellows on deck, with myself to command them, and so hoise topsails, and hey for the New World ! ”

“ Thou hast taught him a secret, kinsman,” said Giles Gosling, “ to decoct, an that be the word, his pound into a penny, and his webs into a thread.—Take a fool’s advice, neighbour Goldthred. Tempt not the sea, for she is a devourer. Let cards and cockatrices do their worst, thy father’s bales may bide a banging for a year or two, ere thou comest to the Spital ; but the sea hath a bottomless appetite,—she would swallow the wealth of Lombard Street in a morning, as easily as I would a poached egg, and a cup of clary ;—and for my kinsman’s Eldorado, never trust me if I do not believe he has found it in the pouches of some such gulls as thyself.—But take no snuff in the nose about it ; fall to and welcome, for here comes the supper, and I heartily bestow it on all that will take share, in honour of my hopeful nephew’s return, always trusting that he has come home another man.—In faith, kinsman, thou art as like my poor sister as ever was son to mother.”

“ Not quite so like old Benedict Lambourne, her husband, though,” said the mercer, nodding and winking. “ Dost thou remember, Mike, what thou saidst when the schoolmaster’s ferule was over thee for striking up thy father’s crutches ?—it is a wise child, saidst thou, that knows its own father. Dr. Bircham laughed till he cried again, and his crying saved yours.”

“ Well, he made it up to me many a day after,” said Lambourne ; “ and how is the worthy pedagogue ? ”

“ Dead,” said Giles Gosling, “ this many a day since.”

“ That he is,” said the clerk of the parish ; “ I sat by his bed the whilst—He passed away in a blessed frame,

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• *Morior—mortuus sum vel famatus*—latest words, and he just add jugated."

" Well, peace be with him, " nothing."

" No, truly," replied Goldwin, which he laid on thee; he al spared the hangman a labour."

" One would have thought then," said the clerk ; " and ye sinecure of it with our friend,

" *Voto a dios !*" exclaimed appearing to fail him, as he snatched his hat from the table and placed it on his head. The shadow gave the sinister expression to his eyes and features which natural

" Harkee, my masters—all is under the rose ; and I have al ready told my uncle here, and all of you, to give up the frolics of my nonage. But I have my good friends, and can use them on occasion—I have learned to be of honour ever since I served you not to have you provoke me to tell all."

" Why, what would you do if I told you ?

" Ay, sir, what would you do if I told you ? You would bustle up on the other side of the room."

" Slit your throat, and spoil your face," said Sir Clerk, " said Lambourne, if you are a worshipful dealer in flimsy sausages."

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honour of his family,—I protest your silly broils make me as oblivious as yourself; for yonder sits my silent guest as I call him, who hath been my two days' inmate, and hath never spoken a word, save to ask for his food and his reckoning—gives no more trouble than a very peasant—pays his shot like a prince royal—looks but at the sum total of the reckoning, and does not know what day he shall go away. Oh, 'tis a jewel of a guest! and yet, hang-dog that I am, I have suffered him to sit by himself like a castaway in yonder obscure nook, without so much as asking him to take bite or sup along with us. It were but the right guerdon of my incivility, were he to set off to the Hare and Tabor before the night grows older."

With his white napkin gracefully arranged over his left arm, his velvet cap laid aside for the moment, and his best silver flagon in his right hand, mine host walked up to the solitary guest whom he mentioned, and thereby turned upon him the eyes of the assembled company.

He was a man aged between twenty-five and thirty, rather above the middle size, dressed with plainness and decency, yet bearing an air of ease, which almost amounted to dignity, and which seemed to infer that his habit was rather beneath his rank. His countenance was reserved and thoughtful, with dark hair and dark eyes—the last, upon any momentary excitement, sparkled with uncommon lustre, but on other occasions had the same meditative and tranquil cast which was exhibited by his features. The busy curiosity of the little village had been employed to discover his name and quality, as well as his business at Cumnor; but nothing had transpired on either subject which could lead to its gratification.

*Giles Gosling, head-borough of the place, and a steady friend to Queen Elizabeth and the Protestant religion, was at one time inclined to suspect his guest of being a Jesuit, or seminary priest, of whom Rome and*

"Papists," argued Giles Gosling, "are a pinching, close-fisted race, and this man would have found a lodging with the wealthy squire at Bessellsley, or with the old Knight at Wootton, or in some other of their Roman dens, instead of living in a house of public entertainment, as every honest man and good Christian should. Besides, on Friday, he stuck by the salt beef and carrot, though there were as good spitchcocked eels on the board as ever were ta'en out of the Isis."

Honest Giles, therefore, satisfied himself that his guest was no Roman, and with all comely courtesy besought the stranger to pledge him in a draught of the cool tankard, and honour with his attention a small collation which he was giving to his nephew, in honour of his return, and, as he verily hoped, of his reformation. The stranger at first shook his head, as if declining the courtesy; but mine host proceeded to urge him with arguments founded on the credit of his house, and the construction which the good people of Cumnor might put upon such an unsocial humour.

"By my faith, sir," he said, "it touches my reputation that men should be merry in my house, and we have ill tongues amongst us at Cumnor (as where be there not?) who put an evil mark on men who pull their hat over their brows as if they were looking back to the days that are gone, instead of enjoying the blithe sunshiny weather which God hath sent us in the sweet look of our sovereign mistress, Queen Elizabeth, who Heaven long bless and preserve!"

"Why, mine host," answered the stranger, "I

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no treason, sure, in a man's enjoying his own thoughts, under the shadow of his own bonnet? You have lived in the world twice as long as I have, and you must know there are thoughts that will haunt us in spite of ourselves, and to which it is in vain to say, begone, and let me be merry."

"By my sooth," answered Giles Gosling, "if such troublesome thoughts haunt your mind, and will not get them gone for plain English, we will have one of Father Bacon's pupils from Oxford, to conjure them away with logic and with Hebrew—Or, what say you to laying them in a glorious red sea of claret, my noble guest? Come, sir, excuse my freedom. I am an old host, and must have my talk. This peevish humour of melancholy sits ill upon you—it suits not with a sleek boot, a hat of a trim block, a fresh cloak, and a full purse—A pize on it, send it off to those who have their legs swathed with a hay-wisp, their heads thatched with a felt bonnet, their jerkin as thin as a cobweb, and their pouch without ever a cross to keep the fiend Melancholy from dancing in it. Cheer up, sir! or by this good liquor we will banish thee from the joys of blithesome company into the mists of melancholy and the land of little-ease. Here be a set of good fellows willing to be merry; do not scowl on them like the devil looking over Lincoln."

"You say well, my worthy host," said the guest with a melancholy smile, which, melancholy as it was, gave a very pleasant expression to his countenance—"You say well, my jovial friend; and they that are moody like myself, should not disturb the mirth of those who are happy—I will drink a round with your guests with all my heart, rather than be termed a mar-feast."

So saying, he arose and joined the company, who, *encouraged by the precept and example of Michael Lambourne, and consisting chiefly of persons much disposed to profit by the opportunity of a merry meal at*

which each answer was received. He himself was somewhat scandalised at the obstreperous mirth of their mirth, especially as he involuntarily lost all respect for his unknown guest. He paused, therefore, at some distance from the table occupied by the noisy revellers, and began to make a sort of apology for their license.

"You would think," he said, "to hear these fellows talk, that there was not one of them who had not vowed to live by Stand and Deliver; and yet to-morrow you will find them a set of as painstaking mechanics as ever cut an inch short of measure. They paid a letter of change in light crowns over a cobbler's bill. The mercer there wears his hat awry, over a shaggy head of hair, that looks like a curly water-dog's. He goes unbraced, wears his cloak on one side, and has a ruffianly vapouring humour—when in his shirt-sleeves, he is, from his flat cap to his glistening apparel as if he was named for

the King."

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think all I said of him, even now, was strict gospel—I knew the wag all the while, and wished to pluck his plumes from him—And now, sir, by what name shall I present my worshipful guest to these gallants?"

"Marry, mine host," replied the stranger, "you may call me Tressilian."

"Tressilian?" answered my host of the Bear, "a worthy name; and, as I think, of Cornish lineage; for what says the south proverb—

' By Pol, Tre, and Pen,  
You may know the Cornish men.'

Shall I say the worthy Mr. Tressilian of Cornwall?"

"Say no more than I have given you warrant for, mine host, and so shall you be sure you speak no more than is true. A man may have one of those honourable prefixes to his name, yet be born far from Saint Michael's Mount."

Mine host pushed his curiosity no farther, but presented Mr. Tressilian to his nephew's company, who, after exchange of salutations, and drinking to the health of their new companion, pursued the conversation in which he found them engaged, seasoning it with many an intervening pledge.

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## CHAP. II.

*Talk you of young Master Lancelot?*

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

FTER some brief interval, Master Goldthred, at the earnest instigation of mine host, and the joyous concurrence of his guests, indulged the company with the following morsel of melody:—

*Of all the birds on bush or tree,  
Commend me to the owl,  
Since he may best ensample be  
To those the cup that trowl.*

## KENILWORTH.

For when the sun hath left the west,  
He chooses the tree that he loves the best,  
And he whoops out his song, and he laughs at his jest,  
Then though hours be late, and weather foul,  
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny owl.

The lark is but a humpkin fowl,  
He sleeps in his nest till morn ;  
But my blessing upon the jolly owl,  
That all night blows his horn.

Then up with your cup till you stagger in speech,  
And match me this catch though you swagger and screech,  
And drink till you wink, my merry men each,  
For though hours be late and weather be foul,  
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny owl.

"There is savour in this, my hearts," said Michael, when the mercer had finished his song, "and some goodness seems left among you yet—but what a bead-roll you have read me of old comrades, and to every man's name tacked some ill-omened motto ! And so Swashing Will of Wallingford hath bid us good-night?"

"He died the death of a fat buck," said one of the party, "being shot with a crossbow bolt, by old Thatcham, the Duke's stout park-keeper at Donnington Castle."

"Ay, ay, he always loved venison well," replied Michael, "and a cup of claret to boot—and so here's one to his memory. Do me right, my masters."

When the memory of this departed worthy had been duly honoured, Lambourne proceeded to inquire after Prance of Padworth.

"Pranced off—made immortal ten years since," said the mercer ; "marry, sir, Oxford Castle and Goodman Thong, and a tenpenny-worth of cord best know how."

"What, so they hung poor Prance high and dry,  
much for loving to walk by moonlight—a cup to  
memory, my masters—all merry fellows like moonlight."

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What has become of Hal with the plume?—he who lived near Yattenden, and wore the long feather—I forget his name."

"What, Hal Hempseed?" replied the mercer, "why, you may remember, he was a sort of a gentleman, and would meddle in state matters, and so he got into the mire about the Duke of Norfolk's affair these two or three years since, fled the country with a pursuivant's warrant at his heels, and has never since been heard of."

"Nay, after these baulks," said Michael Lambourne, "I need hardly inquire after Tony Foster; for when ropes, and crossbow shafts, and pursuivant's warrants, and such like gear, were so rife, Tony could hardly 'scape them."

"Which Tony Foster mean you?" said the inn-keeper.

"Why, he they called Tony Fire-the-Fagot, because he brought a light to kindle the pile round Latimer and Ridley, when the wind blew out Jack Thong's torch, and no man else would give him light for love or money."

"Tony Foster lives and thrives," said the host.—"But, kinsman, I would not have you call him Tony Fire-the-Fagot, if you would not brook the stab."

"How! is he grown ashamed on't?" said Lambourne; "why he was wont to boast of it, and say he liked as well to see a roasted heretic as a roasted ox."

"Ay, but, kinsman, that was in Mary's time," replied the landlord, "when Tony's father was Reeve here to the Abbot of Abingdon. But since that, Tony married a pure precisian, and is as good a Protestant, I warrant you, as the best."

"And looks grave, and holds his head high, and scorns his old companions," said the mercer.

"Then he hath prospered, I warrant him," said Lam-

"Prospero, ----  
remember Cumnor Place, the old mansion  
the churchyard?"

"By the same token, I robbed the times—what of that?—It was the old Abb when there was plague or sickness at Abin

"Ay," said the host, "but that has be and Anthony Foster hath a right in it, and some grant from a great courtier, who ha lands from the crown ; and there he dwel little to do with any poor wight in Cumno himself a belted knight."

"Nay," said the mercer, "it is not alto Tony neither—there is a fair lady in the will scarce let the light of day look on hei

"How!" said Tressilian, who now for interfered in their conversation, "did Foster was married and to a precisian?"

"Married he was, and to as bitter a j  
---- and a cat-and-dog li

## KENILWORTH.

you, I was riding hither from Abingdon—I passed under the east oriel window of the old mansion, where all the old saints and histories and such like are painted—It was not the common path I took, but one through the Park ; for the postern-door was upon the latch, and I thought I might take the privilege of an old comrade to ride across through the trees, both for shading, as the day was somewhat hot, and for avoiding of dust, because I had on my peach-coloured doublet, pinked out with cloth of gold."

" Which garment," said Michael Lambourne, " thou wouldst willingly make twinkle in the eyes of a fair dame. Ah ! villain, thou wilt never leave thy old tricks."

" Not so—not so," said the mercer, with a smirking laugh ; " not altogether so—but curiosity, thou knowest, and a strain of compassion withal,—for the poor young lady sees nothing from morn to even but Tony Foster, with his scowling black brows, his bull's head, and his bandy legs."

" And thou wouldst willingly show her a dapper body, in a silken jerkin—a limb like a short-legged hen's, in a cordovan boot, and a round, simpering, what-d'ye-lack sort of a countenance, set off with a velvet bonnet, a Turkey feather, and a gilded brooch ? Ah ! jolly mercer, they who have good wares are fond to show them ! Come, gentles, let not the cup stand—here's to long spurs, short boots, full bonnets, and empty skulls ! "

" Nay, now you are jealous of me, Mike," said Goldthred ; " and yet my luck was but what might have happened to thee, or any man."

" Marry, confound thine impudence," retorted Lambourne ; " thou wouldst not compare thy pudding face and sarsenet manners to a gentleman and a soldier ? "

" Nay, my good sir," said Tressilian, " let me beseech

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" May

## KENILWORTH.

complexion," answered the mercer, "special certain; but I marked that her handle curiously inlaid;—and then colour of her hair, why, I can warrant, might, that she wore above it a net of twisted with gold."

cer-like memory," said Lambourne; asks him of the lady's beauty, and he othes."

said the mercer, somewhat disconcerted, to look at her; for just as I was about ood time of day, and for that purpose features with a smile"—

a jackanape simpering at a chestnut," bourne.

of a sudden," continued Goldthred, ie interruption, "Tony Foster himself, is hand"—

y head across, I hope, for thine im- his entertainer.

ore easily said than done," answered ntly; "no, no—there was no breaking he advanced his cudgel, and spoke of ed why I did not keep the public road, d I would have knocked him over the for his pains, only for the lady's night have swooned, for what I

n thee for a faint-spirited slave!" said hat adventurous knight ever thought or, when he went to thwack giant, ian, in her presence and for her de- by talk to thee of dragons, who would dragon-fly? There thou hast missed ty!"

then, bully Mike," answered Gold-

## KENILWORTH.

thred.---"Yonder is the enchanted manor, and the dragon, and the lady, all at thy service, if thou darest venture on them."

"Why, so I would for a quartern of sack," said the soldier—"Or stay—I am foully out of linen—wilt thou bet a piece of Hollands against these five angels, that I go not up to the Hall to-morrow, and force Tony Foster to introduce me to his fair guest?"

"I accept your wager," said the mercer; "and I think, though thou hadst even the impudence of the devil, I shall gain on thee this bout. Our landlord here shall hold stakes, and I will stake down gold till I send the linen."

"I will hold stakes on no such matter," said Gosling. "Good now, my kinsman, drink your wine in quiet, and let such ventures alone. I promise you, Master Foster hath interest enough to lay you up in lavender at the Castle of Oxford, or to get your legs made acquainted with the town-stocks."

"That would be but renewing an old intimacy; for Mike's shins and the town's wooden pinfold have been well known to each other ere now," said the mercer; "but he shall not budge from his wager, unless he means to pay forfeit."

"Forfeit?" said Lambourne; "I scorn it. I value Tony Foster's wrath no more than a shelled pea-cod; and I will visit his Lindabrides, by Saint George, be he willing or no!"

"I would gladly pay your halves of the risk, sir," said Tressilian, "to be permitted to accompany you on the adventure."

"In what would that advantage you, sir?" answered Lambourne.

"In nothing, sir," said Tressilian, "unless to mark the skill and valour with which you conduct yourself. I am a traveller, who seeks for strange encounters a-

## KENILWORTH.

passages, as the knights of yore did after and seats of arms."

"If it pleases you to see a trout tickled," Lambourne, "I care not how many witness And so here I drink success to my enterprise ; it will not pledge me on his knees is a rascal, cut his legs off by the garters !"

ught which Michael Lambourne took upon him had been preceded by so many others, that tered on her throne. He swore one or two oaths at the mercer, who refused, reasonably pledge him to a sentiment which inferred the own wager.

"You chop logic with me," said Lambourne, "I've, with no more brains than a skein of *wick*? By Heavens, I will cut thee into fifty yards lace !"

He attempted to draw his sword for this doughty Michael Lambourne was seized upon by the chamberlain, and conveyed to his own there to sleep himself sober at his leisure.

The party then broke up, and the guests took their ch more to the contentment of mine host than if the company, who were unwilling to quit him, when it was to be had for free cost, so long were able to sit by it. They were, however, to remove ; and go at length they did, leaving Tressilian in the empty apartment.

"Faith," said the former, "I wonder where our find pleasure, when they spend their means inments, and in playing mine host without a reckoning. It is what I but rarely practise : *ver I do, by Saint Julian, it grieves me beyond* Each of these empty stoups, now, which my his drunken comrades have swilled off, been a matter of profit to one in my line,

## KENILWORTH.

and I must set them down a dead loss. I cannot, for my heart, conceive the pleasure of noise, and nonsense, and drunken freaks, and drunken quarrels, and smut, and blasphemy, and so forth, when a man loses money instead of gaining by it. And yet many a fair estate is lost in upholding such a useless course, and that greatly contributes to the decay of publicans ; for who the devil do you think would pay for drink at the Black Bear, when he can have it for nothing at my Lord's or the Squire's ? ”

Tressilian perceived that the wine had made some impression even on the seasoned brain of mine host, which was chiefly to be inferred from his declaiming against drunkenness. As he himself had carefully avoided the bowl, he would have availed himself of the frankness of the moment, to extract from Gosling some further information upon the subject of Anthony Foster, and the lady whom the mercer had seen in the mansion-house ; but his inquiries only set the host upon a new theme of declamation against the wiles of the fair sex, in which he brought at full length the whole wisdom of Solomon to reinforce his own. Finally, he turned his admonitions, mixed with much objurgation, upon his tapsters and drawers, who were employed in removing the relics of the entertainment, and restoring order to the apartment ; and at length, joining example to precept, though with no good success, he demolished a salver with half a score of glasses, in attempting to show how such service was done at the Three Cranes in the Vintry, then the most topping tavern in London. This last accident so far recalled him to his better self, that he retired to his bed, slept sound, and awoke a new man in the morning.

## KENILWORTH.

### CHAP. III.

*Nay, I'll hold touch—the game shall be play'd out,  
It ne'er shall stop for me, this merry wager;  
That which I say when gamesome, I'll avouch  
In my most sober mood, ne'er trust me else.*

#### THE HAZARD-TABLE.

ND how doth your kinsman, good mine host?" said Tressilian, when Giles Gosling first appeared in the public room on the morning following the revel which we described in the last chapter. "Is he well, and will he abide by his wager?"

"For well, sir, he started two hours since, and having visited I know not what purlieus of his old companions hath but now returned, and is at this instant breakfasting on new-laid eggs and muscadine; and for his wager I caution you as a friend to have little to do with that or indeed with aught that Mike proposes. Wherefore I counsel you to a warm breakfast upon a culiss, which shall restore the tone of the stomach; and let my nephew and Master Goldthred swagger about their wager as they list."

"It seems to me, mine host," said Tressilian, "that you know not well what to say about this kinsman of yours; and that you can neither blame nor commend him without some twinge of conscience."

"You have spoken truly, Master Tressilian," replied Giles Gosling. "There is natural affection whimpering into one ear, 'Giles, Giles, why wilt thou take away the good name of thy own nephew? Wilt thou defame thy sister's son, Giles Gosling? wilt thou defoul thine own nest, dishonour thine own blood?' And then, again comes Justice, and says, 'Here is a worthy guest as ever came to the bonny Black Bear; one who never challenged a reckoning' (as I say to your face you never did)

**Master Tressilian**—not that you have had cause), ‘one who knows not why he came, so far as I can see, or when he is going away ; and wilt thou, being a publican, having paid scot and lot these thirty years in the town of Cumnor, and being at this instant head-borough, wilt thou suffer this guest of guests, this man of men, this six-hooped pot (as I may say) of a traveller to fall into the meshes of thy nephew, who is known for a swasher and a desperate Dick, a carder, and a dicer, a professor of the seven damnable sciences, if ever man took degrees in them ?’ No, by Heaven ! I might wink, and let him catch such a small butterfly as Goldthred ; but thou, my guest, shall be forewarned, forearmed, so thou wilt but listen to thy trusty host.”

“ Why, mine host, thy counsel shall not be cast away,” replied Tressilian ; “ however, I must uphold my share in this wager, having once passed my word to that effect. But, lend me, I pray, some of thy counsel—This Foster, who or what is he, and why makes he such mystery of his female inmate ?”

“ Troth,” replied Gosling, “ I can add but little to what you heard last night. He was one of Queen Mary’s Papists, and now he is one of Queen Elizabeth’s Protestants ; he was an on-hanger of the Abbot of Abingdon, and now he lives as master of the Manor-house. Above all, he was poor and is rich. Folk talk of private apartments in his old waste mansion-house, bedizened fine enough to serve the Queen, God bless her. Some men think he found a treasure in the orchard, some that he sold himself to the devil for treasure, and some say that he cheated the Abbot out of the church plate, which was hidden in the old Manor-house at the Reformation. Rich, however, he is, and God and his conscience, with the devil perhaps besides, only know how he came by it. He has sulky ways too, breakin’ off intercourse with all that are of the place, as if he

## KENILWORTH.

either some strange secret to keep or held himself to be made of another clay than we are. I think it likely my kinsman and he will quarrel, if Mike thrust his acquaintance on him ; and I am sorry that you, my worthy Master Tressilian, will still think of going in my nephew's company."

Tressilian again answered him, that he would proceed with great caution, and that he should have no fears on his account ; in short, he bestowed on him all the customary assurances with which those who are determined on a rash action, are wont to parry the advice of their friends.

Meantime, the traveller accepted the landlord's invitation, and had just finished the excellent breakfast which was served to him and Gosling by pretty Cicely, the beauty of the bar, when the hero of the preceding night, Michael Lambourne, entered the apartment. His toilette had apparently cost him some labour, for his clothes, which differed from those he wore on his journey, were of the newest fashion, and put on with great attention to the display of his person.

" By my faith, uncle," said the gallant, " you made a wet night of it, and I feel it followed by a dry morning. I will pledge you willingly in a cup of bastard.—How, my pretty coz, Cicely ! why, I left you but a child in the cradle, and there thou stand'st in thy velvet waistcoat, as tight a girl as England's sun shines on. Know thy friends and kindred, Cicely, and come hither, child, that I may kiss thee, and give thee my blessing."

" Concern not yourself about Cicely, kinsman," said Giles Gosling, " but e'en let her go her way, a' God's name ; for although your mother were her father's sister, yet that shall not make you and her cater-cousins."

" Why, uncle," replied Lambourne, " think'st thou I am an infidel, and would harm those of mine own house?"

## KENILWORTH.

"It is for no harm that I speak, Mike," answered his uncle, "but a simple humour of precaution which I have. True, thou art as well gilded as a snake when he casts his old slough in the spring-time ; but for all that, thou creepest not into my Eden. I will look after mine Eve, Mike, and so content thee.—But how brave thou be'st, lad ! To look on thee now, and compare thee with Master Tressilian here, in his sad-coloured riding-suit, who would not say that thou wert the real gentleman, and he the tapster's boy ?"

"Troth, uncle," replied Lambourne, "no one would say so but one of your country-breeding, that knows no better. I will say, and I care not who hears me, there is something about the real gentry that few men come up to that are not born and bred to the mystery. I wot not where the trick lies ; but although I can enter an ordinary with as much audacity, rebuke the waiters and drawers as loudly, drink as deep a health, swear as round an oath, and fling my gold as freely about as any of the jingling spurs and white feathers that are around me,—yet, hang me if I can ever catch the true grace of it, though I have practised an hundred times. The man of the house sets me lowest at the board, and carves to me the last ; and the drawer says,—'Coming,'friend,' without any more reverence or regardful addition. But, hang it, let it pass ; care killed a cat. I have gentry enough to pass the trick on Tony Fire-the-Fagot, and that will do for the matter in hand."

"You hold your purpose, then, of visiting your old acquaintance ?" said Tressilian to the adventurer.

"Ay, sir," replied Lambourne ; "when stakes are made, the game must be played ; that is gamester's law, all over the world. You, sir, unless my memory fails me (for I did steep it somewhat too deeply in the sack-butt), took some share in my hazard ?"

"I propose to accompany you in your adventure."

## KENILWORTH.

said Tressilian, "if you will do me so much grace as to permit me ; and I have staked my share of the forfeit in the hands of our worthy host."

"That he hath," answered Giles Gosling, "in as fair Harry-nobles as ever were melted into sack by a good fellow. So, luck to your enterprise, since you will needs venture on Tony Foster ; but, by my credit, you had better take another draught before you depart, for your welcome at the Hall, yonder, will be somewhat of the driest. And if you do get into peril, beware of taking to cold steel ; but send for me, Giles Gosling the head-borough, and I may be able to make something out of Tony yet, for as proud as he is."

The nephew dutifully obeyed his uncle's hint, by taking a second powerful pull at the tankard, observing, that his wit never served him so well as when he had washed his temples with a deep morning's draught ;— and they set forth together for the habitation of Anthony Foster.

The village of Cumnor is pleasantly built on a hill, and in a wooded park closely adjacent was situated the ancient mansion occupied at this time by Anthony Foster, of which the ruins may be still extant. The park was then full of large trees, and, in particular, of ancient and mighty oaks, which stretched their giant arms over the high walls surrounding the demesne, thus giving it a melancholy, secluded, and monastic appearance. The entrance to the park lay through an old-fashioned gateway in the outer wall, the door of which was formed of two huge oaken leaves, thickly studded with nails, like the gate of an old town.

"We shall be finely holped up here," said Michael Lambourne, looking at the gateway and gate, "if this fellow's suspicious humour should refuse us admission altogether, as it is like he may, in case this linsey-wolsey fellow of a mercer's visit to his premises has disquieted

## KENILWORTH.

him. "But no," he added, pushing the huge gate, which gave way, "the door stands invitingly open, and here we are within the forbidden ground, without other impediment than the passive resistance of a heavy oak door, moving on rusty hinges."

They stood now in an avenue overshadowed by such old trees as we have described, and which had been bordered at one time by high hedges of yew and holly. But these, having been untrimmed for many years, had run up into great bushes, or rather dwarf-trees, and now encroached with their dark and melancholy boughs upon the road which they once had screened. The avenue itself was grown up with grass, and, in one or two places, interrupted by piles of withered brushwood, which had been lopped from the trees cut down in the neighbouring park, and was here stacked for drying. Formal walks and avenues, which, at different points, crossed this principal approach, were, in like manner, choked up and interrupted by piles of brushwood and billets, and in other places by underwood and brambles. Besides the general effect of desolation which is so strongly impressed, whenever we behold the contrivances of man wasted and obliterated by neglect, and witness the marks of social life effaced gradually by the influence of vegetation, the size of the trees, and the outspreading extent of their boughs, diffused a gloom over the scene, even when the sun was at the highest, and made a proportional impression on the mind of those who visited it. This was felt even by Michael Lambourne, however alien his habits were to receiving any impressions, excepting from things which addressed themselves immediately to his passions.

"This wood is as dark as a wolf's mouth," said he to Tressilian, as they walked together slowly along the solitary and broken approach, and had just come in sight of the monastic front of the old mansion, with

## KENILWORTH.

its shafted windows, brick walls overgrown with ivy and creeping shrubs, and twisted stalks of chimneys of heavy stone-work. "And yet," continued Lambourne, "it is fairly done on the part of Foster too; for since he chooses not visitors, it is right to keep his place in a fashion that will invite few to trespass upon his privacy. But had he been the Anthony I once knew him, these sturdy oaks had long since become the property of some honest woodmonger, and the manor-close here had looked lighter at midnight than it now does at noon, while Foster played fast and loose with the price, in some cunning corner in the purlieus of Whitefriars."

"Was he then such an unthrift?" asked Tressilian.

"He was," answered Lambourne, "like the rest of us, no saint, and no saver. But what I liked worst of Tony was, that he loved to take his pleasure by himself, and grudged, as men say, every drop of water that went past his own mill. I have known him deal with such measures of wine when he was alone, as I would not have ventured on with aid of the best toper in Berkshire; —that, and some sway towards superstition, which he had by temperament, rendered him unworthy the company of a good fellow. And now he has earthed himself here, in a den just befitting such a sly fox as himself."

"May I ask you, Master Lambourne," said Tressilian, "since your old companion's humour jumps so little with your own, wherefore you are so desirous to renew acquaintance with him?"

"And may I ask you, in return, Master Tressilian," answered Lambourne, "wherefore you have shown yourself so desirous to accompany me on this party?"

"I told you my motive," said Tressilian, "when I took share in your wager,—it was simple curiosity."

"La you there now!" answered Lambourne: "see how you civil and discreet gentlemen think to use us who live by the free exercise of our wits! Had I

...more should not bare  
ressilian, " be a sufficient reason for  
walk with you ? "

" Oh, content yourself, sir," replied  
" you cannot put the charge on me s  
think, for I have lived among the quick  
of the age too long, to swallow chaff fo  
are a gentleman of birth and breeding-  
makes it good ; of civil habits and fair rep  
manners declare it, and my uncle avouche  
you associate yourself with a sort of scan  
men call me ; and, knowing me to be suc  
yourself my companion in a visit to a man  
are a stranger to,—and all out of me  
forsooth !—The excuse, if curiously balanced  
found to want some scruples of just weight,

" If your suspicions were just," said Tres  
have shown no confidence in me to invite  
nine."

" Oh if that .

## KENILWORTH.

comfortable proposal truly," said Tressilian ;  
I see not what chance there is of accomplish-  
"

"Not to-day or perchance to-morrow," answered Lambourne ; "I expect not to catch the old jack till I have disposed my ground baits handsomely. But I know something more of his affairs this morning than I did last night, and I will so use my knowledge that he all think it more perfect than it is.—Nay, without expecting either pleasure or profit, or both, I had not stepped a stride within this manor, I can tell you ; or I promise you I hold our visit not altogether without risk.—But here we are, and we must make the best on't."

While he thus spoke, they had entered a large orchard which surrounded the house on two sides, though the trees, abandoned by the care of man, were over-grown and mossy, and seemed to bear little fruit. Those which had been formerly trained as espaliers, had now resumed their natural mode of growing, and exhibited grotesque forms, partaking of the original training which they had received. The greater part of the ground, which had once been parterres and flower-gardens, was suffered like manner to run to waste, excepting a few patches which had been dug up, and planted with ordinary potherbs. Some statues, which had ornamented the garden in its days of splendour, were now thrown down from their pedestals and broken in pieces, and a large summer-house, having a heavy stone front, decorated with carving, representing the life and actions of Shakespeare, was in the same dilapidated condition.

They had just traversed this garden of the slugs and were within a few steps of the door of the manor when Lambourne had ceased speaking ; a circumstance agreeable to Tressilian, as it saved him the trouble of either commenting upon or re-

## KENILWORTH.

is frank avowal which his companion had just made of the sentiments and views which induced him to come thither, Lambourne knocked roundly and boldly at the huge door of the mansion, observing at the same time, he had seen a less strong one upon a county jail. It was not until they had knocked more than once, that an aged sour-visaged domestic reconnoitred them through a small square hole in the door, well secured with bars of iron, and demanded what they wanted.

"To speak with Master Foster instantly, on pressing business of the state," was the ready reply of Michael Lambourne.

"Methinks you will find difficulty to make that good," said Tressilian in a whisper to his companion, while the servant went to carry the message to his master.

"Tush," replied the adventurer; "no soldier would go on were he always to consider when and how he should come off. Let us once obtain entrance, and all will go well enough."

In a short time the servant returned, and drawing with a careful hand both bolt and bar, opened the gate, which admitted them through an archway into a square court, surrounded by buildings. Opposite to the arch was another door, which the serving-man in like manner unlocked, and thus introduced them into a stone-paved parlour, where there was but little furniture, and that of the rudest and most ancient fashion. The windows were tall and ample, reaching almost to the roof of the room, which was composed of black oak; those opening to the quadrangle were obscured by the height of the surrounding buildings, and, as they were traversed with massive shafts of solid stone-work, and thickly painted with religious devices, and scenes taken from Scripture history, by no means admitted light in proportion to their size; and what did penetrate through them partook of the dark and gloomy tinge of the stained glass.

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length made his appearance an inauspicious and ill-looking person. Anthony Foster considerably exceeded what Tressili had anticipated. He was of middle stature, but strongly, but so clumsily as to border on deformity, to give all his motions the ungainly awkwardness of a left-legged and left-handed man. His hair, in arrangement, which, men at that time, as at present, were very curious, instead of being carefully cleaned and posed into short curls, or else set up on end, as is represented in old paintings, in a manner resembling that used by fine gentlemen of our own day, escaped in negligence from under a furred bonnet, and hung in locks, which seemed strangers to the comb, over rugged brows, and around his very singular and unpossessing countenance. His keen dark eyes were set beneath broad and shaggy eyebrows, and as were usually bent on the ground, seemed as if they themselves ashamed of the expression natural to them and were desirous to conceal it from the observation of men. At times, however, when, more intent on serving others, he suddenly raised them, and fixed keenly on those with whom he conversed, they seemed to express both the fiercer passions, and the power which could at will suppress or disguise the intense inward feeling. The features which correspond to these eyes and this form were irregular, and made as to be indelibly fixed on the mind of him who once seen them. Upon the whole, as Tressili could not help acknowledging to himself, the Anthony who now stood before them was the last person from personal appearance, upon whom one could make an unexpected and un-.

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of the most cordial reception.

"Ha! my dear friend and ingle, Tony Foster," exclaimed, seizing upon the unwilling hand, and seizing it with such emphasis as almost to stagger the frame of the person whom he addressed; "how long have you been away?—What! have you altogether forgotten your friend, gossip, and playfellow Michael Lambourne?"

"Michael Lambourne!" said Foster, looking a moment; then dropping his eyes, and with ceremony extricating his hand from the friendly grasp of the person by whom he was addressed, "are you Michael Lambourne?"

"Ay; sure as you are Anthony Foster," said Lambourne.

"Tis well," answered his sullen host; "and what may Michael Lambourne expect from his visit here?"

"*Voto a Dios,*" answered Lambourne, "I expect a better welcome than I am like to meet, I think."

"Why, thou gallows-bird—thou jail-rat—

## KENILWORTH.

of the hangman and his customers," replied Foster, "hast thou the assurance to expect countenance from any one whose neck is beyond the compass of a Tyburn tippet?"

"It may be with me as you say," replied Lambourne; "and suppose I grant it to be so for argument's sake, I were still good enough society for mine ancient friend Anthony Fire-the-Fagot, though he be, for the present, by some indescribable title, the master of Cumnor Place."

"Hark you, Michael Lambourne," said Foster; "you are a gambler now, and live by the counting of chances—Compute me the odds that I do not, on this instant, throw you out of that window into the ditch there."

"Twenty to one that you do not," answered the sturdy visitor.

"And wherefore, I pray you?" demanded Anthony Foster, setting his teeth, and compressing his lips, like one who endeavours to suppress some violent internal emotion.

"Because," said Lambourne, coolly, "you dare not for your life lay a finger on me. I am younger and stronger than you, and have in me a double portion of the fighting devil, though not, it may be, quite so much of the undermining fiend, that finds an underground way to his purpose—who hides halters under folk's pillows, and who puts ratsbane into their porridge, as the stage-play says."

Foster looked at him earnestly, then turned away, and paced the room twice, with the same steady and considerate pace with which he had entered it; then suddenly came back, and extended his hand to Michael Lambourne, saying, "Be not wroth with me, good Mike; I did but try whether thou hadst parted with aught of thine old and honourable frankness, which your enviers and backbiters called saucy impudence."

stowage."

"Nay, nay," replied Foster, "touching scruples and modesty, you sailed hence in ballast.—But who is this gallant, honest Mike?—is he a Corinthian—a cutter like thyself?"

"I prithee, know Master Tressilian, bully Foster," replied Lambourne, presenting his friend in answer to his friend's question; "know him and honour him, for he is a gentleman of many admirable qualities; and though he traffics not in my line of business, at least so far as I know, he has, nevertheless, a just respect and admiration for artists of our class. He will come to in time, as seldom fails; but as yet he is only a Neophyte, only a proselyte, and frequents the company of cocks of the game, as a puny fencer does the schools of the masters, to see how a foil is handled by the teachers of defence."

"If such be his quality, I will pray your company in another chamber, honest Mike, for what I have to say to thee is for thy private ear.—Meanwhile, I pray you, sir, to abide us in this apartment, and without leaving it—there be those in this house who would be alarmed by the sight of a stranger."

Tressilian acquiesced, and the two worthies left the apartment together, in which he remained alone ~~to await~~ ~~their return.~~\*

## KENILWORTH.

### CHAP. IV.

*Not serve two masters ?—Here's a youth will try it—  
Would fain serve God, yet give the devil his due :  
Says grace before he doth a deed of villany,  
And returns his thanks devoutly when 'tis acted.*

OLD PLAY.

**H**E room into which the Master of Cumnor Place conducted his worthy visitant, was of greater extent than that in which they had at first conversed, and had yet more the appearance of dilapidation. Large oaken presses, filled with shelves of the same wood, surrounded the room, and had, at one time, served for the arrangement of a numerous collection of books, many of which yet remained, but torn and defaced, covered with dust, deprived of their costly clasps and bindings, and tossed together in heaps upon the shelves, as things altogether disregarded, and abandoned to the pleasure of every spoiler. The very presses themselves seemed to have incurred the hostility of those enemies of learning, who had destroyed the volumes with which they had been heretofore filled. They were in several places dismantled of their shelves, and otherwise broken, and damaged, and were, moreover, mantled with cobwebs, and covered with dust.

"The men who wrote these books," said Lambourne, looking round him, "little thought whose keeping they were to fall into."

"Nor what yeoman's service they were to do me," quoth Anthony Foster—"the cook hath used them for scouring his pewter, and the groom hath had nought else to clean my boots with this many a month past."

"And yet," said Lambourne, "I have been in cities where such learned commodities would have been deemed too good for such offices."

## KENILWORTH.

"Pshaw, pshaw," answered Foster, "they are Popish trash, every one of them,—private studies of the mumping old Abbot of Abingdon. The nineteenthly of a pure gospel sermon were worth a cart-load of such rakings of the kennel of Rome."

"Gad-a-mercy, Master Tony Fire-the-Fagot!" said Lambourne, by way of reply.

Foster scowled darkly at him, as he replied, "Hark ye, friend Mike; forget that name, and the passage which it relates to, if you would not have our newly revived comradeship die a sudden and a violent death."

"Why," said Michael Lambourne, "you were wont to glory in the share you had in the death of the two old heretical bishops."

"That," said his comrade, "was while I was in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity, and applies not to my walk or my ways, now that I am called forth into the lists. Mr. Melchisedek Maultext compared my misfortune in that matter to that of the Apostle Paul, who kept the clothes of the witnesses who stoned Saint Stephen. He held forth on the matter three Sabbaths past, and illustrated the same by the conduct of an honourable person present, meaning me."

"I prithee peace, Foster," said Lambourne, "for I know not how it is, I have a sort of creeping comes over my skin when I hear the Devil quote Scripture; and besides, man, how couldst thou have the heart to quit that convenient old religion, which you could so slip off or on as easily as your glove? Do I not remember how you were wont to carry your conscience to confession, as duly as the month came round? and when thou hadst it scoured, and burnished, and whitewashed by the priest, thou were ever ready for the worst villany which could be devised, like a child who is always readiest to rush into the mire when he has got his Sunday's clean jerkin on."

## KENILWORTH.

"Trouble not thyself about my conscience," said Foster, "it is a thing thou canst not understand, having never had one of thine own ; but let us rather to the point, and say to me in one word, what is thy business with me, and what hopes have drawn thee hither?"

"The hope of bettering myself, to be sure," answered Lambourne, "as the old woman said, when she leaped over the bridge at Kingston. Look you, this purse has all that is left of as round a sum as a man would wish to carry in his slop-pouch. You are here well established it would seem, and, as I think, well befriended, for men talk of your being under some special protection ; nay stare not like a pig that is stuck, mon, thou canst not dance in a net, and they not see thee. Now I know such protection is not purchased for nought ; you must have services to render for it, and in these I propose to help thee."

"But how if I lack no assistance from thee, Mike ? I think thy modesty might suppose that were a case possible."

"That is to say," retorted Lambourne, "that you would engross the whole work, rather than divide the reward—but be not over-greedy, Anthony. Covetousness bursts the sack, and spills the grain. Look you when the huntsman goes to kill a stag, he takes with him more dogs than one.—He has the stanch lyme-hound to track the wounded buck over hill and dale, but he has also the fleet gaze-hound to kill him at view. Thou art the lyme-hound, I am the gaze-hound, and thy patron will need the aid of both, and can well afford to requit it. Thou hast deep sagacity—an unrelenting purpose—steady long-breathed malignity of nature, that surpasses mine. But then, I am the bolder, the more ready, bold at action and expedient. Separate, our properties not so perfect ; but unite them, and we drive the before us. How sayest thou—shall we hunt in cou

, "that you  
n divide the  
. Covetous-  
Look you,  
kes with him  
ne-hound to  
but he hath  
. Thou art  
i thy patron  
z to requite  
purpose—a  
surpasses  
eady, both  
parties are  
the world  
uples?"

impenetrable as a Milan visor. There is but one  
would fain see amended in thee."

" And what is that, my most precious fri-  
thony?" replied Lambourne ; " for I swear by the  
of the Seven Sleepers, I will not be slothful in am-  
it."

" Why, you gave a sample of it even now," said  
" Your speech twangs too much of the old stam-  
you garnish it ever and anon with singular oath-  
savour of Papistrie. Besides, your exterior man-  
gether too deboshed and irregular to become one  
lordship's followers, since he has a reputation to k-  
in the eye of the world. You must somewhat  
your dress, upon a more grave and composed  
wear your cloak on both shoulders, and your fal-  
unrumped and well starched—You must enlar-  
of your beaver, and diminish the superflu-

## KENILWORTH.

trunk-hose—go to church, or, which will be better, to meeting, at least once a-month—protest only upon your faith and conscience—lay aside your swashing look, and never touch the hilt of your sword, but when you would draw the carnal weapon in good earnest."

"By this light, Anthony, thou art mad," answered Lambourne, "and hast described rather the gentleman-usher to a puritan's wife, than the follower of an ambitious courtier! Yes, such a thing as thou wouldest make of me, should wear a book at his girdle, instead of a poniard, and might just be suspected of manhood enough to squire a proud dame citizen to the lecture at Saint Antonlin's, and quarrel in her cause with any flat-capp'd thread-maker that would take the wall of her. He must ruffle it in another sort that would walk to court in a nobleman's train."

"Oh, content you, sir," replied Foster, "there is a change since you knew the English world; and there are those who can hold their way through the boldest courses, and the most secret, and yet never a swaggering word, or an oath, or a profane word in their conversation."

"That is to say," replied Lambourne, "they are in a trading copartnery, to do the devil's business without mentioning his name in the firm?—Well, I will do my best to co-interfere rather than lose ground in this new world, since thou sayest it is grown so precise. But, Anthony, what is the name of this nobleman, in whose service I am to turn hypocrite?"

"Alia! Master Michael, are you there with your bears?" said Foster, with a grim smile; "and is this the knowledge you pretend of my concerns?—How know you now there is such a person *in rerum natura*, and that I have not been putting a jape upon you all this time?"

"Thou put a jape upon me, thou sodden-brained

... cross of Abingdon," Foster, forgetting his Protestantism in a ruined man!"

So saying, he rushed into the apart-  
scream issued, followed by Michael Lar-  
account for the sounds which interri-  
versation, it is necessary to recede a l  
narrative.

It has been already observed, that w  
accompanied Foster into the library, the  
alone in the ancient parlour. His dark ey  
forth of the apartment with a glance of co  
of which his mind instantly transferred  
having stooped to be even for a moment  
companion. "These are the associates, A  
thus he communed with himself,—" to w  
levity—thine unthinking and most unmer  
has condemned him, of whom his friends o  
other things, and who now ~~are~~  
scorned by <sup>all</sup>

## KENILWORTH.

female who entered at that instant by a side-door, he recognised the object of his search. The first impulse arising from this discovery urged him to conceal his face with the collar of his cloak, until he should find a favourable moment of making himself known. But his purpose was disconcerted by the young lady (she was not above eighteen years old), who ran joyfully towards him, and pulling him by the cloak, said playfully, "Nay, my sweet friend, after I have waited for you so long, you come not to my bower to play the masquer—You are arraigned of treason to true love and fond affection; and you must stand up at the bar, and answer it with face uncovered—how say you, guilty or not?"

"Alas, Amy!" said Tressilian, in a low and melancholy tone, as he suffered her to draw the mantle from his face. The sound of his voice, and still more the unexpected sight of his face, changed in an instant the lady's playful mood—She staggered back, turned as pale as death, and put her hands before her face. Tressilian was himself for a moment much overcome, but seeming suddenly to remember the necessity of using an opportunity which might not again occur, he said in a low tone, "Amy, fear me not."

"Why should I fear you?" said the lady, withdrawing her hands from her beautiful face, which was now covered with crimson,—"why should I fear you, Mr. Tressilian?—or wherefore have you intruded yourself into my dwelling, uninvited, sir, and unwished for?"

"Your dwelling, Amy!" said Tressilian. "Alas! is a prison your dwelling?—a prison, guarded by one of the most sordid of men, but not a greater wretch than *his employer!*"

"*This house is mine,*" said Amy, "mine while I choose to inhabit it—If it is my pleasure to live in seclusion, who shall gainsay me?"

## KENILWORTH.

our father, maiden," answered Tressilian, "your a-hearted father; who dispatched me in quest o' with that authority which he cannot exert in per-

Here is his letter, written while he blessed his n of body which somewhat stunned the agony of his and."

"The pain!—is my father then ill?" said the lady.

"So ill," answered Tressilian, "that even your utmost haste may not restore him to health, but all shall be instantly prepared for your departure the instant you yourself will give consent."

"Tressilian," answered the lady, "I cannot, I must not, I dare not leave this place. Go back to my father—tell him I will obtain leave to see him within twelve hours from hence. Go back, Tressilian—tell him I am well, I am happy—happy could I think he was so—tell him not to fear that I will come, and in such a manner that all the grief Amy has given him shall be forgotten—the poor Amy is now greater than she dare name.—Go, good Tressilian—I have injured thee too, but believe me I have power to heal the wounds I have caused—I robbed you of a childish heart, which was not worthy of you, and I can repay the loss with honours and advancement."

"Do you say this to me, Amy?—Do you offer me pageants of idle ambition, for the quiet peace you have robbed me of?—But be it so—I came not to upbraid, but to serve and to free you.—You cannot disguise it from me; you are a prisoner. Otherwise your kind heart—for it was once a kind heart—would have been already at your father's bed-side.—Come—poor, deceived, unhappy maiden!—all shall be forgot—all shall be forgiven. Fear not my importunity for what regarded our contract—It was a dream, and I have awaked—But come—your father yet lives—Come, and one word of affection

## KENILWORTH.

—one tear of penitence, will efface the memory of 'all that has passed."

"Have I not already said, Tressilian," replied she, "that I will surely come to my father, and that without farther delay than is necessary to discharge other and equally binding duties?—Go, carry him the news—I come as sure as there is light in heaven—that is, when I obtain permission."

"Permission!—permission to visit your father on his sick-bed, perhaps on his death-bed!" repeated Tressilian impatiently; "and permission from whom?—From the villain who, under disguise of friendship, abused every duty of hospitality, and stole thee from thy father's roof!"

"Do him no slander, Tressilian!—He whom thou speakest of wears a sword as sharp as thine—sharper, vain man—for the best deeds thou hast ever done in peace or war, were as unworthy to be named with his, as thy obscure rank to match itself with the sphere he moves in.—Leave me! Go, do mine errand to my father, and when he next sends to me, let him choose a more welcome messenger."

"Amy," replied Tressilian, calmly, "thou canst not move me by thy reproaches.—Tell me one thing, that I may bear at least one ray of comfort to my aged friend—This rank of his which thou dost boast—dost thou share it with him, Amy?—Does he claim a husband's right to control thy motions?"

"Stop thy base unmannered tongue!" said the lady; "to no question that derogates from my honour do I deign an answer."

"You have said enough in refusing to reply," answered Tressilian; "and mark me, unhappy as thou art, *I am armed with thy father's full authority to command thy obedience, and I will save thee from the slavery of sin and of sorrow, even despite of thyself Amy.*"

## KENILWORTH.

violence here!" exclaimed the lady, in him, and alarmed at the determination in his look and manner; "threaten me or I have means to repel force."

lest, the wish to use them in so evil a Tressilian. "With thy will—thine unind natural will, Amy, thou canst not of slavery and dishonour—thou hast me spell—entrapped by some deceit—by some compelled vow.—But thus I—Amy, in the name of thine excellent, dead father, I command thee to follow

He advanced and extended his arm, as of laying hold upon her. But she in his grasp and uttered the scream re noticed, brought into the apartment 'ooster.

laimed, as soon as he entered, "Fire have we here?" Then, addressing the wixt entreaty and command, he added, madam, what make you here out of —retire—there is life and death in this , friend, whoever you may be, leave with you, before my dagger's hilt and some acquainted—Draw, Mike, and rid

soul," replied Lambourne; "he came company, and he is safe from me by 'till we meet again.—But hark ye, my , you have brought a Cornish flaw of her, a hurricanoe as they call it in the myself scarce—depart—vanish—or we'll led before the Mayor of Halgaver, and Ian and Ramhead meet."

groom!" said Tressilian—"And yo

## KENILWORTH.

madam, fare you well—what life lingers in your father's bosom will leave him at the news I have to tell."

He departed, the lady saying faintly as he left the room, "Tressilian, be not rash—say no scandal of me."

"Here is proper gear," said Foster. "I pray you to your chamber, my lady, and let us consider how it is to be answered—nay, tarry not."

"I move not at your command, sir," answered the lady."

"Nay, but you must, fair lady," replied Foster; "I curse my freedom, but, by blood and nails, this is no time to strain courtesies—you *must* go to your chamber. Mike, follow that meddling coxcomb, and as you desire to thrive, see him safely clear of the premises, while I bring this headstrong lady to reason.—Draw thy sword, man, and after him."

"I'll follow him," said Michael Lambourne, "and see him fairly out of Flanders—But for hurting a man who has drunk my morning's draught withal, 'tis clear against my conscience." So saying, he left the apartment.

Tressilian, meanwhile, with hasty steps, pursued the first path which promised to conduct him through the wild and overgrown park in which the mansion of Foster was situated. Haste and distress of mind led his steps astray, and instead of taking the avenue which led towards the village, he chose another, which, after he had pursued it for some time with a hasty andreckless step, conducted him to the other side of the demesne, where a postern-door opened through the wall, and admitted him into the open country.

Tressilian paused an instant. It was indifferent to him by what road he left a spot now so odious to his recollections; but it was probable that the postern-door was locked, and his retreat by that pass rendered impossible.

le—this still most lovely and most unhappy girl—  
est in her father's appeal to the broken laws of his  
.y—I must haste to apprise him of this heart-rend-  
g intelligence."

As Tressilian, thus conversing with himself, approached to try some means of opening the door, or climbing over it, he perceived there was a key put into the lock from the outside. It turned round, the bolt revolved, and a cavalier who entered, muffled in his riding cloak, and wearing a slouched hat, with a drooping feather, stood at once within four yards of him who was desirous of going out. They exclaimed at once, in tones of resentment and surprise, the one "Varney!" the other "Tressilian!"

"What make you here?" was the stern question put by the stranger to Tressilian, when the moment of surprise was passed,—"What make you here, where your presence is neither expected nor desired?"

"Nay, Varney," replied Tressilian, "what make *you* here? Are you come to triumph over the innocence you have destroyed, as the vulture or carrion-crow comes to batten on the lamb, whose eyes it has first plucked out?—Or are you come to encounter the merited vengeance of an honest man?—Draw, dog, and defend thyself!"

Tressilian drew his sword as he spoke, but Varney only laid his hand on the hilt of his own, as he replied, "Thou art mad, Tressilian—I own appearances are against me, but by every oath a priest can make, or a man can swear, Mistress Amy Robsart hath had no injury from me; and in truth I were somewhat loath to hurt you in this cause—Thou know'st I can fight."

"I have heard thee say so, Varney," replied Tressilian; "but now, methinks, I would fain have some better evidence than thine own word."

"That shall not be lacking, if blade and hilt be but

## KENILWORTH.

true to me," answered Varney; and drawing his sword with the right hand, he threw his cloak around his left, and attacked Tressilian with a vigour which for a moment seemed to give him the advantage of the combat. But this advantage lasted not long. Tressilian added to a spirit determined on revenge, a hand and eye admirably well adapted to the use of the rapier; so that Varney, finding himself hard pressed in his turn, endeavoured to avail himself of his superior strength, by closing with his adversary. For this purpose he hazarded the receiving one of Tressilian's passes in his cloak, wrapt as it was around his arm, and ere his adversary could extricate his rapier thus entangled, he closed with him, shortening his own sword at the same time, with the purpose of dispatching him. But Tressilian was on his guard, and unsheathing his poniard, parried with the blade of that weapon the home-thrust which would otherwise have finished the combat, and, in the struggle which followed, displayed so much address, as might have confirmed the opinion that he drew his origin from Cornwall, whose natives are such masters in the art of wrestling, as, were the games of antiquity revived, might enable them to challenge all Europe to the ring. Varney, in his ill-advised attempt, received a fall so sudden and violent, that his sword flew several paces from his hand, and ere he could recover his feet, that of his antagonist was pointed to his throat.

"Give me the instant means of relieving the victim thy treachery," said Tressilian, "or take the last look of your Creator's blessed sun!"

And while Varney, too confused or too sullen to make a sudden effort to arise, his adversary drew his arm, and would have executed his threat, the blow was arrested by the grasp of Mick Bourne, who, directed by the clashing of swords, came up just in time to save the life of Varney.

## KENILWORTH.

"ne, comrade," said Lambourne, ~~apartment~~ ;  
ne and more than enough—put up ~~apartment~~.  
us be jogging—The Black Bear grow

it ! " said Tressilian, striking himself free  
e's grasp ; " darest thou come betwixt me  
my ? "

abject ! " repeated Lambourne ; " that shall  
with cold steel whenever a bowl of sack has  
memory of the morning's draught that we

In the meanwhile, do you see, shog—  
ne—we are two to one."

ruth, for Varney had taken the opportunity  
weapon, and Tressilian perceived it was  
press the quarrel farther against such  
ook his purse from his side, and taking  
ld nobles, flung them to Lambourne ;  
iff, is thy morning wage—thou shalt not  
been my guide unhired. Varney, farewell  
eet where there are none to come betwixt  
ng, he turned round and departed through  
oor.

med to want the inclination, or perhaps the  
s fall had been a severe one) to follow his  
emy. But he glared darkly as he disap-  
hen addressed Lambourne ; " Art thou a  
'oster's, good fellow ? "

iends, as the haft is to the knife," replied  
bourne.

broad piece for thee—follow yonder fellow,  
e he takes earth, and bring me word up to  
-house here. Cautious and silent, thou  
u valuest thy throat."

said, " replied Lambourne ; " I can draw on  
ll as a sleuth-hound."

hen," said Varney, sheathing his rapier

## KENILWORTH.

*to us  
you  
here*

oack on Michael Lambourne, he  
ards the house. Lambourne stopped  
gather the nobles which his late com-  
ing towards him so unceremoniously, and  
himself, while he put them up in his purse  
the gratuity of Varney, "I spoke to yonder  
orado—By Saint Anthony, there is no Eldo-  
men of our stamp equal to bonny Old England!  
rains nobles, by Heaven—they lie on the grass as thick  
dew-drops—you may have them for gathering. And  
I have not my share of such glittering dew-drops, may  
my sword melt like an icicle!"

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## CHAP. V.

— *He was a man  
Versed in the world as pilot in his compass.  
The needle pointed ever to that interest  
Which was his loadstar, and he spread his sails  
With vantage to the gale of others' passion.*

### THE DECEIVER—A TRAGEDY.

 NTHONY FOSTER was still engaged in debate with his fair guest, who treated with scorn every entreaty and request that she would retire to her own apartment, when a whistle was heard at the entrance-door of the mansion.

"We are fairly sped now," said Foster; "yonder is thy lord's signal, and what to say about the disorder which has happened in this household, by my conscience I know not. Some evil fortune dogs the heels of unhang'd rogue Lambourne, and he has 'scape-gallows against every chance, to come back and 'ruin of me!"

"Peace, sir," said the lady, "and undo the  
your master.—My lord! my dear lord!" said

## KENILWORTH.

g to the entrance of the apartment ;  
a voice expressive of disappointment,  
ut Richard Varney ! ”

” said Varney, entering and saluting  
respectful obeisance, which she re-  
areless mixture of negligence and of  
t is but Richard Varney ; but even the  
ould be acceptable, when it lightens  
ise it announces the approach of the

s my lord hither to-night ? ” said the  
yet startled agitation ; and Anthony  
the word, and echoed the question.  
the lady, that his lord purposed to  
ould have proceeded with some com-  
anning to the door of the parlour, she  
anet—Janet—come to my tiring-room  
returning to Varney, she asked if her  
her commendations to her.

honoured madam,” said he, taking  
a small parcel wrapt in scarlet silk,  
taken to the Queen of his Affections.”  
d the lady hastened to undo the silken  
ounded the little packet, and failing  
ily the knot with which it was se-  
called loudly on Janet, “ Bring me a  
aught that may undo this envious

ny poor poniard serve, honoured  
Varney, presenting a small dagger of  
nship, which hung in his turkey-leather

lied the lady, rejecting the instrument  
—“ Steel poniard shall cut no true love-

nany, however,” said Anthony Foste

## KENILWORTH.

half aside, and looking at Varney. By this time the knot was disentangled without any other help than the neat and nimble fingers of Janet, a simply-attired pretty maiden, the daughter of Anthony Foster, who came running at the repeated call of her mistress. A necklace of orient pearl, the companion of a perfumed billet, was now hastily produced from the packet. The lady gave the one, after a slight glance, to the charge of her attendant, while she read, or rather devoured, the contents of the other.

"Surely, lady," said Janet, gazing with admiration at the neck-string of pearls, "the daughters of Tyre wore no fairer neck-jewels than those—And then the posy, 'For a neck that is fairer,'—each pearl is worth a freehold."

"Each word in this dear paper is worth the whole string, my girl—But come to my tiring-room, girl; we must be brave, my lord comes hither to-night.—He bids me grace you, Master Varney, and to me his wish is a law.—I bid you to a collation in my bower this afternoon, and you too, Master Foster. Give orders that all is fitting, and that suitable preparations be made for my lord's reception to-night." With these words she left the apartment.

"She takes state on her already," said Varney, "and distributes the favour of her presence, as if she were already the partner of his dignity.—Well—it is wise to practise beforehand the part which fortune prepares us to play—the young eagle must gaze at the sun, ere he soars on strong wing to meet it."

"If holding her head aloft," said Foster, "will keep her eyes from dazzling, I warrant you the dame will not stoop her crest. She will presently soar beyond reach of my whistle, Master Varney. I promise you, she holds me already in slight regard."

"It is thine own fault, thou sullen uninventive co-

"Speak not thus, Master Varney," said Foster living I fear not, but I trifle not nor toy with n neighbours of the churchyard. I promise you quires a good heart to live so near it; worthy Holdforth, the afternoon's lecturer of Saint Ant had a sore fright there the last time he came me."

"Hold thy superstitious tongue!" answered V 'and while thou talk'st of visiting, answer me Altering knave, how came Tressilian to be Western-door?"

"Tressilian!" answered Foster, "what know Tressilian?—I never heard his name."

"Why, villain, it was the very Cornish chor whom old Sir Hugh Robsart destined his pretty and hither the hot-brained fool has come to look is fair runaway: there must be some order taken in, for he thinks he hath wrong, and is not the kind that will sit down with it."

## KENILWORTH.

to you, Master Richard Varney," replied Foster. "Didst thou not charge me to seek out for thee a fellow who had a good sword, and an unscrupulous conscience? and was I not busying myself to find a fit man—for, thank Heaven, my acquaintance lies not amongst such companions—when, as Heaven would have it, this tall fellow, who is in all his qualities the very flashing knave thou didst wish, came hither to fix acquaintance upon me in the plenitude of his impudence, and I admitted his claim, thinking to do you a pleasure—and now see what thanks I get for disgracing myself by converse with him!"

"And did he," said Varney, "being such a fellow as thyself, only lacking, I suppose, thy present humour of hypocrisy, which lies as thin over thy hard ruffianly heart as gold lacquer upon rusty iron—did he, I say, bring the saintly, sighing Tressilian in his train?"

"They came together, by Heaven!" said Foster; "and Tressilian—to speak Heaven's truth—obtained a moment's interview with our pretty moppet, while I was talking apart with Lambourne.

"Improvident villain! we are both undone," said Varney. "She has of late been casting many a backward look to her father's halls, whenever her lordly lover leaves her alone. Should this preaching fool whistle her back to her old perch, we were but lost men."

"No fear of that, my master," replied Anthony Foster; "she is in no mood to stoop to his lure, for she yelled out on seeing him as if an adder had stung her."

"That is good.—Canst thou not get from thy daughter an inkling of what passed between them, good Foster?"

"I tell you plain, Master Varney," said Foster, "my daughter shall not enter our purposes, or walk in 58

## KENILWORTH.

They may suit me well enough, who know  
it of my misdoings; but I will not have  
soul committed to peril either for your pl  
Lord's. I may walk among snares and p  
because I have discretion, but I will not tru  
ab among them."

y, thou suspicious fool, I were as averse as  
thy baby-faced girl should enter into my p  
to hell at her father's elbow. But indire  
ghtst gain some intelligence of her."

so I did, Master Varney," answered Foster  
he said her lady called out upon the sickness  
er."

d!" replied Varney; "that is a hint wor  
, and I will work upon it. But the count  
rid of this Tressilian—I would have cumbered  
about the matter, for I hate him like strong  
his presence is hemlock to me—and this day  
rid of him, but that my foot slipped, when, to  
th, had not thy comrade yonder come to my  
held his hand, I should have known by this  
er you and I have been treading the path to  
hell."

u can speak thus of such a risk!" said Foster.  
a stout heart, Master Varney—for me, if I  
xe to live many years, and to have time for  
ork of repentance, I would not go forward

u shalt live as long as Methuselah," said  
i amass as much wealth as Solomon; and  
sent so devoutly, that thy repentance shall  
us than thy villainy,—and that is a bold  
· all this, Tressilian must be looked after  
onder is gone to dog him. It conces  
ithony,"

id Foster, sullenly; "this it is

## KENILWORTH.

leagued with one who knows not even Scripture, as that the labourer is worthy c must, as usual, take all the trouble and ris

"Risk! and what is the mighty risk, answered Varney. "This fellow will c again about your demesne or into your you take him for a house-breaker, or a is it not most natural you should welcc cold steel or hot lead? Even a mastiff \ those who come near his kennel; and wl him?"

"Ay, I have a mastiff's work and a among you," said Foster. "Here hav Varney, secured a good freehold estate c superstitious foundation; and I have bu of this mansion under you, voidable at pleasure."

"Ay, and thou wouldest fain convert thy a copyhold—the thing may chance to ha Foster, if thou dost good service for it.—B Anthony—it is not the lending a room or house for keeping my lord's pretty paro not the shutting thy doors and window from flying off, that may deserve it. R manor and tithes are rated at the clear a seventy-nine pounds five shillings and i penny, besides the value of the wood. thou must be consonable; great and may deserve both this and a better thi let thy knave come and pluck off my t some dinner and a cup of thy best wine this mavis, brave in apparel, unruffled i *gay in temper.*"

*They parted, and at the hour of noon, that of dinner, they again met at their gaily dressed like a courtier of the*

## KENILWORTH.

Anthony Foster improved in appearance as far as dress could amend an exterior so unfavourable.

This alteration did not escape Varney. When the meal was finished, the cloth removed, and they were left to their private discourse—"Thou art gay as a goldfinch, Anthony," said Varney, looking at his host; "methinks thou wilt whistle a jig anon—but I crave your pardon, that would secure your ejection from the congregation of the zealous butchers, the pure-hearted weavers, and the sanctified bakers of Abingdon, who let their ovens cool while their brains get heated."

"To answer you in the spirit, Master Varney," said Foster, "were—excuse the parable—to fling sacred and precious things before swine. So I will speak to thee in the language of the world, which he, who is King of the World, hath taught thee to understand, and to profit by in no common measure."

"Say what thou wilt, honest Tony," replied Varney; "for be it according to thine absurd faith, or according to thy most villainous practice, it cannot choose but be sure matter to qualify this cup of Alicant. Thy conversation is relishing and poignant, and beats caviare, dried trout's tongue, and all other provocatives that give savour to good liquor."

"Well, then, tell me," said Anthony Foster, "is not our good lord and master's turn better served, and his antechamber more suitably filled, with decent, God-fearing men, who will work his will and their own profit quietly, and without worldly scandal, than that he should be manned and attended, and followed by such open debauchers and ruffianly swordsmen as Tidesay, Killigrew, this fellow Lambourne, whom you have put me to seek out for you, and other such who bear the gallows in their face and murder in their right hand—*who were a terror to peaceable men, and a scandal to thy master's service?*"

## KENILWORTH.

"Oh, content you, good Master Anthony Foster," answered Varney; "he that flies at all manner of game must keep all kinds of hawks, both short and long winged. The course my lord holds is no easy one, and he must stand provided at all points with trusty retainers to meet each sort of service. He must have his gay courtier, like myself, to ruffle it in the presence-chamber, and to lay hand on hilt when any speaks in disparagement of my lord's honour"—

"Ay," said Foster, "and to whisper a word for him into a fair lady's ear, when he may not approach her himself."

"Then," said Varney, going on without appearing to notice the interruption, "he must have his lawyers—deep subtle pioneers—to draw his contracts, his pre-contracts, and his post-contracts, and to find the way to make the most of grants of church-lands and commons, and licenses for monopoly—And he must have physicians who can spice a cup or a caudle—And he must have his cabalists, like Dee and Allan, for conjuring up the devil—And he must have ruffling swordsmen, who would fight the devil when he is raised and at the wildest—And above all, without prejudice to others, he must have such godly, innocent, puritanic souls as thou, honest Anthony, who defy Satan, and do his work at the same time."

"You would not say, Master Varney," said Foster, "that our good lord and master, whom I hold to be fulfilled in all nobleness, would use such base and sinful means to rise, as thy speech points at?"

"Tush, man," said Varney, "never look at me with so sad a brow—you trap me not—nor am I in your power, as your weak brain may imagine, because I name to you *freely the engines, the springs, the screws, the tackle and braces, by which great men rise in stirring times—Saye thou our good lord is fulfilled of all nobleness?—Ame and so be it—he has the more need to have those abc*

## KENILWORTH.

him who are unscrupulous in his service, and who, because they know that his fall will overwhelm and crush them, must wager both blood and brain, soul and body, in order to keep him aloft ; and this I tell thee, because I care not who knows it."

" You speak truth, Master Varney," said Anthony Foster ; " he that is head of a party, is but a boat on a wave, that raises not itself, but is moved upward by the billow which it floats upon."

" Thou art metaphorical, honest Anthony," replied Varney ; " that velvet doublet hath made an oracle of thee—we will have thee to Oxford to take the degrees in the arts.—And, in the meantime, hast thou arranged all the matters which were sent from London, and put the western chambers into such fashion as may answer my lord's humour ? "

" They may serve a king on his bridal-day," said Anthony ; " and I promise you that Dame Amy sits in them yonder, as proud and gay as if she were the Queen of Sheba."

" 'Tis the better, good Anthony," answered Varney. " We must found our future fortunes on her good king."

" We build on sand then," said Anthony Foster ; " for proposing that she sails away to court in all her lord's mity and authority, how is she to look back upon me, o am her jailor as it were, to detain her here against will, keeping her a caterpillar on an old wall, n she would fain be a painted butterfly in a court len ? "

Fear not her displeasure, man," said Varney. " I show her that all thou hast done in this matter was service, both to my lord and her ; and when she the egg-shell and walks alone, she shall own we watched her greatness."

" Look to yourself, Master Varney," said Foster.

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"you may misreckon foully in this matter—She gave you but a frosty reception this morning, and, I think, looks on you, as well as me, with an evil eye."

" You mistake her, Foster—you mistake her utterly—To me she is bound by all the ties which can secure her to one who has been the means of gratifying both her love and ambition. Who was it that took the obscure Amy Robsart, the daughter of an impoverished and dotard knight—the destined bride of a moon-struck, moping enthusiast like Edmund Tressilian, from her lowly fates, and held out to her in prospect the brightest fortune in England, or perchance in Europe? Why, man, it was I, as I have often told thee, that found opportunity for their secret meeting—It was I who watched the wood while he beat for the deer—It was I who, to this day, am blamed by her family as the companion of her flight, and were I in their neighbourhood, would be fain to wear a shirt of better stuff than Holland linen, lest my ribs should be acquainted with Spanish steel. Who carried their letters?—I. Who amused the old knight and Tressilian?—I. Who planned her escape?—it was I. It was I, in short, Dick Varney, who pulled this pretty little daisy from its lowly nook, and placed it in the proudest bonnet in Britain."

" Ay, Master Varney," said Foster, " but it may be she thinks, that had the matter remained with you, the flower had been stuck so slightly into the cap, that the first breath of a changeable breeze of passion had blown the poor daisy to the common."

" She should consider," said Varney, smiling, " the true faith I owed my lord and master prevented me at first from counselling marriage—and yet I did counsel marriage when I saw she would not be satisfied without the—the sacrament, or the ceremony—which callest thou it, Anthony?"

" Still, she has you at feud on another score," said

## KENILWORTH.

Foster ; " and I tell it you that you may look to in time—She would not hide her splendour in lantern of an old monastic house, but would fain countess amongst countesses."

" Very natural, very right," answered Varn what have I to do with that?—she may shine horn or through crystal at my lord's pleasure nought to say against it."

" She deems that you have an oar upon the boat, Master Varney," replied Foster, " and can pull it or no, at your good pleasure. In a ascribes the secrecy and obscurity in which she your secret counsel to my lord, and to my strict and so she loves us both as a sentenced man judge and his jailor."

" She must love us better ere she leave Anthony," answered Varney. " If I have co weighty reasons that she remain here for a se also advise her being brought forth in the her dignity. But I were mad to do so, hold a place to my lord's person, were she mine e this truth in upon her as occasion offers, A let me alone for extolling you in her ear, you in her opinion.—*Ka me, ka thec*—it is over the world—The lady must know her fr made to judge of the power they have enemies—meanwhile, watch her strictly, by outward observance that thy rough natur 'Tis an excellent thing that sullen look humour of thine ; thou shouldst thank G so should my lord ; for when there is : hard-natured to be done, thou dost it as : thine own natural doggedness, and not so my lord escapes the scandal.—But knocks at the gate.—Look out of the enter—this were an ill night to be in

## KENILWORTH.

"It is he whom we spoke of before dinner," said Foster as he looked through the casement; "it is Mich Lamourne."

"Oh, admit him, by all means," said the courtier, "comes to give some account of his guest—it imports much to know the movements of Edmund Tressilian. Admit him, I say, but bring him not hither—I will come to you presently in the Abbot's library."

Foster left the room, and the courtier, who remained behind, paced the parlour more than once in deep thought, his arms folded on his bosom, until at length he gave vent to his meditations in broken words, which we have somewhat enlarged and connected, that soliloquy may be intelligible to the reader.

"'Tis true," he said, suddenly stopping, and resting his right hand on the table at which they had been sitting, "this base churl hath fathomed the very depth of my fear, and I have been unable to disguise it from myself. She loves me not—I would it were as true that I do not her!—Idiot that I was, to move her in my own bosom when wisdom bade me be a true broker to my lord. And this fatal error has placed me more at her disposal than a wise man would willingly be at that of the piece of painted Eve's flesh of them all. Since then that my policy made so perilous a slip, I cannot leave her without fear, and hate, and fondness, so strongly mingled, that I know not whether, were it at my disposal, I would rather possess or ruin her. But she will leave this retreat until I am assured on what side are to stand. My lord's interest—and so far is he my own—for if he sinks, I fall in his train—demands the concealment of this obscure marriage—and besides, *not lend her my arm* to climb to her chair of state, *she may set her foot on my neck when seated*. *I must work an interest in her, either by love or through fear*—and who knows but—"

## KENILWORTH.

weetest and best revenge for her former scorn?—that indeed a masterpiece of court-like art!—Let me but be her counsel-keeper—let her confide to me a t, did it but concern the robbery of a linnet's nest, fair Countess, thou art mine own!" He again d the room in silence, stopped, filled, and drank a of wine, as if to compose the agitation of his mind ; muttering, " Now for a close heart, and an open and filled brow," he left the apartment.

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## CHAP. VI.

*The dews of summer night did fall,  
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,  
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,  
And many an oak that grew thereby.—MICKLE.*

OUR apartments, which occupied the western side of the old quadrangle at Cumnor Place, had been fitted up with extraordinary splendour. had been the work of several days prior to that on our story opened. Workmen sent from London, not permitted to leave the premises until the work finished, had converted the aparments in that side he building, from the dilapidated appearance of a olved monastic house, into the semblance of a royal ce. A mystery was observed in all these arrange- ts ; the workmen came thither and returned by t, and all measures were taken to prevent the prying osity of the villagers from observing or speculating n the changes which were taking place in the mansion their once indigent, but now wealthy neighbour, bony Foster. Accordingly, the secrecy desired was r preserved, that nothing got abroad but vague ar tain reports, which were received and repeated, ut much credit being attached to them.

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On the evening of which we treat, the new and handsomely decorated suite of rooms were, for the first time, illuminated, and that with a brilliancy which might have been visible half-a-dozen miles off, had not oaken shutters, carefully secured with bolt and padlock, and masked with long curtains of silk and of velvet, deeply fringed with gold, prevented the slightest gleam of light from being seen without.

The principal apartments, as we have seen, were in number, each opening into the other. Access was given to them by a large scale staircase, as they were then called, of unusual length and height, which had a landing-place at the door of an antechamber, something like a gallery. This apartment the Earl had used as an occasional council-room, but it was beautifully wainscoted with dark foreign wood of a rich colour, and bearing a high polish, said to have been brought from the Western Indies, and to have been wrought in London with infinite difficulty, and even with damage to the tools of the workmen. The dark colour of this finishing was relieved by the number of lighted sconces, which hung against the walls, and by several and richly-framed pictures, by the first master of the age. A massy oaken table, placed at the lower end of the apartment, served to accommodate such as were playing at the then fashionable game of shovel-board. There was at the other end an elevated gallery, where musicians or minstrels, who might be summing up the evening, increased the festivity of the evening.

From this antechamber opened a banqueting-room of moderate size, but brilliant enough to dazzle the spectator with the richness of its furniture. The walls, lately so bare and ghastly, were now covered with hangings of sky-blue velvet and silver ; the ceiling was of ebony, richly carved, with cushions covering the hangings ; and the place of the silver

## KENILWORTH.

itened the antechamber was supplied by a huge  
elier of the same precious metal. The floor was  
ed with a Spanish foot-cloth, or carpet, on which  
ers and fruit were represented in such glowing and  
atural colours, that you hesitated to place the foot on  
uch exquisite workmanship. The table, of old English  
ak, stood ready covered with the finest linen, and a  
large portable court cupboard was placed with the leaves  
of its embossed folding-doors displayed, showing the  
shelves within, decorated with a full display of plate and  
porcelain. In the midst of the table stood a salt-cellar  
of Italian workmanship—a beautiful and splendid piece  
of plate about two feet high, moulded into a representa-  
tion of the giant Briareus, whose hundred hands of  
silver presented to the guest various sorts of spices, or  
condiments, to season their food withal.

The third apartment was called the withdrawing-room. It was hung with the finest tapestry, representing the fall of Phaeton ; for the looms of Flanders were now much occupied on classical subjects. The principal seat of this apartment was a chair of state, raised a step or two from the floor, and large enough to contain two persons. It was surmounted by a canopy, which, as well as the cushions, side-curtains, and the very foot-cloth, was composed of crimson velvet, embroidered with seed-pearl. On the top of the canopy were two coronets, resembling those of an earl and countess. Stools covered with velvet, and some cushions disposed in the Moorish fashion, and ornamented with Arabesque needlework, supplied the place of chairs in this apart-  
ment, which contained musical instruments, embroidery frames, and other articles for ladies' pastime. Besides lesser lights, the withdrawing-room was illuminated by four tall torches of virgin wax, each of which was placed *in the grasp of a statue, representing an armed Moor who held in his left arm a round buckler of silver, high*

## KENILWORTH.

polished, interposed betwixt his breast and the light, which was thus brilliantly reflected as from a crystal mirror.

The sleeping chamber belonging to this splendid suite of apartments, was decorated in a tasteless showy, but not less rich, than had been displayed in the others. Two silver lamps, fed with perfumed oil, diffused at once a delicious odour and a trembling twilight-seeming shimmer through the quiet apartment. It was carpeted so thick, that the heaviest step could not have been heard ; and the bed, richly heaped with down, was spread with an ample coverlet of silk and gold ; from under which peeped forth cambric sheets, and blankets as white as the lambs which yielded the fleece that made them. The curtains were of blue velvet, lined with crimson silk, deeply festooned with gold and embroidered with the loves of Cupid and Psyche. On the toilet was a beautiful Venetian mirror, in a frame of silver filigree, and beside it stood a gold posset-dish to contain the night-draught. A pair of pistols and a dagger, mounted with gold, were displayed near the head of the bed, being the arms for the night, which were presented to honoured guests, rather, it may be supposed, in the way of ceremony, than from any apprehension of danger. We must not omit to mention, what was more to the credit of the manners of the time, that, in a small recess, illuminated by a taper, were disposed two cassocks of velvet and gold, corresponding with the bed furniture, before a desk of carved ebony. This recess had formerly been the private oratory of the Abbot, but the crucifix was removed, and instead, there were placed on the desk two Books of Common Prayer, richly bound and embossed with silver. With this enviable sleeping apartment, which was so far removed from every sound, save *bat of the wind sighing among the oaks of the park at Morpheus might have coveted it for his own abode.*

## KENILWORTH.

repose, corresponded two wardrobes, or dressing-rooms as they are now termed, suitably furnished, and in a style of the same magnificence which we have already described. It ought to be added, that a part of the building in the adjoining wing was occupied by the kitchen and its offices, and served to accommodate the personal attendants of the great and wealthy nobleman, for whose use these magnificent preparations had been made.

The divinity for whose sake this temple had been decorated, was well worthy the cost and pains which had been bestowed. She was seated in the withdrawing-room which we have described, surveying with the pleased eye of natural and innocent vanity, the splendour which had been so suddenly created, as it were, in her honour. For, as her own residence at Cumnor Place formed the cause of the mystery observed in all the preparations for opening these apartments, it was sedulously arranged, that, until she took possession of them, she should have no means of knowing what was going forward in that part of the ancient building, or of exposing herself to be seen by the workmen engaged in the decorations. She had been, therefore, introduced on that evening to a part of the mansion which she had never yet seen, so different from all the rest, that it appeared, in comparison, like an enchanted palace. And when she first examined and occupied these splendid rooms, it was with the wild and unrestrained joy of a rustic beauty, who finds herself suddenly invested with a splendour which her most extravagant wishes had never imagined, and at the same time with the keen feeling of an affectionate heart, which knows that all the enchantment that surrounds her is the work of the great magician Love.

The Countess Amy, therefore,—for to that rank she was entitled,—had now entered into a solemn union with England's

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to room, admiring each new proof of her lover and bridegroom's taste, and feeling that admiration enhanced as she recollects that all she gazed upon was one continued proof of his ardent and devoted affection. "How beautiful are these hangings!—How natural these paintings, which seem to contend with life!—How richly wrought is that plate, which looks as if all the galleons of Spain had been intercepted on the broad seas to furnish it forth!—And oh, Janet!" she exclaims repeatedly to the daughter of Anthony Foster, the chamberlain, who, with equal curiosity, but somewhat less ecstatic joy, followed on her mistress's footsteps—"Janet! how much more delightful to think, that all the fair things have been assembled by his love, for the love of me! and that this evening—this very evening, which grows darker every instant, I shall thank him more for the love that has created such an unimaginable paradise than for all the wonders it contains?"

"The Lord is to be thanked first," said the puritan, "who gave thee, lady, the kind and courteous husband, whose love has done so much for thee. I, too, have done my poor share. But if you thus run wild from room to room, the toil of my crisping and my curling pins will vanish like the frostwork on the wind when the sun is high."

"Thou sayest true, Janet," said the young and beautiful Countess, stopping suddenly from her tripping race in enraptured delight, and looking at herself from head to foot in a large mirror, such as she had never before seen, and which, indeed, had few to match it even in the Queen's palace. "Thou sayest true, Janet," answered, as she saw, with pardonable self-applause, *noble mirror reflect such charms as were seldom present to its fair and polished surface;* "I have more of *milkmaid* than the countess, with these cheeks flushed with haste, and all these brown curls, which

## KENILWORTH.

ted to bring to order, straying as wild as the  
ills of an unpruned vine—My falling ruff is chafed  
and shows the neck and bosom more than is  
best and seemly—Come, Janet—we will practise  
style—we will go to the withdrawing-room, my good  
irl, and thou shalt put these rebel locks in order, and  
mprison within lace and cambric the bosom that beats  
too high."

They went to the withdrawing apartment accordingly, where the Countess playfully stretched herself upon the pile of Moorish cushions, half sitting, half reclining, half rapt in her own thoughts, half listening to the prattle of her attendant.

While she was in this attitude, and with a corresponding expression betwixt listlessness and expectation on her fine and expressive features, you might have searched sea and land without finding anything half so expressive, or half so lovely. The wreath of brilliants which mixed with her dark brown hair, did not match in lustre the hazel eye which a light brown eyebrow, pencilled with exquisite delicacy, and long eyelashes of the same colour, relieved and shaded. The exercise she had just taken, her excited expectation and gratified vanity, spread a glow over her fine features, which had been sometimes censured (as beauty as well as art has her minute critics) for being rather too pale. The milk-white pearls of the necklace which she wore, the same which she had just received as a true-love token from her husband, were excelled in purity by her teeth, and by the colour of her skin, saving where the blush of pleasure and self-satisfaction had somewhat stained the neck with a shade of light crimson.—"Now, have done with these busy  
affairs, Janet," she said to her handmaiden, who was still  
employed in bringing her hair and her dress  
into order, "you must see your father  
before you go to bed."

## KENILWORTH.

my lord has highly in his esteem—but I could tell that of him would lose him favour."

"Oh do not do so, good my lady!" replied Janet; "leave him to God, who punishes the wicked in his own time; but do not you cross Varney's path, for so thoroughly hath he my lord's ear, that few have thriven who have thwarted his courses."

"And from whom had you this, my most righteous Janet?" said the Countess; "or why should I keep terms with so mean a gentleman as Varney, being, as I am, wife to his master and patron?"

"Nay, madam," replied Janet Foster, "your ladyship knows better than I—But I have heard my father say, he would rather cross a hungry wolf, than thwart Richard Varney in his projects—And he has often charged me to have a care of holding commerce with him."

"Thy father said well, girl, for thee," replied the lady, "and I dare swear meant well. It is a pity, though, his face and manner do little match his true purpose—for I think his purpose may be true."

"Doubt it not, my lady," answered Janet,—"Doubt not that my father purposes well, though he is a plain man, and his blunt looks may belie his heart."

"I will not doubt it, girl, were it only for thy sake; and yet he has one of those faces which men tremble when they look on—I think even thy mother, Janet—nay, have done with that poking-iron—could hardly look upon him without quaking."

"If it were so, madam," answered Janet Foster, "my mother had those who could keep her in honourable countenance. Why, even you, my lady, both trembled and blushed when Varney brought the letter from my lord."

"You are bold, damsel," said the Countess, rising from the cushions on which she sate half-reclined in the arms of her attendant—"Know, that there are causes of trembling which have nothing to do with fear.—E

## KENILWORTH.

Janet," she added, immediately relapsing into the good-natured and familiar tone which was natural to her, " believe me, I will do what credit I can to your father, and the rather that you, sweetheart, are his child. Alas ! alas !" she added, a sudden sadness passing over her fine features, and her eyes filling with tears, " I ought the rather to hold sympathy with thy kind heart, that my own poor father is uncertain of my fate, and they say lies sick and sorrowful for my worthless sake !—But I will soon cheer him—the news of my happiness and advancement will make him young again.—And that I may cheer him the sooner"—she wiped her eyes as she spoke—" I must be cheerful myself—My lord must not find me insensible to his kindness, or sorrowful when he snatches a visit to his recluse, after so long an absence. Be merry, Janet—the night wears on, and my lord must soon arrive.—Call thy father hither, and call Varney also—I cherish resentment against neither ; and though I may have some room to be displeased with both, it shall be their own fault if ever a complaint against them reaches the Earl through my means.—Call them hither, Janet."

Janet Foster obeyed her mistress ; and in a few minutes after, Varney entered the withdrawing-room with the graceful ease and unclouded front of an accomplished courtier, skilled, under the veil of external politeness, to disguise his own feelings, and to penetrate those of others. Anthony Foster plodded into the apartment after him, his natural gloomy vulgarity of aspect seeming to become yet more remarkable, from his clumsy attempt to conceal the mixture of anxiety and dislike with which he looked on her, over whom he had hitherto exercised so severe a control, now so splendidly attired, and decked with so many pledges of the interest which she possessed in her husband's affections. The blundering reverence which he made, rather at than to

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Countess, had confession in it—It was like the i which the criminal makes to the judge, when he owns his guilt and implores mercy,—which i same time an impudent and embarrassed at defence or extenuation, a confession of a faul entreaty for lenity.

Varney, who, in right of his gentle blood, had into the room before Anthony Foster, knew be to say than he, and said it with more assuran better grace.

The Countess greeted him indeed with an ap of cordiality, which seemed a complete amnesty ever she might have to complain of. She rose seat, and advanced two steps towards him, hold her hand as she said, “Master Richard Var brought me this morning such welcome tiding fear surprise and joy made me neglect my lord band’s charge to receive you with distinction. you our hand, sir, in reconciliation.”

“I am unworthy to touch it,” said Varney, dr one knee, “save as a subject honours that of a

He touched with his lips those fair and slende so richly loaded with rings and jewels; then ri graceful gallantry, was about to hand her to of state, when she said, “No, good Master Varney, I take not my place there until my lord conducts me. I am for the present but a disguis tess, and will not take dignity on me until auth him whom I derive it from.”

“I trust, my lady,” said Foster, “that in commands of my lord your husband, in your and so forth, I have not incurred your displeasu *that I did but my duty towards your lord and i Heaven, as Holy Writ saith, hath given the supremacy and dominion over the wife—I th so, or something like it.*”

## KENILWORTH.

"I receive at this moment so pleasant a surprise, Master Foster," answered the Countess, "that I cannot but excuse the rigid fidelity which secluded me from these apartments, until they had assumed an appearance so new and so splendid."

"Ay, lady," said Foster, "it hath cost many a fair crown; and that more need not be wasted than is absolutely necessary, I leave you till my lord's arrival with good Master Richard Varney, who, as I think, hath somewhat to say to you, from your most noble lord and husband.—Janet, follow me, to see that all be in order."

"No, Master Foster," said the Countess, "we will your daughter remains here in our apartment: out of ear-shot, however, in case Varney hath aught to say to me from my lord."

Foster made his clumsy reverence, and departed, with an aspect that seemed to grudge the profuse expense, which had been wasted upon changing his house from a bare and ruinous grange to an Asiatic palace. When he was gone, his daughter took her embroidery frame, and went to establish herself at the bottom of the apartment, while Richard Varney, with a profoundly humble courtesy, took the lowest stool he could find, and placing it by the side of the pile of cushions on which the Countess had now again seated herself, sat with his eyes for a time fixed on the ground, and in profound silence.

"I thought, Master Varney," said the Countess, when she saw he was not likely to open the conversation, "that you had something to communicate from my lord and husband; so at least I understood Master Foster, and therefore I removed my waiting-maid. If I am mistaken I will recall her to my side; for her needle is not so absolutely perfect in tent and cross-stitch, but that my superintendence is advisable."

"Lady," said Varney, "Foster was partly mistaken in my purpose. It was not from, but of your noble hus-

## KENILWORTH.

and my approved and most noble patron, that I am led, and indeed bound, to speak."

"The theme is most welcome, sir," said the Countess, "whether it be of or from my noble husband. But be brief, for I expect his hasty approach."

"Briefly, then, madam," replied Varney, "and boldly, for my argument requires both haste and courage—You have this day seen Tressilian?"

"I have, sir, and what of that?" answered the lady somewhat sharply.

"Nothing that concerns me, lady," Varney replied, with humility. "But think you, honoured madam, that your lord will hear it with equal equanimity?"

"And wherefore should he not?—to me alone was Tressilian's visit embarrassing and painful, for he brought news of my good father's illness."

"Of your father's illness, madam!" answered Varney. "It must have been sudden then—very sudden; for the messenger whom I dispatched, at my lord's instance found the good knight on the hunting field, cheering his beagles with his wonted jovial field-cry. I trust Tressilian has but forged this news—He hath his reasons madam, as you well know, for disquieting your present happiness."

"You do him injustice, Master Varney," replied the Countess, with animation,—"You do him much injustice. He is the freest, the most open, the most gentle heart that breathes—my honourable lord ever excepted, I know not one to whom falsehood is more odious than to Tressilian."

"I crave your pardon, madam," said Varney, "I meant the gentleman no injustice—I knew not how nearly his cause affected you. A man may, in some circumstances, disguise the truth for fair and honest purposes; for were it to be always spoken, and upon all occasions, there were no world to live in."

## KENILWORTH.

"You have a courtly conscience, Master Varney," said the Countess, "and your veracity will not, I think, intercept your preferment in the world, such as it is.—But touching Tressilian—I must do him justice, for I have done him wrong, as none knows better than thou.—Tressilian's conscience is of other mould—the world thou stealest of has not that which could bribe him from the way of truth and honour; and for living in it with a soiled name, the ermine would as soon seek to lodge in the den of the foul polecat. For this my father loved him—For this I would have loved him—if I could—And yet in this case he had what seemed to him, unknowing alike of my marriage, and to whom I was united, such powerful reasons to withdraw me from this place, that I well trust I exaggerated much of my father's indisposition, and that thy better news may be the truer."

"Believe me they are, madam," answered Varney; I pretend not to be a champion of that same naked virtue called truth, to the very outrance. I can consent that her charms be hidden with a veil, were it but for decency's sake. But you must think lower of my head and heart, than is due to one whom my noble lord deigns to call his friend, if you suppose I could wilfully and unnecessarily palm upon your ladyship a falsehood, so soon to be detected, in a matter which concerns your happiness."

"Master Varney," said the Countess, "I know that thy lord esteems you, and holds you a faithful and a good pilot in those seas in which he has spread so high and so venturesome a sail. Do not suppose, therefore, I meant ardly by you, when I spoke the truth in Tressilian's indication—I am, as you well know, country-bred, and take plain rustic truth better than courtly compliment; but I must change my fashions with my sphere, I presume."

"True, madam," said Varney, smiling, "and the

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you speak now in jest, it will not be amiss that in your present speech had some connection with your purpose.—A court-dame—take the most noble—the most virtuous—the most unimpeachable, that stands by our Queen's throne—would, for example, have said to speak the truth, or what she thought such, in presence of a discarded suitor, before the defendant and court of her noble husband."

"And wherefore," said the Countess, colouring patiently, "should I not do justice to Tressilian's honour before my husband's friend—before my husband—before the whole world?"

"And with the same openness," said Varney, "ladyship will this night tell my noble lord your honour that Tressilian has discovered your place of residence, which is anxiously concealed from the world, and that he has had an interview with you."

"Unquestionably," said the Countess. "It is the first thing I tell him, together with every word that Tressilian said, and that I answered. I shall spare your own shame in this, for Tressilian's reproaches, which, though he esteemed them, were not altogether unmerited. I will speak, therefore, with pain, but I will speak all."

"Your ladyship will do your pleasure," answered Varney; "but methinks it were as well, since I call for so frank a disclosure, to spare yourself the trouble and my noble lord the disquiet, and Master Tressilian since belike he must be thought of in the matter, the danger which is like to ensue."

"I can see nought of all these terrible consequences," said the lady, composedly, "unless by imputing unworthy thoughts which I am sure to have harboured in his generous heart."

"Far be it from me to do so," said Varney.—  
After a moment's silence, he added, with a real smile.

## KENILWORTH.

plainness of manner, very different from his usual smooth courtesy—"Come, madam, I will show you that a coward speak truth as well as another, when it concerns the weal of those whom he honours and regards, ay, although it may infer his own danger."—He waited to receive commands, or at least permission, to go but as the lady remained silent, he proceeded, obviously with caution.—"Look around you," he said—"noble lady, and observe the barriers with which place is surrounded, the studious mystery with which brightest jewel that England possesses is secluded from the admiring gaze—See with what rigour your walks are circumscribed, and your movements restrained, at the beck of yonder churlish Foster. Consider all this, judge for yourself what can be the cause."

"My lord's pleasure," answered the Countess; "I am bound to seek no other motive."

"His pleasure it is indeed," said Varney, "as pleasure arises out of a love worthy of the object that inspires it. But he who possesses a treasure, and values it, is oft anxious, in proportion to the value he puts upon it, to secure it from the depredations of others."

"What needs all this talk, Master Varney?" said the lady, in reply; "you would have me believe that the noble lord is jealous—Suppose it true, I know a remedy."

"Indeed, madam!" said Varney.

"It is," replied the lady, "to speak the truth at all times; to hold up my mind and my soul before him as pure as that polished mirror; so that he looks into my heart, he shall only see his own reflection there."

"I am mute, madam," answered Varney. "I have no reason to grieve for Tressilian, whether my heart's blood were to be able, I shall

## KENILWORTH.

easily to what may befall the gentleman, in consequence of your frank disclosure of his having presumptuously intruded upon your solitude.—You, who know me much better than I, will judge if he be likely to insult unavenged."

"Nay, if I could think myself the cause of Truinn," said the Countess,—"I who have already grieved him so much distress, I might be brought silent.—And yet what will it avail, since he was Foster, and I think by some one else?—No, no, urge it no more. I will tell the whole matter to and with such pleading for Tressilian's folly, as pose my lord's generous heart rather to serve than punish him."

"Your judgment, madam," said Varney, superior to mine, especially as you may, if you prove the ice before you step on it, by mentioning Tressilian's name to my lord, and observing how he receives it. For Foster and his attendant, they know Tressilian by sight, and I can easily give them some plausible excuse for the appearance of an unknown sir.

The lady paused for an instant, and then replied, "Varney, if it be indeed true that Foster knows not that the man he saw was Tressilian, I own I was willing he should learn what nowise concerns him. He bears himself already with austerity enough, and I would not have him judge or privy-councillor in my absence."

"Tush," said Varney; "what has the surly Foster to do with your ladyship's concerns?—No more than the ban-dog which watches his court-yard. He is aught distasteful to your ladyship, I have seen enough to have him exchanged for a seneschal who would be more agreeable to you."

"Master Varney," said the Countess, "this theme—when I complain of the attendants which my lord has placed around me, it must be to my

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Mark ! I hear the trampling of horse—He comes ! he comes ! " she exclaimed, jumping up in ecstasy.

" I cannot think it is he," said Varney ; " or that you hear the tread of his horse through the closely-tintled casements."

" Stop me not, Varney—my ears are keener than thine it is he ! "

" But, madam !—but madam !" exclaimed Varney, xiously, and still placing himself in her way—" I trust what I have spoken in humble duty and service, will t be turned to my ruin ?—I hope that my faithful vice will not be bewrayed to my prejudice ?—I implore at"—

" Content thee, man—content thee !" said the Countess, and quit my skirt—you are too bold to detain me—content thyself, I think not of thee."

At this moment the folding-doors flew wide open, and man of majestic mien, muffled in the folds of a long riding-cloak, entered the apartment.

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## CHAP. VII.

—*This is he*

*Who rides on the court-gale ; controls its tides ;  
Knows all their secret shoals and fatal eddies ;  
Whose frown abases, and whose smile exalts ;  
He shines like any rainbow—and, perchance,  
His colours are as transient.—OLD PLAY.*

HERE was some little displeasure and confusion on the Countess's brow, owing to her struggle with Varney's pertinacity ; but it was changed for an expression of the purest joy and affection, as she threw herself into the arms of the noble stranger who entered, and clasping him to her bosom claimed, " At length—at length thou art come ! "

## KENILWORTH.

Varney discreetly withdrew as his lord entered, and Janet was about to do the same, when her mistress signed to her to remain. She took her place at the farther end of the apartment, and continued standing, as if ready for attendance.

Meanwhile the Earl, for he was of no inferior rank, returned his lady's caress with the most affectionate ardour, but affected to resist when she strove to take his cloak from him.

"Nay," she said, "but I will unmantle you—I must see if you have kept your word to me, and come as the great Earl men call thee, and not as heretofore like a private cavalier."

"Thou art like the rest of the world, Amy," said the Earl, suffering her to prevail in the playful contest; "the jewels, and feathers, and silk, are more to them than the man whom they adorn—many a poor blade looks gay in a velvet scabbard."

"But so cannot men say of thee, thou noble Earl," said his lady, as the cloak dropped on the floor, and showed him dressed as princes when they ride abroad; "thou art the good and well-tried steel, whose only worth deserves, yet think Amy can she did when russet-brown

"And thou majestic ... he chair of too, my ... tank, though think'st thou

The lady cast a sidelong glance upon the great in as they passed it by, and then said, "I know not, is, but I think not of my own person, while I hold

... of thine. Sit thou there," she said.

ship me  
"Ay, I  
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## KENILWORTH.

ached the chair of state, "like a thing for men to tip and to wonder at."

"Ay, love," said the Earl, "if thou wilt share my e with me."

"Not so," said the Countess : "I will sit on this foot-ool at thy feet, that I may spell over thy splendour, and learn, for the first time, how princes are attired."

And with a childish wonder, which her youth and rustic education rendered not only excusable but becoming, mixed as it was with a delicate show of the most tender conjugal affection, she examined and admired from head to foot the noble form and princely attire of him who formed the proudest ornament of the court of England's Maiden Queen, renowned as it was for splendid courtiers, as well as for wise counsellors. Regarding affectionately his lovely bride, and gratified by her unrepressed admiration, the dark eye and noble features of the Earl expressed passions more gentle than the commanding and aspiring look which usually sate upon his broad forehead, and in the piercing brilliancy of his dark eye ; and he smiled at the simplicity which dictated the questions she put to him concerning the various ornaments with which he was decorated.

"The embroidered strap, as thou callest it, around my knee," he said, "is the English Garter, an ornament which kings are proud to wear. See, here is the star which belongs to it, and here the Diamond George, the jewel of the Order. You have heard how King Edward and the Countess of Salisbury"—

"Oh, I know all that tale," said the Countess, slightly blushing, "and how a lady's garter became the proudest badge of English chivalry."

"Even so," said the Earl, "and this most honourable Order I had the good hap to receive at the same time with three most noble associates, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Northampton, and the Earl of Rutland.

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I was the lowest of the four in rank—but what then?—he that climbs a ladder must begin at the first round."

"But this other fair collar, so richly wrought, with some jewel like a sheep hung by the middle attached to it, what," said the young Countess, "does that emblem signify?"

"This collar," said the Earl, "with its double fusilles interchanged with these knobs, which are supposed to present flint-stones sparkling with fire, and sustaining the jewel you inquire about, is the badge of the noble Order of the Golden Fleece, once appertaining to the House of Burgundy. It hath high privileges, my Amy, belonging to it, this most noble Order; for even the King of Spain himself, who hath now succeeded to the honours and demesnes of Burgundy, may not sit in judgment upon a knight of the Golden Fleece, unless by assistance and consent of the Great Chapter of the Order."

"And is this an Order belonging to the cruel King of Spain?" said the Countess. "Alas! my noble lord, that you will defile your noble English breast by bearing such an emblem! Bethink you of the most unhappy Queen Mary's days, when this same Philip held sway with his in England, and of the piles which were built for the noblest and our wisest, and our most truly sanctified prelates and divines—And will you, whom men call standard-bearer of the true Protestant faith, be content to wear the emblem and mark of such a Romish tyrant as he of Spain?"

"Oh, content you, my love," answered the Earl; "who spread our sails to gales of court favour, and always display the ensigns we love the best, or at all refuse sailing under colours which we like not. *I* am not the less good Protestant, that for *you* I must accept the honour offered me by Spain, in giving me to this his highest order of knighthood.

—*Neverly to Flanders; and Egmon'*

## KENILWORTH

and others, have pride in seek  
English bosom."

"Nay, my lord, you know you  
plied the Countess.—" And this  
country does this fair jewel belong

"To a very poor one, my lo  
" this is the Order of Saint Andre  
James of Scotland. It was besto  
thought the young widow of Fran  
gladly have wedded an English be  
of England is worth a crown in  
humour of a woman, and ownin  
and bogs of the north."

The Countess paused, as if wha  
excited some painful but interes  
and, as she still remained silent, h

"And now, loveliest, your wi  
have seen your vassal in such of h  
with riding vestments; for robes  
are only for princely halls."

"Well, then," said the Counte  
has, as usual, given rise to a new

"And what is it thou canst a  
said the fond husband.

"I wished to see my Earl visit  
bower," said the Countess, "in  
and now, methinks, I long to sit  
halls, and see him enter dressed i  
the won poor Amy Robsart's hear

"That is a wish easily granted  
sober russet shall be donned to-m

"But shall I," said the lady,  
your castles, to see how the rich  
will correspond with your peasant

"Why, Amy," said the Earl  
not these apartments decorated?"

## KENILWORTH.

I gave the most unbounded order, and methinks it has been indifferently well obeyed—but if thou canst tell me aught which remains to be done, I will instantly give direction."

"Nay, my lord, now you mock me," replied the Countess; "the gaiety of this rich lodging exceeds my imagination as much as it does my desert. But shall not your wife, my love—at least one day soon—be surrounded with the honour which arises neither from the toils of the mechanic who decks her apartment, nor from the silks and jewels with which your generosity adorns her, but which is attached to her place among the matronage, as the avowed wife of England's noblest Earl?"

"One day?" said her husband.—"Yes, Amy, my love, one day this shall surely happen; and, believe me, thou canst not wish for that day more fondly than I. With what rapture could I retire from labours of state, and cares and toils of ambition, to spend my life in dignity and honour on my own broad domains, with thee, my lovely Amy, for my friend and companion! But, Amy, this cannot yet be; and these dear but stolen interviews, are all I can give to the loveliest and the best beloved of her sex."

"But *why* can it not be?" urged the Countess, in the softest tones of persuasion.—"Why can it not immediately take place—this more perfect, this uninterrupted union, for which you say you wish, and which the laws of God and man alike command?—Ah! did you but desire it half as much as you say, mighty and favoured as you are, who, or what, should bar your attaining your wish?"

The Earl's brow was overcast.

"Amy," he said, "you speak of what you understand not. We that toil in courts are like those who climb a mountain of loose sand—we dare make no halt until some projecting rock affords us a secure footing and

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resting-place—if we pause, sooner we slide down by our own weight, an object of universal derision. I stand high, but I stand not secure enough to follow my own inclination. To declare my marriage were to be the artificer of my own ruin. But, believe me, I will reach a point, and that speedily, when I can do justice to thee and to myself. Meantime, poison not the bliss of the present moment by desiring that which cannot at present be. Let me rather know whether all here is managed to thy liking. How does Foster bear himself to you?—In all things respectful, I trust, else the fellow shall dearly rue it."

"He reminds me sometimes of the necessity of this privacy," answered the lady, with a sigh; "but that is reminding me of your wishes, and therefore, I am rather bound to him than disposed to blame him for it."

"I have told you the stern necessity which is upon us," replied the Earl. "Foster is, I note, somewhat sullen of mood, but Varney warrants to me his fidelity and devotion to my service. If thou hast aught, however, to complain of the mode in which he discharges his duty, he shall abyte it."

"Oh, I have nought to complain of," answered the lady, "so he discharges his task with fidelity to you; and his daughter Janet is the kindest and best companion of my solitude—her little air of precision sits so well upon her!"

"Is she indeed?" said the Earl; "she who gives you pleasure must not pass unrewarded.—Come hither, damsel."

"Janet," said the lady, "come hither to my lord."

Janet, who, as we already noticed, had discreetly retired to some distance, that her presence might be no *check upon the private conversation* of her lord and lady, now came forward, and as she made her reverentia courtesy, the Earl scarce could help smiling at the contra

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which the extreme simplicity of her dress and the prim demureness of her looks made with a very pretty countenance and a pair of black eyes, that laughed in spite of their mistress's desire to look grave.

"I am bound to you, pretty damsel," said the Earl, "for the contentment which your service hath given to this lady." As he said this, he took from his finger a ring of some price, and offered it to Janet Foster, adding, "Wear this for her sake and for mine."

"I am well pleased, my lord," answered Janet, demurely, "that my poor service hath gratified my lady, whom no one can draw nigh to without desiring to please; but we of the precious Master Holdforth's congregation seek not, like the gay daughters of this world, to twine gold around our fingers, or wear stones upon our necks, like the vain women of Tyre and of Sidon."

"Oh, what! you are a grave professor of the precise sisterhood, pretty Mistress Janet," said the Earl, "and I think your father is of the same congregation in sincerity. I like you both the better for it; for I have been prayed for, and wished well to, in your congregations. And you may the better afford the lack of ornament, Mistress Janet, because your fingers are slender, and your neck white. But here is what neither papist nor puritan, latitudinarian, nor precisian, ever boggles or makes mouths at. E'en take it, my girl, and employ it as you list."

So saying, he put into her hand five broad gold pieces of Philip and Mary.

"I would not accept this gold neither," said Janet, "but that I hope to find a use for it, which will bring a blessing on us all."

"Even please thyself, pretty Janet," said the Earl, "and I shall be well satisfied—And I prithee let them hasten the evening collation."

"I have bidden Master Varney and Master Foster to

## KENILWORTH.

sup with us, my lord," said the Countess, as Janet retired to obey the Earl's commands ; " has it your approbation ? "

" What you do ever must have so, my sweet Amy," replied her husband ; " and I am the better pleased thou hast done them this grace, because Richard Varney is my sworn man, and a close brother of my secret council ; and for the present I must needs repose much trust in this Anthony Foster."

" I had a boon to beg of thee, and a secret to tell thee, my dear lord," said the Countess with a faltering accent.

" Let both be for to-morrow, my love," replied the Earl. " I see they open the folding-doors into the banqueting-parlour, and as I have ridden far and fast, a cup of wine will not be unacceptable."

So saying, he led his lovely wife into the next apartment, where Varney and Foster received them with the deepest reverences, which the first paid after the fashion of the court, and the second after that of the congregation. The Earl returned their salutation with the negligent courtesy of one long used to such homage ; while the Countess repaid it with a punctilious solicitude, which showed it was not quite so familiar to her.

The banquet at which the company seated themselves, corresponded in magnificence with the splendour of the apartment in which it was served up, but no domestic gave his attendance. Janet alone stood ready to wait upon the company ; and, indeed, the board was so well supplied with all that could be desired, that little or no assistance was necessary. The Earl and his lady occupied the upper end of the table, and Varney and Foster sat beneath the salt, as was the custom with inferiors. The latter, overawed perhaps by society to which he was altogether unused, did not utter a single syllable during the repast ; while Varney, with great tact and discernment, sustained just so much of the conversation

## KENILWORTH.

as, without the appearance of intrusion on his part, prevented it from languishing, and maintained the good humour of the Earl at the highest pitch. This man was indeed highly qualified by nature to discharge the part in which he found himself placed, being discreet and cautious on the one hand, and on the other, quick, keen-witted, and imaginative ; so that even the Countess, prejudiced as she was against him on many accounts, felt and enjoyed his powers of conversation, and was more disposed than she had ever hitherto found herself, to join in the praises which the Earl lavished on his favourite. The hour of rest at length arrived ; the Earl and Countess retired to their apartment ; and all was silent in the castle for the rest of the night.

Early on the ensuing morning, Varney acted as the Earl's chamberlain as well as his master of horse, though the latter was his proper office in that magnificent household, where knights and gentlemen of good descent were well contented to hold such menial situations, as nobles themselves held in that of the sovereign. The duties of each of these charges were familiar to Varney, who, sprung from an ancient but decayed family, was the Earl's page during his earlier and more obscure fortunes, and, faithful to him in adversity, had afterwards contrived to render himself no less useful to him in his rapid and splendid advance to fortune ; thus establishing in him an interest, resting both on present and past services, which rendered him an almost indispensable sharer of his confidence.

" Help me to do on a plainer riding-suit, Varney," said the Earl, as he laid aside his morning-gown, flowered with silk, and lined with sables, " and put *these chains and fetters there*" (pointing to the collars of *the various Orders* which lay on the table) " into their place of security—my neck last night was well-nigh broke with the weight of them. I am half of the min-

## KENILWORTH.

that they shall gall me no more. They are bonds which knaves have invented to fetter fools. How think'st thou, Varney?"

"Faith, my good lord," said his attendant, "I think fetters of gold are like no other fetters—they are ever the weightier the welcomer."

"For all that, Varney," replied his master, "I am well-nigh resolved they shall bind me to the court no longer. What can further service and higher favour give me, beyond the high rank and great estate which I have already secured?—What brought my father to the block, but that he could not bound his wishes within right and reason?—I have, you know, had mine own ventures and mine own escapes: I am well-nigh resolved to tempt the sea no farther, but sit me down in quiet on the shore."

"And gather cockle-shells, with Dan Cupid to aid you," said Varney.

"How mean you by that, Varney?" said the Earl, somewhat hastily.

"Nay, my lord," said Varney, "be not angry with me. If your lordship is happy in a lady so rarely lovely, that in order to enjoy her company with somewhat more freedom, you are willing to part with all you have hitherto lived for, some of your poor servants may be sufferers; but your bounty hath placed me so high, that I shall ever have enough to maintain a poor gentleman in the rank befitting the high office he has held in your lordship's family."

"Yet you seem discontented when I propose throwing up a dangerous game, which may end in the ruin of both of us."

"I, my lord?" said Varney; "surely I have no cause to regret your lordship's retreat!—It will not be Richard Varney who will incur the displeasure of majesty, or the ridicule of the court, when the stateliest fabric

## KENILWORTH.

ever was founded upon a prince's favour, melts away like a morning frost-work.—I would only have you yourself to be assured, my lord, ere you take a step which cannot be retracted, that you consult your fame and happiness in the course you propose."

"Speak on then, Varney," said the Earl; "I tell thee I have determined nothing, and will weigh all considerations on either side."

"Well, then, my lord," replied Varney, "we will suppose the step taken, the frown frowned, the laugh laughed, and the moan moaned. You have retired, we will say, to some one of your most distant castles, so far from court that you hear neither the sorrow of your friends, nor the glee of your enemies. We will suppose, too, that your successful rival will be satisfied (a thing greatly to be doubted) with abridging and cutting away the branches of the great tree which so long kept the sun from him, and that he does not insist upon tearing you up by the roots. Well; the late prime favourite of England, who wielded her general's staff, and controlled her parliaments, is now a rural baron, hunting, hawking, drinking fat ale with country esquires, and mustering his men at the command of the High Sheriff"—

"Varney, forbear!" said the Earl.

"Nay, my lord, you must give me leave to conclude my picture.—Sussex governs England—the Queen's health fails—the succession is to be settled—a road is open to ambition more splendid than ambition ever dreamed of.—You hear all this as you sit by the hob, under the shade of your hall-chimney—You then begin to think what hopes you have fallen from, and what insignificance you have embraced—and all that you might *look babies in the eyes* of your fair wife oftener than once a fortnight."

"I say, Varney," said the Earl, "no more of this. I said not that the step, which my own ease and comfort

serve my country at the hour of need.—.....  
presently—I will wear, as formerly, one of  
cloaks, and ride before the portmantle.—The  
master for the day, Varney—neglect nothin  
blind suspicion. We will to horse ere men a  
I will but take leave of my lady, and be ready  
a restraint on my own poor heart, and wo  
more dear to me; but the patriot must  
husband."

Having said this in a melancholy but firm  
left the dressing apartment.

"I am glad thou art gone," thought V  
practised as I am in the follies of mankind, I  
in the very face of thee! Thou mayst tire  
of thy new bauble, thy pretty piece of painte  
there, I will not be thy hindrance. But  
bauble, ambition, thou shalt not tire,  
climb the hill, my lord, you must drag Ri  
----'n' won' and if he can urge you to t

## KENILWORTH.

bewildered, my lord had the excuse at his right hand on this blessed evening that has last passed over us. Well—let things roll as they may, he shall make me great, or I will make myself happy ; and for that softer piece of creation, if she speak not out her interview with Tressilian, as well I think she dare not, she also must traffic with me for concealment and mutual support in spite of all this scorn.—I must to the stables.—Well, my lord, I order your retinue now ; the time may soon come that *my* master of the horse shall order mine own. What was Thomas Cromwell but a smith's son, and he died my lord—on a scaffold, doubtless, but that too was in character—And what was Ralph Sadler but the clerk of Cromwell, and he has gazed eighteen fair lordships,—*via !* I know my steerage as well as they."

So saying, he left the apartment.

In the meanwhile, the Earl had re-entered the bed-chamber, bent on taking a hasty farewell of the lovely Countess, and scarce daring to trust himself in private with her, to hear requests again urged, which he found it difficult to parry, yet which his recent conversation with his master of horse had determined him not to grant.

He found her in a white cymar of silk lined with furs, her little feet unstockinged and hastily thrust into slippers ; her unbraided hair escaping from under her midnight coif, with little array but her own loveliness, rather augmented than diminished by the grief which she felt at the approaching moment of separation.

"Now, God be with thee, my dearest and loveliest !" said the Earl, scarce tearing himself from her embrace, yet again returning to fold her again and again in his arms, and again bidding farewell, and again returning to *kiss and bid adieu once more.*

"The sun is on the verge of the blue horizon—I dare not stay.—*Ere this I should have been ten miles from home.*"

## KENILWORTH;:

Such were the words with which at length he strove to cut short their parting interview.

"You will not grant my request, then?" said the Countess. "Ah, false knight! did ever lady, with bare foot in slipper, seek boon of a brave knight, yet return with denial?"

"Any thing, Amy, any thing thou canst ask I will grant," answered the Earl—"always excepting," he said, "that which might ruin us both."

"Nay," said the Countess, "I urge not my wish to be acknowledged in the character which would make me the envy of England—as the wife, that is, of my brave and noble lord, the first as the most fondly beloved of English nobles.—Let me but share the secret with my dear father!—Let me but end his misery on my unworthy account—they say he is ill, the good old kind-hearted man!"

"They say?" asked the Earl, hastily; "who says? Did not Varney convey to Sir Hugh all we dare at present tell him concerning your happiness and welfare? and has he not told you that the good old knight was following, with good heart and health, his favourite and wonted exercise? Who has dared put other thoughts into your head?"

"Oh, no one, my lord, no one," said the Countess, something alarmed at the tone in which the question was put; "but yet, my lord, I would fain be assured by mine own eye-sight that my father is well."

"Be contented, Amy—thou canst not now have communication with thy father or his house. Were it not a deep course of policy to commit no secret unnecessarily to the custody of more than must needs be, it were sufficient reason for secrecy, that yonder Cornish man, yonder Trevanion, or Tressilian, or whatever his name is, haunts the old knight's house, and must necessarily know whatever is communicated there."

## KENILWORTH.

"My lord," answered the Countess, "I do not think it so. My father has been long noted a worthy and honourable man; and for Tressilian, if we can pardon ourselves the ill we have wrought him, I will wager the coronet I am to share with you one day, that he is incapable of returning injury for injury."

"I will not trust him, however, Amy," said her husband; "by my honour, I will not trust him—I would rather the foul fiend intermingle in our secret than this Tressilian!"

"And why, my lord?" said the Countess, though she shuddered slightly at the tone of determination in which he spoke; "let me but know why you think thus hardly of Tressilian?"

"Madam," replied the Earl, "my will ought to be a sufficient reason—if you desire more, consider how this Tressilian is leagued, and with whom—He stands high in the opinion of this Radcliffe, this Sussex, against whom I am barely able to maintain my ground in the opinion of our suspicious mistress; and if he had me at such advantage, Amy, as to become acquainted with the tale of our marriage, before Elizabeth were fitly prepared, I were an outcast from her grace for ever—a bankrupt at once in favour and in fortune, perhaps, for she hath in her a touch of her father Henry,—a victim, and it may be a bloody one, to her offended and jealous resentment."

"But why, my lord," again urged his lady, "should you deem thus injuriously of a man of whom you know so little? What you do know of Tressilian is through me, and it is I who assure you that in no circumstances will he betray your secret. If I did him wrong in your behalf, my lord, I am now the more concerned you should do him justice.—You are offended at my speaking of him, what would you say had I actually myself

## KÉNILWORTH.

had," replied the Earl, "you would do well at interview as secret as that which is spoken fessional. I seek no one's ruin; but he who himself on my secret privacy, were better look his future walk. The bear brooks no one to cross ful path."

"Awful, indeed!" said the Countess, turning very pale. "You are ill, my love," said the Earl, supporting her his arms; "stretch yourself on your couch again; it is but an early day for you to leave it.—Have you aught else, involving less than my fame, my fortune, and my life, to ask of me?"

"Nothing, my lord and love," answered the Countess, faintly; "something there was that I would have told you, but your anger has driven it from my recollection."

"Reserve it till our next meeting, my love," said the Earl, fondly, and again embracing her; "and barring only those requests which I cannot and dare not grant, thy wish must be more than England and all its dependencies can fulfil, if it is not gratified to the letter."

Thus saying, he at length took farewell. At the bottom of the staircase he received from Varney an ample livery cloak and slouched hat, in which he wrapped himself so as to disguise his person, and completely conceal his features. Horses were ready in the courtyard for himself and Varney;—for one or two of his train, intrusted with the secret so far as to know or guess that the Earl intrigued with a beautiful lady at that mansion, though her name and quality were unknown to them, had already been dismissed over night.

Anthony Foster himself had in hand the rein of the Earl's palfrey, a stout and able nag for the road; while his old serving-man held the bridle of the more showy and gallant steed which Richard Varney was to occupy in the character of master.

As the Earl approached, however, Varney advanced to

## KENILWORTH.

hold his master's bridle, and to prevent Foster from paying that duty to the Earl, which he probably considered as belonging to his own office. Foster scowled at an interference which seemed intended to prevent his paying his court to his patron, but gave place to Varney; and the Earl, mounting without farther observation, and forgetting that his assumed character of a domestic threw him into the rear of his supposed master, rode pensively out of the quadrangle, not without waving his hand repeatedly in answer to the signals which were made by the Countess with her kerchief, from the windows of her apartment.

While his stately form vanished under the dark archway which led out of the quadrangle, Varney muttered, "There goes fine policy—the servant before the master!" then as he disappeared, seized the moment to speak a word with Foster. "Thou look'st dark on me, Anthony," he said, "as if I had deprived thee of a parting nod of my lord; but I have moved him to leave thee a better remembrance for thy faithful service. See here! a purse of as good gold as ever chinked under a miser's thumb and forefinger. Ay, count them, lad," said he, as Foster received the gold with a grim smile, "and add to them the goodly remembrance he gave last night to Janet."

"How's this! how's this!" said Anthony Foster hastily, "gave he gold to Janet?"

"Ay, man, wherefore not?—does not her service his fair lady require guerdon?"

"She shall have none on't," said Foster; "she return it. I know his dotage on one face is as bri it is deep. His affections are as fickle as the moon.

"*Why, Foster, thou art mad—thou dost not for such good fortune as that my lord should cast on Janet?—Who, in the fiend's name, would the thrush when the nightingale is singing?*"

## KENILWORTH.

"or nightingale, all is one to the fowler; and, Varney, you can sound the quailpipe most daintily wantons into his nets. I desire no such preferment for Janet as you have brought many maiden to—Dost thou laugh?—I will keep one of my family, at least, from Satan's clutches, that mayst rely on—She shall restore the gold."

"y, or give it to thy keeping, Tony, which will serve well," answered Varney; "but I have that to say is more serious.—Our lord is returning to court in ill humour for us."

"ow meanest thou?" said Foster. "Is he tired by of his pretty toy—his plaything yonder? He purchased her at a monarch's ransom, and I warne he rues his bargain."

"ot a whit, Tony," answered the master of the ; "he dotes on her, and will forsake the court for then down go hopes, possessions, and safety—lands are resumed, Tony, and well if the holders called to account in Exchequer."

"at were ruin," said Foster, his brow darkening apprehensions; "and all this for a woman!—Had

for his soul's sake, it were something; and I ~~yes~~ wish I myself could fling away the world ~~lives~~ to me, and be as one of the poorest of our

"u art like enough to be so, Tony," answered "but I think the devil will give thee little credit compelled poverty, and so thou losest on all but follow my counsel, and Cumnor Place shall pyhold yet—Say nothing of this Tressilian's a word until I give thee notice."

"herefore, I pray you?" asked Foster suspi-

st!" replied Varney; "in my lord's present ~~re-~~ the ready way to confirm him in his re-

## KENILWORTH.

solution of retirement, should he know that his lady was haunted with such a spectre in his absence. He would be for playing the dragon himself over his golden fruit, and then, Tony, thy occupation is ended. A word to the wise—Farewell—I must follow him."

He turned his horse, struck him with the spurs, and rode off under the archway in pursuit of his lord.

"Would thy occupation were ended, or thy neck broken, damned pander!" said Anthony Foster. "But I must follow his beck, for his interest and mine are the same, and he can wind the proud earl to his will. Janet shall give me those pieces, though—they shall be laid out in some way for God's service, and I will keep them separate in my strong chest till I can fall upon a fitting employment for them. No contagious vapour shall breathe on Janet—she shall remain pure as a blessed spirit, were it but to pray God for her father. I need her prayers, for I am at a hard pass—Strange reports are abroad concerning my way of life. The congregation look cold on me, and when Master Holdforth spoke of hypocrites being like a whitened sepulchre, which within was full of dead men's bones, methought he looked full at me. The Romish was a comfortable faith; Lambourne spoke true in that. A man had but to follow his thrift by such ways as offered—tell his beads—hear a mass—confess, and be absolved. These Puritans tread a harder and a rougher path; but I will try—I will read my Bible for an hour ere I again open mine iron chest."

Varney, meantime, spurred after his lord, whom he found waiting for him at the postern-gate of the park.

"You waste time, Varney," said the Earl; "and it presses. I must be at Woodstock before I can safely *lay aside my disguise*; and till then, I journey in some *peril*."

"It is but two hours' brisk riding, my lord," said Varney; "for me, I only stopped to enforce your com-

## KENILWORTH.

and secrecy on yonder Foster, and to abode of the gentleman whom I would 't lordship's train, in the room of Tre-

the meridian of the antechamber, think'st Earl.

es well, my lord," replied Varney; "but I were pleased to ride on, I could go back I bring him to your lordship at Woodstock out of bed."

m asleep there, thou knowest, at this mo- the Earl: "and I pray you not to spare hat you may be with me at my levee."

he gave his horse the spur, and proceeded y, while Varney rode back to Cumnor by the avoiding the park. The latter alighted at the Bonny Black Bear, and desired to speak with nael Lambourne. That respectable character g of appearing before his new patron, but it wncast looks.

last lost the scent," said Varney, "of thy essilian.—I know it by thy hang-dog visage. lacrity, thou impudent knave?"

ounds!" said Lambourne, "there was never a y hunted. I saw him to earth at mine uncle's to him like bees' wax—saw him at supper—n to his chamber, and presto—he is gone next e very hostler knows not where!"

ounds like practice upon me, sir," replied and if it proves so, by my soul you shall

best hound will be sometimes at fault," an- nbourne; "how should it serve me that this d have thus evanished? You may ask mi gosling, ask the tapster and hostler—the whole household, how I kept ey'

## KENILWORTH.

Tressilian while he was on foot.—On my soul, I could not be expected to watch him like a sick-nurse, when had seen him fairly a-bed in his chamber. That will be allowed me, surely."

Varney did, in fact, make some inquiry among the household, which confirmed the truth of Lambourne's statement. Tressilian, it was unanimously agreed, had departed suddenly and unexpectedly, betwixt night and morning.

"But I will wrong no one," said mine host; "he left on the table in his lodging the full value of his reckoning, with some allowance to the servants of the house, which was the less necessary, that he saddled his own gelding, as it seems, without the hostler's assistance."

Thus satisfied of the rectitude of Lambourne's conduct, Varney began to talk to him upon his future prospects, and the mode in which he meant to bestow himself, intimating that he understood from Foster he was disinclined to enter into the household of a nobleman.

"Have you," said he, "ever been at court?"

"No," replied Lambourne; "but ever since I was years old, I have dreamt once a-week that I was the man who made my fortune."

"It may be your own fault if your dream comes true," said Varney. "Are you needy?"

"Um!" replied Lambourne; "I love pleasure."

"That is a sufficient answer, and an honest one," Varney. "Know you aught of the requisites except from the retainer of a rising courtier?"

"I have imagined them to myself, sir," answered Lambourne; "as, for example, a quick eye—*sharp mouth*—a ready and bold hand—a sharp wit, *blunt conscience*."

"And thine, I suppose," said Varney, "has the edge blunted long since?"

"I cannot remember, sir, that its edge was

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Foster,  
phantor  
it was it  
*great gain. But I have no such knack of it."*

" Well," replied Varney, "if thou hast no hypocrisy,  
*at thou not a nag here in the stable?"*

## KENILWORTH.

"Ay, sir," said Lambourne, "that shall take hedge and ditch with my Lord Duke's best hunters. When I made a little mistake on Shooter's Hill, and stopped an ancient grazier whose pouches were better lined than his brain-pan, the bonny bay nag carried me sheer off in spite of the whole hue and cry."

"Saddle him then, instantly, and attend me," said Varney. "Leave thy clothes and baggage under charge of mine host, and I will conduct thee to a service, in which, if thou do not better thyself, the fault shall not be fortune's, but thine own."

"Brave and hearty!" said Lambourne, "and I am mounted in an instant.—Knave hostler, saddle my nag without the loss of an instant, as thou dost value the safety of thy noddle.—Pretty Cicely, take half this purse to comfort thee for my sudden departure."

"Gogsnouns!" replied the father, "Cicely wants no such token from thee.—Go away, Mike, and gather grace if thou canst, though I think thou goest not to the land where it grows."

"Let me look at this Cicely of thine, mine host," said Varney; "I have heard much talk of her beauty."

"It is a sunburnt beauty," said mine host, "well qualified to stand out rain and wind, but little calculated to please such critical gallants as yourself. She keeps her chamber, and cannot encounter the glance of such sunny-day courtiers as my noble guest."

"Well, peace be with her, my good host," answered Varney; "our horses are impatient—we bid you good day."

"Does my nephew go with you, so please you?" said Gosling.

"Ay, such is his purpose," answered Richard Varney.

"You are right—fully right," replied mine host—"you are, I say, fully right, my kinsman. Thou hast got a <sup>2</sup> gay horse, see thou light not unaware upon a halter—or, if thou wilt needs be made immortal by means of

## KENILWORTH.

rope, which thy purpose of following this gentleman renders not unlikely, I charge thee to find a gallows as far from Cumnor as thou conveniently mayst ; and so I commend you to your saddle."

The master of the horse and his new retainer mounted accordingly, leaving the landlord to conclude his ill-omened farewell, to himself and at leisure ; and set off together at a rapid pace, which prevented conversation until the ascent of a steep sandy hill permitted them to resume it.

" You are contented, then," said Varney to his companion, " to take court-service ? "

" Ay, worshipful sir, if you like my terms as well as I like yours."

" And what are your terms ? " demanded Varney.

" If I am to have a quick eye for my patron's interest, he must have a dull one towards my faults," said Lambourne.

" Ay," said Varney, " so they lie not so grossly open that he must needs break his shins over them."

" Agreed," said Lambourne. " Next, if I run down game, I must have the picking of the bones."

" That is but reason," replied Varney, " so that your betters are served before you."

" Good," said Lambourne ; " and it only remains to be said, that if the law and I quarrel, my patron must bear me out, for that is a chief point."

" Reason again," said Varney, " if the quarrel hath happened in your master's service."

" For the wage and so forth, I say nothing," proceeded Lambourne ; " it is the secret guerdon that I must live by."

" Never fear," said Varney ; " thou shalt have clothes and spending money to ruffle it with the best of thy degree, for thou goest to a household where you have gold, as they say, by the eye."



## KENILWORTH.

commemorates the victory of Marlborough, and the genius of Vanbrugh, though decried in his day by persons of taste far inferior to his own. It was in Elizabeth's time, an ancient mansion in bad repair which had long ceased to be honoured with the residence, to the great impoverishment of the adjacent village. The inhabitants, however, had made petitions to the Queen to have the favour of the Earl's countenance occasionally bestowed upon them upon this very business, ostensibly at least, to a noble lord, whom we have already introduced to the reader, a visitor at Woodstock.

Varney and Lambourne galloped without ceremony into the courtyard of the ancient and dilapidated mansion which presented on that morning a scene of bustle not had not exhibited for two reigns. Officers of the Earl's household, liverymen and retainers, went and came all the insolent fracas which attaches to their master. The neigh of horses and the baying of hounds was heard ; for my lord, in his occupation of inspecting and surveying the manor and demesne, was of course provided with the means of following his pleasure in the park, said to have been the earliest that was built in England, and which was well stocked with deer that had long roamed there unmolested. Several of the inhabitants of the village, in anxious hope of a favourable result from this unwonted visit, loitered about the stables, and awaited the great man's coming forth. Attention was excited by the hasty arrival of Varney and a murmur ran amongst them, " The Earl is come to see the horse !" while they hurried to bespeak their hasty unbonneting, and proffering to hold the stirrup of the favoured retainer and his master.

" Hold somewhat aloof, my masters !" said Varney. " and let the domestics do their office."

## KENILWORTH.

The mortified citizens and peasants fell back at signal ; while Lambourne, who had his eye upon superior's deportment, repelled the services of those who offered to assist him, with yet more courtesy—" Stand back, Jack peasant, with a murrain to you, and let ~~the~~ knave footmen do their duty !"

While they gave their nags to the attendants of the household, and walked into the mansion with an air of superiority which long practice and consciousness of birth rendered natural to Varney, and which Lambourne endeavoured to imitate as well as he could, the poor inhabitants of Woodstock whispered to each other, " Well-a-day—God save us from all such misproud princoxes ! An the master be like the men, why, the fiend may take all, and yet have no more than his due."

"Silence, good neighbours !" said the Bailiff, "keep tongue betwixt teeth—we shall know more by and by.—But never will a lord come to Woodstock so welcome as bluff old King Harry ! He would horsewhip a fellow one day with his own royal hand, and then fling him an handful of silver groats, with his own broad face on them, to 'noint the sore withal."

"Ay, rest be with him !" echoed the auditors ; "it will be long ere this Lady Elizabeth horsewhip any of us."

"There is no saying," answered the Bailiff. "Meanwhile, patience, good neighbours, and let us comfort ourselves by thinking that we deserve such notice at her Grace's hands."

Meanwhile, Varney, closely followed by his new dependent, made his way to the hall, where men of more note and consequence than those left in the courtyard awaited the appearance of the Earl, who as yet kept his chamber. All paid court to Varney, with more or less deference, according to their own rank, or the urgency of the business which brought them to his lord's levee. To the general ques-

## KENILWORTH.

of "When comes my lord forth, Master Varney?" — he gave brief answers, as, "See you not my boots? I am but just returned from Oxford, and know nothing of it," and the like, until the same query was put in a higher tone by a personage of more importance. "I will inquire of the chamberlain, Sir Thomas Copely," was the reply. The chamberlain, distinguished by his silver key, answered, that the Earl only awaited Master Varney's return to come down, but that he would first speak with him in his private chamber. Varney, therefore, bowed to the company, and took leave, to enter his lord's apartment.

There was a murmur of expectation which lasted a few minutes, and was at length hushed by the opening of the folding-doors at the upper end of the apartment through which the Earl made his entrance, marshalled by his chamberlain and the steward of his family, and followed by Richard Varney. In his noble mien and princely features, men read nothing of that insolence which was practised by his dependents. His courtesies were, indeed, measured by the rank of those to whom they were addressed, but even the meanest person present had a share of his gracious notice. The inquiries which he made respecting the condition of the manor, of the Queen's rights there, and of the advantages and disadvantages which might attend her occasional residence at the royal seat Woodstock, seemed to show that he had most early investigated the matter of the petition of the inhabitants, and with a desire to forward the interest of place.

"Now, the Lord love his noble countenance," said the F, who had thrust himself into the presence-chamber; "looks somewhat pale. I warrant him he hath spent hole night in perusing our memorial. Master Varney, who took six months to draw it up, said it take a week to understand it; and see if the Earl

## KENILWORTH.

bath not knocked the marrow out of it in twenty-four hours."

The Earl then acquainted their sovereign to her residence and its favour, his successor of her increase gesses the time to

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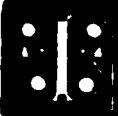
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## KENILWORTH.

### CHAP. VIII.

*Host.—I will hear you, Master Fenton  
And I will, at least, keep your counsel.*  
MERRY WIVES OF

 T becomes necessary to return to those circumstances which accompanied indeed occasioned, the sudden disappearance of Tressilian from the sign of the Black Bear. It will be recollected that this gentleman, a counter with Varney, had returned to Giles' ravansary, where he shut himself up in his office, demanded pen, ink, and paper, and announced his purpose to remain private for the day: in the afternoon he appeared again in the public room, where Master Bourne, who had been on the watch for him, in consequence of his engagement to Varney, endeavoured to make his acquaintance with him, and hoped he retained a friendly recollection of the part he had taken in the Master's scuffle.

But Tressilian repelled his advances first with civility—"Master Lambourne," he said, "I have recompensed to your pleasure the time wasted on me. Under the show of wild bluntness you exhibit, I know you have sense enough to stand me, when I say frankly, that the object of my temporary acquaintance having been accomplished, we shall be strangers to each other in future."

"*Veto!*" said Lambourne, twirling his weapon in one hand, and grasping the hilt of his weapon with the other; "if I thought that this usage was intended for me"—

"You would bear it with discretion, disruptured Tressilian. "as you must do at

## KENILWORTH.

know too well the distance that is betwixt us, to require me to explain myself farther—Good evening."

So saying, he turned his back upon his former companion, and entered into discourse with the landlord. Michael Lambourne felt strongly disposed to bully; but his wrath died away in a few incoherent oaths and ejaculations, and he sank unresistingly under the ascendancy which superior spirits possess over persons of his habits and description. He remained moody and silent in a corner of the apartment, paying the most marked attention to every motion of his late companion, against whom he began now to nourish a quarrel on his own account, which he trusted to avenge by the execution of his new master Varney's directions. The hour of supper arrived, and was followed by that of repose, when Tressilian, like others, retired to his sleeping apartment.

He had not been in bed long, when the train of sad reveries, which supplied the place of rest in his disturbed mind, was suddenly interrupted by the jar of a door on its hinges, and a light was seen to glimmer in the apartment. Tressilian, who was as brave as steel, sprang from his bed at this alarm, and had laid hand upon his sword, when he was prevented from drawing it, by a voice which said, "Be not too rash with your rapier, Master Tressilian—It is I, your host, Giles Gosling."

At the same time, unshrouding the dark lantern, which had hitherto only emitted an indistinct glimmer, the goodly aspect and figure of the landlord of the Black Bear was visibly presented to his astonished guest.

"What mummary is this, mine host?" said Tressilian; "have you supped as jollily as last night, and so mistaken your chamber? or is midnight a time for masquerading it in your guest's lodging?"

"Master Tressilian," replied mine host, "I know my place and my time as well as e'er a merry landlord in England. But here has been my hang-dog kinsem-

## KENILWORTH.

watching you as close as ever cat watched a mouse ; and here have you, on the other hand, quarrelled and fought either with him or with some other person, and I fear that danger will come of it."

" Go to, thou art but a fool, man," said Tressilian ; " thy kinsman is beneath my resentment ; and besides, why shouldst thou think I had quarrelled with any one whomsoever ? "

" Oh ! sir," replied the innkeeper, " there was a red spot on thy very cheek-bone, which boded of a late brawl, as sure as the conjunction of Mars and Saturn threatens misfortune — and when you returned, the buckles of your girdle were brought forward, and your step was quick and hasty, and all things showed your hand and your hilt had been lately acquainted."

" Well, good mine host, if I have been obliged to draw my sword," said Tressilian, " why should such a circumstance fetch thee out of thy warm bed at this time of night ? Thou seest the mischief is all over."

" Under favour, that is what I doubt. Anthony Foster is a dangerous man, defended by strong court patronage, which hath borne him out in matters of very deep concernment. And then, my kinsman—why, I have told you what he is ; and if these two old cronies have made up their old acquaintance, I would not, my worshipful guest, that it should be at thy cost. I promise you, Mike Lambourne has been making very particular inquiries at mine hostler, when and which way you ride. Now, I would have you think, whether you may not have done or said something for which you may be waylaid, and taken at disadvantage."

" Thou art an honest man, mine host," said Tressilian, after a moment's consideration, " and I will deal frankly with thee. If these men's malice is directed against me—as I deny not but it may—it is

## KENILWORTH.

because they are the agents of a more powerful villain than themselves."

" You mean Master Richard Varney, do you not?" said the landlord ; " he was at Cumnor Place yesterday, and came not thither so private but what he was espied by one who told me."

" I mean the same, mine host."

" Then, for God's sake, worshipful Master Tressilian," said honest Gosling, " look well to yourself. This Varney is the protector and patron of Anthony Foster, who holds under him, and by his favour, some lease of yonder mansion and the park. Varney got a large grant of the lands of the Abbacy of Abingdon, and Cumnor Place amongst others, from his master, the Earl of Leicester. Men say he can do everything with him, though I hold the Earl too good a nobleman to employ him as some men talk of.—And then the Earl can do anything (that is, anything right or fitting) with the Queen, God bless her, so you see what an enemy you have made to yourself."

" Well—it is done, and I cannot help it," answered Tressilian.

" Uds precious, but it must be helped in some manner," said the host. " Richard Varney—why, what between his influence with my lord, and his pretending to so many old and vexatious claims in right of the Abbot here, men fear almost to mention his name, much more to set themselves against his practices. You may judge by our discourses the last night. Men said their pleasure of Tony Foster, but not a word of Richard Varney, though all men judge him to be at the bottom of yonder mystery about the pretty wench. But perhaps you know more of that matter than I do, for women, though they wear not swords, are occasion for many a blade's exchanging a sheath of neat's leather for one of flesh and blood."

## KENILWORTH.

now more of that poor unfortunate lady  
my friendly host ; and so bankrupt am I,  
of friends and advice, that I will willingly  
or of thee, and tell thee the whole his-  
that I have a favour to ask when my tale

er Tressilian," said the landlord, " I am  
keeper, little able to adjust or counsel such  
rself. But as sure as I have risen decently  
ld, by giving good measure and reasonable  
an honest man ; and as such, if I may not  
sist you, I am at least not capable to abuse  
ice. Say away, therefore, as confidently as if  
your father ; and thus far at least be certain,  
osity—for I will not deny that which belongs to  
is joined to a reasonable degree of discretion."  
t it not, mine host," answered Tressilian ;  
is auditor remained in anxious expectation,  
st for an instant how he should commence  
e. " My tale," he at length said, " to be  
gible, must begin at some distance back.—  
eard of the battle of Stoke, my good host,  
is of old Sir Roger Robsart, who, in that  
ntly took part with Henry VII., the Queen's  
; and routed the Earl of Lincoln, Lord  
id his wild Irish, and the Flemings whom the  
Burgundy had sent over, in the quarrel of  
mnel ! "

mber both one and the other," said Giles  
it is sung of a dozen times a-week on m  
below.—Sir Roger Robsart of Devon—Of  
n of whom minstrels sing to this hour,—

*He was the flower of Stoke's red field,  
When Martin Swart on ground lay slain;  
raging rout he never reel'd,  
ut like a rock did firm remain.*

## KENILWORTH.

Ay, and then there was Martin Swart I have heard n grandfather talk of, and of the jolly Almains whom I commanded, with their slashed doublets and quai hose, all frounced with ribbons above the nether-stock Here's a song goes of Martin Swart, too, an I had bi memory for it :—

‘ Martin Swart and his men,  
Saddle them, saddle them ;  
Martin Swart and his men,  
Saddle them well.’”

“ True, good mine host—the day was long talked of but if you sing so loud, you will awake more listeners than I care to commit my confidence unto.”

“ I crave pardon, my worshipful guest,” said my host, “ I was oblivious. When an old song comes across merry old knights of the spigot, it runs away with o discretion.”

“ Well, mine host, my grandfather, like some of Cornish men, kept a warm affection to the House of York, and espoused the quarrel of this Simnel, assur the title of Earl of Warwick, as the county a wards, in great numbers, countenanced the cau Perkin Warbeck, calling himself the Duke of. My grandsire joined Simnel's standard, and was fighting desperately at Stoke, where most of the l of that unhappy army were slain in their harness. good knight to whom he rendered himself, Sir Robsart, protected him from the immediate ver of the King, and dismissed him without ranso he was unable to guard him from other pen his rashness, being the heavy fines by which *impoverished, according to Henry's mode of sing his enemies.* The good knight did *might to mitigate the distresses of my anc their friendship became so strict, that my*

## KENILWORTH.

: sworn brother and intimate of the  
h Robsart, the only son of Sir Roger,  
f his honest and generous, and hos-  
, though not equal to him in martial

ard of good Sir Hugh Robsart," inter-  
t, "many a time and oft. His huntsman  
vant, Will Badger, hath spoken of him an  
s in this very house—a jovial knight he is,  
ed hospitality and open housekeeping more  
ent fashion, which lays as much gold lace  
s of a doublet as would feed a dozen of tall  
beef and ale for a twelvemonth, and let them  
vening at the ale-house once a-week, to do  
publican."

I have seen Will Badger, mine host," said  
"you have heard enough of Sir Hugh  
and therefore I will but say, that the hospi-  
boast of hath proved somewhat detrimental  
ate of his family, which is perhaps of the  
quence, as he has but one daughter to whom  
th it. And here begins my share in the tale.  
father's death, now several years since, the  
Hugh would willingly have made me his com-  
panion. There was a time, however, at which  
kind knight's excessive love for field-sports de-  
from studies, by which I might have profited  
it I ceased to regret the leisure which gratitude  
lity friendship compelled me to bestow on  
l avocations. The exquisite beauty of Mistress  
sart, as she grew up from childhood to woman,  
escape one whom circumstances obliged to be  
ntly in her company—I loved her, in short,  
*and her father saw it.*"

ossed your true loves, no doubt?" said mine  
s the way in all such cases; and I judge it

## KENILWORTH.

must have been so in your instance, from the heavy sigh you uttered even now."

"The case was different, mine host. My suit was highly approved by the generous Sir Hugh Robsart—was his daughter who was cold to my passion."

"She was the more dangerous enemy of the two," said the innkeeper. "I fear your suit proved a cold one."

"She yielded me her esteem," said Tressilian, "and seemed not unwilling that I should hope it might ripen into a warmer passion. There was a contract of future marriage executed betwixt us upon her father's intercession; but to comply with her anxious request the execution was deferred for a twelvemonth. During this period, Richard Varney appeared in the count and, availing himself of some distant family connection with Sir Hugh Robsart, spent much of his time in his company, until, at length, he almost lived with the family."

"That could bode no good to the place he honours with his residence," said Gosling.

"No, by the rood!" replied Tressilian. "My understanding and misery followed his presence, yet strangely, that I am at this moment at a loss to trace the gradations of their encroachment upon a family which had, till then, been so happy. For a time Amy Robsart received the attentions of this man Varney with the indifference attached to common courtesy; then followed a period in which she seemed to regard him with dislike, and even with disgust; and then some extraordinary species of connection appeared to give up betwixt them. Varney dropped those airs of ~~pride~~ tension and gallantry which had marked his former approaches; and Amy, on the other hand, seemed to renounce the ill-disguised disgust with which she had regarded them. They seemed to have more of private and confidence together, than I fully liked; and

## KENILWORTH.

at they met in private, where there was  
than in our presence. Many circum-  
I noticed but little at the time—for I  
heart as open as her angelic countenance  
arisen on my memory, to convince me  
te understanding. But I need not detail  
ct speaks for itself. She vanished from  
house—Varney disappeared at the same  
is very day I have seen her in the character  
our, living in the house of his sordid de-  
ter, and visited by him, muffled, and by a  
ce."

"then, is the cause of your quarrel? Me-  
should have been sure that the fair lady  
i or deserved your interference."

"st," answered Tressilian, "my father, such  
consider Sir Hugh Robsart, sits at home  
ith his grief, or, if so far recovered, vainly  
o drown, in the practice of his field-sports,  
on that he had once a daughter—a recollec-  
ver and anon breaks from him under cir-  
the most pathetic. I could not brook the  
should live in misery, and Amy in guilt ; and  
ed to seek her out, with the hope of inducing  
. to her family. I have found her, and when  
succeeded in my attempt, or have found it  
availing, it is my purpose to embark for the  
age."

"so rash, good sir," replied Giles Gosling,  
ot yourself away because a woman—to be  
oman, and changes her lovers like her suit  
with no better reason than mere fantasy.  
probe this matter farther, let me ask you  
stances of suspicion directed you so truly  
residence, or rather to her place of con-

## KENILWORTH.

"The last is the better chosen word, mine host," answered Tressilian; "and touching your question, the knowledge that Varney held large grants of the demesnes formerly belonging to the monks of Abingdon, directed me to this neighbourhood; and your nephew's visit to his old comrade Foster gave me the means of conviction on the subject."

"And what is now your purpose, worthy sir?—excuse my freedom in asking the question so broadly."

"I purpose, mine host," said Tressilian, "to renew my visit to the place of her residence to-morrow, and to seek a more detailed communication with her than I have had to-day. She must indeed be widely changed from what she once was, if my words make no impression upon her."

"Under your favour, Master Tressilian," said the landlord, "you can follow no such course. The lady, if I understand you, has already rejected your interference in the matter."

"It is but too true," said Tressilian; "I cannot deny it."

"Then marry, by what right or interest do you process a compulsory interference with her inclination, disgraceful as it may be to herself and to her parents? Unless my judgment gulls me, those under whose protection she has thrown herself, would have small hesitation to reject your interference, even if it were that of a father or brother; but as a discarded lover, you expose yourself to be repelled with the strong hand, as well as with scorn. You can apply to no magistrate for aid or countenance; and you are hunting, therefore, a shadow in water, and will only (excuse my plainness) come by ducking and danger in attempting to catch it."

"I will appeal to the Earl of Leicester," said Tressilian, "against the infamy of his favourite.—He court-

## KENILWORTH.

severe and strict sect of puritans—He dare not, for the sake of his own character, refuse my appeal, even though he were destitute of the principles of honour and nobleness, with which fame invests him. Or I will appeal to the Queen herself."

"Should Leicester," said the landlord, "be disposed to protect his dependant (as indeed he is said to be very confidential with Varney), the appeal to the Queen may bring them both to reason. Her Majesty is strict in such matters, and (if it be not treason to speak it) will rather, it is said, pardon a dozen courtiers for falling in love with herself, than one for giving preference to another woman. Coragio, then, my brave guest ! for if thou layest a petition from Sir Hugh at the foot of the throne, bucklered by the story of thine own wrongs, the favourite earl dared as soon leap into the Thames at the fullest and deepest, as offer to protect Varney in a cause of this nature. But to do this with any chance of success, you must go formally to work ; and, without staying here to tilt with the master of horse to a privy councillor, and expose yourself to the dagger of his cameradoes, you should hie you to Devonshire, get a petition drawn up for Sir Hugh Robsart, and make as many friends as you can to forward your interest at court."

" You have spoken well, mine host," said Tressilian. " And I will profit by your advice, and leave you to-morrow early."

" Nay, leave me to-night, sir, before to-morrow comes," said the landlord. " I never prayed for a guest's arrival more eagerly than I do to have you safely gone. My kinsman's destiny is most like to be hanged for something, but I would not that the cause were the murder of an honoured guest of mine. ' Better ride safe in the dark,' says the proverb, ' than in daylight with cut-throat at your elbow.' Come, sir, I move you

## KENILWORTH.

your own safety. Your horse and all is ready, and here is your score."

"It is somewhat under a noble," said Tressilian, giving one to the host; "give the balance to pretty Cicely, your daughter, and the servants of the house."

"They shall taste of your bounty, sir," said Gosling, "and you should taste of my daughter's lips in grateful acknowledgment, but at this hour she cannot grace the porch to greet your departure."

"Do not trust your daughter too far with your guests or my good landlord," said Tressilian.

"Oh, sir, we will keep measure; but I wonder not that you are jealous of them all.—May I crave to know with what aspect the fair lady at the Place yesterday received you?"

"I own," said Tressilian, "it was angry as well as confused, and affords me little hope that she is yet awakened from her unhappy delusion."

"In that case, sir, I see not why you should play the champion of a wench, that will none of you, and incur the resentment of a favourite's favourite, as dangerous a monster as ever a knight adventurer encountered in the old story books."

"You do me wrong in the supposition, mine host—gross wrong," said Tressilian; "I do not desire that Amy should ever turn thought upon me more. Let me but see her restored to her father, and all I have to do in Europe—perhaps in the world—is over and ended."

"A wiser resolution were to drink a cup of sack, and forget her," said the landlord. "But five-and-twenty and fifty look on those matters with different eyes, especially when one case of peepers is set in the skull of a young gallant, and the other in that of an old publican. I pit you, Master Tressilian, but I see not how I can aid you in the matter."

## KENILWORTH.

"thus far, mine host," replied Tressilian—  
watch on the motions of those at the Place,  
you canst easily learn without suspicion, as all  
laws fly to the ale-bench ; and be pleased to com-  
mote the tidings in writing to such person, and to  
her, who shall bring you this ring as a special  
—look at it—it is of value, and I will freely bestow  
you."

"Nay, sir," said the landlord, "I desire no re-  
bense—but it seems an unadvised course in me,  
; in a public line, to connect myself in a matter  
is dark and perilous nature. I have no interest  
"

You, and every father in the land who would have  
aught released from the snares of shame, and sin,  
misery, have an interest deeper than aught con-  
ning earth only could create."

"Well, sir," said the host, "these are brave words ;  
I do pity from my soul the frank-hearted old gentle-  
who has minished his estate in good housekeeping  
he honour of his country, and now has his daughter,  
should be the stay of his age, and so forth, whisked  
y such a kite as this Varney. And though your part  
e matter is somewhat of the wildest, yet I will e'en  
madcap for company, and help you in your honest  
npt to get back the good man's child, so far as being  
faithful intelligencer can serve. And as I shall be  
to you, I pray you to be trusty to me, and keep  
secret ; for it were bad for the custom of the Black  
should it be said the bear-warder interfered in such  
ers. Varney has interest enough with the justices  
smount my noble emblem from the post on which  
wings so gallantly, to call in my license, and ruin me  
*garret to cellar.*"

"To not doubt my secrecy, mine host," said Tres-  
"I will retain, besides, the deepest sense of thy

## KENILWORTH.

service, and of the risk thou dost run—remember the ring is my sure token.—And now, farewell—for it was thy wise advice that I should tarry here as short a time as may be."

"Follow me, then, sir guest," said the landlord, "and tread as gently as if eggs were under your foot instead of deal boards.—No man must know when or how you departed."

By the aid of his dark lantern he conducted Tressilian, as soon as he had made himself ready for his journey, through a long intricacy of passages, which opened to an outer court, and from thence to a remote stable, where he had already placed his guest's horse. He then aided him to fasten on the saddle the small portmante which contained his necessaries, opened a postern-door, and with a hearty shake of the hand, and a reiteration of his promise to attend to what went on at Cumnor Place, he dismissed his guest to his solitary journey.

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## CHAP. IX.

*Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,  
No tenant ventured on the unwholesome ground;  
Here smokes his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,  
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm;  
Around his shop the steeley sparkles flew,  
As for the steed he shaped the bending shoe.*

GAY'S Trivia.



Since it was deemed proper by the traveller himself, as well as by Giles Gosling, that Tressilian should avoid being seen in the neighbourhood of Cumnor by those whom accident might make early risers, the landlord had given him a route, consisting of various byways and lanes, which he was to follow in succession, and which, all the turns and short-cuts duly

## KENILWORTH.

ed, was to conduct him to the public road to  
orough.

It, like counsel of every other kind, this species of  
ection is much more easily given than followed ; and  
hat betwixt the intricacy of the way, the darkness of  
ne night, Tressilian's ignorance of the country, and the  
ad and perplexing thoughts with which he had to con-  
tend, his journey proceeded so slowly, that morning  
ound him only in the vale of Whitehorse, memorable  
or the defeat of the Danes in former days, with his  
orse deprived of a fore-foot shoe, an accident which  
threatened to put a stop to his journey, by laming the  
animal. The residence of a smith was his first object of  
inquiry, in which he received little satisfaction from the  
dulness or sullenness of one or two peasants, early  
bound for their labour, who gave brief and indifferent  
answers to his questions on the subject. Anxious, at  
length, that the partner of his journey should suffer as  
little as possible from the unfortunate accident, Tressilian  
dismounted, and led his horse in the direction of a little  
hamlet, where he hoped either to find or hear tidings of  
such an artificer as he now wanted. Through a deep  
and muddy lane, he at length waded on to the place,  
which proved only an assemblage of five or six miserable  
huts, about the doors of which, one or two persons,  
whose appearance seemed as rude as that of their dwell-  
ings, were beginning the toils of the day. One cottage,  
however, seemed of rather superior aspect, and the old  
dame, who was sweeping her threshold, appeared some-  
thing less rude than her neighbours. To her Tressilian  
addressed the oft-repeated question, whether there was  
a smith in this neighbourhood, or any place where he  
could refresh his horse ? The dame looked him in the  
face with a peculiar expression, as she replied, " Smith !  
ay, truly is there a smith—what wouldst ha' wi' un.  
mon ? "

## KENILWORTH.

"To shoe my horse, good dame," answered Tressilian; "you may see that he has thrown a fore-foot shoe."

"Master Holiday!" exclaimed the dame, without returning any direct answer—"Master Herasmus Holiday, come and speak to mon, and please you."

"*Favete linguis*," answered a voice from within; "I cannot now come forth, Gammer Sludge, being in the very sweetest bit of my morning studies."

"Nay, but, good now, Master Holiday, come ye out, do ye—Here's a mon would to Wayland Smith, and I care not to show him way to devil—his horse hath cast shoe."

"*Quid mihi cum caballo?*" replied the man of learning from within; "I think there is but one wise man in the hundred, and they cannot shoe a horse without him!"

And forth came the honest pedagogue, for such his dress bespoke him. A long, lean, shambling, stooping figure was surmounted by a head thatched with lank black hair somewhat inclining to grey. His features had the cast of habitual authority, which I suppose Dionysius carried with him from the throne to the schoolmaster's pulpit, and bequeathed as a legacy to all of the same profession. A black buckram cassock was gathered at his middle with a belt, at which hung, instead of knife or weapon, a goodly leathern pen-and-ink case. His ferula was stuck on the other side, like Harlequin's wooden sword; and he carried in his hand the tattered volume which he had been busily perusing.

On seeing a person of Tressilian's appearance, which he was better able to estimate than the country folks had been, the schoolmaster unbonneted, and accosted him with "*Salve, domine. Intelligisne linguam Latinam?*" Tressilian mustered his learning to reply, "*Ling-*

## KENILWORTH:

*ne haud penitus ignarus, venia tua, domine erudi-  
me, vernacula libentius loquor."*

The Latin reply had upon the schoolmaster the effect which the mason's sign is said to produce on the brethren of the trowel. He was at once interested in the learned traveller, listened with gravity to his story of a tired horse and a lost shoe, and then replied with solemnity, "It may appear a simple thing, most worshipful, to reply to you that there dwells, within a brief mile of these *tuguria*, the best *faber ferrarius*, the most accomplished blacksmith that ever nailed iron upon horse. Now, were I to say so, I warrant me you would think yourself *compos voti*, or, as the vulgar have it, a made man."

"I should at least," said Tressilian, "have a direct answer to a plain question, which seems difficult to be obtained in this country."

"It is a mere sending of a sinful soul to the evil un," said the old woman, "the sending a living creature to Wayland Smith."

"Peace, Gammer Sludge!" said the pedagogue; "*pauca verba*, Gammer Sludge; look to the furmity, Gammer Sludge; *curetur jentaculum*, Gammer Sludge; this gentleman is none of thy gossips." Then turning to Tressilian, he resumed his lofty tone, "And so, most worshipful, you would really think yourself *felix bis terque*, should I point out to you the dwelling of this same smith?"

"Sir," replied Tressilian, "I should in that case have all that I want at present—a horse fit to carry me forward—out of hearing of your learning." The last words he muttered to himself.

"*O ceca mens mortalium!*" said the learned man; "well was it sung by Junius Juvenalis, '*numinibus vota exaudita malignis!*'"

"Learned Magister" said Tressilian, "your erudit-

## KENILWORTH.

so greatly exceeds my poor intellectual capacity, that you must excuse my seeking elsewhere for information which I can better understand."

"There again now," replied the pedagogue, "how fondly you fly from him that would instruct you! Truly, said Quintilian"—

"I pray, sir, let Quintilian be for the present, and answer, in a word and in English, if your learning can condescend so far, whether there is any place here where I can have opportunity to refresh my horse, until I can have him shod?"

"Thus much courtesy, sir," said the schoolmaster, "I can readily render you, that although there is in this poor hamlet (*nostra paupera regna*) no regular *hospitium*, as my namesake Erasmus calleth it, yet, forasmuch as you are somewhat embued, or at least tinged as it were, with good letters, I will use my interest with the good woman of the house to accommodate you with a platter of furmity—a wholesome food, for which I have found no Latin phrase—your horse shall have a share of the cow-house, with a bottle of sweet hay, in which the good woman Sludge so much abounds, that it may be said of her cow, *fænum habet in cornu*; and if it please you to bestow on me the pleasure of your company, the banquet shall cost you *ne semissem quidem*, so much is Gammer Sludge bound to me for the pains I have bestowed on the top and bottom of her hopeful heir Dickie, whom I have painfully made to travel through the accident."

"Now, God yield ye for it, Master Herasmus," said the good Gammer, "and grant that little Dickie may be the better for his accident!—and for the rest, if the gentleman list to stay, breakfast shall be on the board in the wringing of a dishclout; and for horse-meat, and man's meat, I bear no such base mind as to ask a penny."

*Considering the state of his horse, Tressilian, up*

## KENILWORTH.

no better course than to accept the invi-  
tation made and hospitably confirmed,  
so that when the good pedagogue had ex-  
-topic of conversation, he might possibly  
> tell him where he could find the smith  
f. He entered the hut accordingly, and  
1 the learned Magister Erasmus Holiday,  
is furmity, and listened to his learned ac-  
-tself for a good half-hour, ere he could get  
: upon any other topic. The reader will  
se our accompanying this man of learning  
details with which he favoured Tressilian, of  
ollowing sketch may suffice.

born at Hognorton, where, according to  
ying, the pigs play upon the organ ; a proverb  
interpreted allegorically, as having reference to  
of Epicurus, of which litter Horace confessed  
porker. His name of Erasmus, he derived partly  
father having been the son of a renowned  
man, who had held that great scholar in clean  
he while he was at Oxford ; a task of some dif-  
s he was only possessed of two shirts, "the  
she expressed herself, "to wash the other."  
ges of one of these *camiciæ*, as Master Holiday  
were still in his possession, having fortunately  
inied by his grandmother to cover the balance  
l. But he thought there was still a higher and  
; cause for his having had the name of Erasmus  
on him, namely, the secret presentiment of his  
mind, that, in the babe to be christened, was a  
nius, which should one day lead him to rival  
of the great scholar of Amsterdam. The  
ster's surname led him as far into dissertation  
istian appellative. He was inclined to thiv  
re the name of Holiday *quasi lucus a*  
-- such few holidays to his sc

## KENILWORTH.

"Hence," said he, "the schoolmaster is termed classically, *Ludi Magister*, because he deprives boys of their play." And yet, on the other hand, he thought it might bear a very different interpretation, and refer to his own exquisite art in arranging pageants, morris-dances, May-day festivities, and such like holiday delights, for which he assured Tressilian he had positively the purest and the most inventive brain in England; insomuch, that his cunning in framing such pleasures had made him known to many honourable persons, both in country and at court, and especially to the noble Earl of Leicester—"And although he may now seem to forget me," he said, "in the multitude of state affairs, yet I am well assured, that had he some pretty pastime to array for entertainment of the Queen's Grace, horse and man would be seeking the humble cottage of Erasmus Hoilday. *Parvo contentus*, in the meanwhile, I hear my pupils parse, and construe, worshipful sir, and drive away my time with the aid of the Muses. And I have at all times, when in correspondence with foreign scholars, subscribed myself Erasmus ab Die Fausto, and have enjoyed the distinction due to the learned under that title; witness the erudite Diedrichus Buckerschockius, who dedicated to me under that title his treatise on the letter *Tau*. In fine, sir, I have been a happy and distinguished man."

"Long may it be so, sir!" said the traveller; "but permit me to ask, in your own learned phrase, *Quid hoc ad Iphycli boves*—what has all this to do with the shoeing of my poor nag?"

"*Festina lente*," said the man of learning, "we will presently come to that point. You must know that some two or three years past, there came to these parts one who called himself Doctor Doboobie, although it may be he never wrote even *Magister artium*, save in right of his hungry belly. Or it may be, that if he had an

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, and flown off with Demetrius, who was

## KENILWORTH.

never seen or heard of afterwards. Now here comes the *medulla*, the very marrow of my tale. This Doctor Do-boobie had a servant, a poor snake, whom he employed in trimming his furnace, regulating it by just measure—compounding his drugs—tracing his circles—cajoling his patients, *et sic de cæteris*.—Well, right worshipful, the Doctor being removed thus strangely, and in a way which struck the whole country with terror, this poor Zany thinks to himself, in the words of Maro, ‘ *Uno avulso non deficit alter*;’ and, even as a tradesman’s apprentice sets himself up in his master’s shop when he is dead, or hath retired from business, so doth this Wayland assume the dangerous trade of his defunct master. But although, most worshipful sir, the world is ever prone to listen to the pretensions of such unworthy men, who are, indeed, mere *saltim banqui* and *charlatani*, though usurping the style and skill of doctors of medicine, yet the pretensions of this poor Zany, this Wayland, were too gross to pass on them, nor was there a mere rustic, a villager, who was not ready to accost him in the sense of Persius, though in their own rugged words,—

‘ *Diluis helleborum, certo compescere puncto  
Nescius examen? vetat hoc natura medendi;*’

which I have thus rendered in a poor paraphrase of mine own,—

Wilt thou mix hellebore, who doth not know  
How many grains should to the mixture go?  
The art of medicine this forbids, I trow.

Moreover, the evil reputation of the master, and *1* strange and doubtful end, or, at least, sudden disappearance, prevented any, excepting the most desperate men, to seek any advice or opinion from the servant wherefore the poor vermin was likely at first to swear very hunger. But the devil that serves him, sin-

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## KENILWORTH.

her needle's point.—This Wayland takes no money, indeed, nor doth he show himself to any one."

"And can this madman, for such I hold him," said the traveller, "know aught like good skill of his trade?"

"Oh, sir, in that let us give the devil his due—Mulciber himself, with all his Cyclops, could hardly amend him. But assuredly there is little wisdom in taking counsel or receiving aid from one, who is but too plainly in league with the author of evil."

"I must take my chance of that, good Master Holiday," said Tressilian, rising; "and as my horse must now have eaten his provender, I must needs thank you for your good cheer, and pray you to show me this man's residence, that I may have the means of proceeding on my journey."

"Ay, ay, do ye show him, Master Herasmus," said the old dame, who was, perhaps, desirous to get her house freed of her guest; "a' must needs go when the devil drives."

"*Do manus*," said the Magister, "I submit—taking the world to witness, that I have possessed this honourable gentleman with the full injustice which he has done and shall do to his own soul, if he becomes thus a trinketer with Satan. Neither will I go forth with our guest myself, but rather send my pupil.—*Ricardus ad sis, nebulo.*"

"Under your favour, not so," answered the old woman; "you may peril your own soul, if you list, but my son shall budge on no such errand; and I wonder at you, Dominie Doctor, to propose such a piece of service for little Dickie."

"Nay, my good Gammer Sludge," answered the preceptor, "*Ricardus* shall go but to the top of the hill, and indicate with his digit to the stranger the dwelling of Wayland Smith. Believe not that any evil can come

## KENILWORTH.

to him, he having read this morning, fasting, a chapter of the Septuagint, and, moreover, having had his lesson in the Greek Testament."

"Ay," said his mother, "and I have sewn a sprig of witch's elm in the neck of un's doublet, ever since that foul thief has begun his practices on man and beast in these parts."

"And as he goes oft (as I hugely suspect) towards this conjuror for his own pastime, he may for once go thither, or near it, to pleasure us, and to assist this stranger.—*Ergo, heus Ricarde! adsis, queso, mi discuse.*"

The pupil, thus affectionately invoked, at length came stumbling into the room; a queer, shambling, ill-made urchin, who, by his stunted growth, seemed about twelve or thirteen years old, though he was probably, in reality, a year or two older, with a caroty pate in huge disorder, a freckled, sunburnt visage, with a snub nose, a winking chin and two peery grey eyes, which had a droll obliquity of vision, approaching to a squint, though perhaps not a decided one. It was impossible to look the little man without some disposition to laugh, especially when Gammer Sludge, seizing upon and sing him, in spite of his struggling and kicking in ly to her caresses, termed him her own precious pearl xeauity.

*Ricarde,*" said the preceptor, "you must forthwith ch is *profecto*) set forth so far as the top of the and show this man of worship Wayland Smith's shop."

" proper errand of a morning," said the boy, in language than Tressilian expected; "and who ; but the devil may fly away with me before I come "

"marry may un," said Dame Sludge, "and you 've thought twice, Master Dominie, ere you sent

## KENILWORTH.

my dainty darling on arrow such errand. It is not for such doings I feed your belly and clothe your back, I warrant you!"

"Pshaw—*nugæ*, good Gammer Sludge," answered the preceptor; "I ensure you that Satan, if there be Satan in the case, shall not touch a thread of his garment; for Dickie can say his *pater* with the best, and may defy the foul fiend—*Eumenides Stygiumque nefas.*"

"Ay, and I, as I said before, have sewed a sprig of the mountain-ash into his collar," said the good woman, "which will avail more than your clerkship, I wus; but for all that, it is ill to seek the devil or his mates either."

"My good boy," said Tressilian, who saw, from a grotesque sneer on Dickie's face, that he was more likely to act upon his own bottom than by the instruction of his elders, "I will give thee a silver groat, my pretty fellow, if you will but guide me to this man's forge."

The boy gave a knowing side look, which seemed to promise acquiescence, while at the same time he exclaimed, "I be your guide to Wayland Smith's! Why man, did I not say that the devil might fly off with me just as the kite there" (looking to the window) "is flyin off with one of grandam's chicks."

"The kite! the kite!" exclaimed the old woman return, and, forgetting all other matters in her alarm hastened to the rescue of her chicken as fast as her legs could carry her.

"Now for it," said the urchin to Tressilian; "snæ your beaver, get out your horse, and have at the s' groat you spoke of."

"Nay, but tarry, tarry," said the preceptor, "S mina, Ricardæ."

"Tarry yourself," said Dickie, "and think w

## KENILWORTH:

make to granny for sending me post to

, aware of the responsibility he was in-  
led up in great haste to lay hold of the  
.o prevent his departure ; but Dickie slipped  
.s fingers, bolted from the cottage, and sped  
.e top of a neighbouring rising ground ; while  
.ptor, despairing, by well-taught experience, of  
.ng his pupil by speed of foot, had recourse to  
.st honeyed epithets the Latin vocabulary affords,  
.suade his return. But to *mi anime, conculum*  
*m*, and all such classical endearments, the truant  
had a deaf ear, and kept frisking on the top of the  
sing ground like a goblin by moonlight, making signs  
.o his new acquaintance, Tressilian, to follow him.

The traveller lost no time in getting out his horse, and departing to join his elvish guide, after half forcing on the poor deserted teacher a recompense for the entertainment he had received, which partly allayed the terror he had for facing the return of the old lady of the mansion.

Apparently this took place soon afterwards ; for ere Tressilian and his guide had proceeded far on their journey, they heard the screams of a cracked female voice, intermingled with the classical objurgations of Master Erasmus Holiday. But Dickie Sludge, equally deaf to the voice of maternal tenderness and of magisterial authority, skipped on unconsciously before Tressilian, only observing, that "if they cried themselves hoarse, they might go lick the honey-pot, for he had eaten up all the honey-comb himself on yesterday even."

## KENILWORTH.

### CHAP. X.

*There entering in, they found the goodman selfe  
Full busylie unto his work ybent,  
Who was to weet a wretched wearish elf,  
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheeks forspent,  
As if he had been long in prison pent.*

THE FAERY QUEENE



RE we far from the dwelling of this smith,  
pretty lad?" said Tressilian to his young gu

" How is it you call me !" said the boy, l  
ing askew at him with his sharp grey eyes.

" I call you my pretty lad—is there any offend  
that, my boy !"

" No—but were you with my grandam and Don  
Holiday, you might sing chorus to the old song—of

‘ We three  
Tom-fools be.’ ”

" And why so, my little man ?" said Tressilian.

" Because," answered the ugly urchin, " you are  
only three ever called me pretty lad—Now my gran  
does it because she is parcel blind by age, and w  
blind by kindred—and my master, the poor Dom  
does it to curry favour, and have the fullest platt  
furmity, and the warmest seat by the fire. But what  
call me pretty lad for, you know best yourself."

" Thou art a sharp wag at least, if not a pretty  
But what do thy playfellows call thee ?"

" Hobgoblin," answered the boy, readily ; " bu  
all that, I would rather have my own ugly viznomy  
any of their jolter-heads, that have no more brai  
them than a brickbat."

" Then you fear not this smith, whom you are g  
to see ? "

" Me fear him !" answered the boy ; " if he w

## MERILWORTH.

him, I would not fear him ; but though  
.ing queer about him, he's no more a  
are, and that's what I would not tell to

do you tell it to me, then, my boy ? " said

"Se you are another guess gentleman than those  
ere every day," replied Dickie ; "and though  
ugly as sin, I would not have you think me  
especially as I may have a boon to ask of you  
ay."

And what is that, my lad, whom I must not call  
ty ? " replied Tressilian.

Oh, if I were to ask it just now," said the boy,  
ou would deny it me—but I will wait till we meet  
court."

"At court, Richard ! are you bound for court ? " said  
Tressilian.

"Ay, ay, that's just like the rest of them," replied the  
boy ; "I warrant me you think, what should such an  
ill-favoured scrambling urchin do at court ? But let  
Richard Sludge alone ; I have not been cock of the roost  
here for nothing. I will make sharp wit mend foul  
feature."

"But what will your grandam say, and your tutor,  
Dominie Holiday ? "

"E'en what they like," replied Dickie ; "the one has  
her chickens to reckon, and the other has his boys to  
whip. I would have given them the candle to hold long  
since, and shown this trumpery hamlet a fair pair of  
heels, but the Dominie promises I should go with him to  
bear share in the next pageant he is to set forth, and they  
say there are to be great revels shortly."

"And whereabout are they to be held, my little  
friend ? " said Tressilian.

"Oh, at some castle far in the north," answered him  
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## KENILWORTH.

guide—"a world's breadth from Berkshire. But our old Dominie holds that they cannot go forward without him; and it may be he is right, for he has put in order many a fair pageant. He is not half the fool you would take him for, when he gets to work he understands; and so he can spout verses like a play-actor, when, God wot, if you set him to steal a goose's egg, he would be drubbed by the gander."

"And you are to play a part in his next show?" said Tressilian, somewhat interested by the boy's boldness of conversation, and shrewd estimate of character.

"In faith," said Richard Sludge, in answer, "he hath so promised me; and if he break his word, it will be the worse for him; for let me take the bit between my teeth, and turn my head down hill, and I will shake him off with a fall that may harm his bones—And I should not like much to hurt him neither," said he, "for the tiresome old fool has painfully laboured to teach me all he could.—But enough of that—here are we at Wayland Smith's forge-door."

"You jest, my little friend," said Tressilian; "here is nothing but a bare moor, and that ring of stones, with a great one in the midst, like a Cornish barrow."

"Ay, and that great flat stone in the midst, which lies across the top of these uprights," said the boy, "is Wayland Smith's counter, that you must tell down your money upon."

"What do you mean by such folly?" said the traveller, beginning to be angry with the boy, and vexed with himself for having trusted such a harebrained guide.

"Why," said Dickie, with a grin, "you must tie your horse to that upright stone that has the ring in't, and then you must whistle three times, and lay me down your silver groat on that other flat stone, walk out of the circle, sit down on the west side of that little thicket

## KENILWORTH.

s, and take heed you look neither to right nor to left for ten minutes, or so long as you shall hear the hammer clink, and whenever it ceases, say your prayers in the space you could tell a hundred,—or count over a hundred, which will do as well,—and then come into the circle ; you will find your money gone and your horse shod."

" My money gone to a certainty !" said Tressilian ; " but as for the rest—Hark ye, my lad, I am not your schoolmaster ; but if you play off your wagging on me, I will take a part of his task off his hands, and punish you to purpose."

" When you can catch me," said the boy ; and presently took to his heels across the heath, with a velocity which baffled every attempt of Tressilian to overtake him, loaded as he was with his heavy boots. Nor was it the least provoking part of the urchin's conduct, that he did not exert his utmost speed, like one who finds himself in danger, or who is frightened, but preserved just such a rate as to encourage Tressilian to continue the chase, and then darted away from him with the swiftness of the wind, when his pursuer supposed he had nearly run him down, doubling, at the same time, and winding, so as always to keep near the place from which he started.

This lasted until Tressilian, from very weariness, stood still, and was about to abandon the pursuit with a hearty curse on the ill-favoured urchin, who had engaged him in an exercise so ridiculous. But the boy, who had, as formerly, planted himself on the top of a hillock close in front, began to clap his long thin hands, point with his skinny fingers, and twist his wild and ugly features into such an extravagant expression of laughter and derision, that Tressilian began half to doubt whether he had not in view an actual hobgoblin.

Provoked extremely, yet at the same time feeling an irresistible desire to laugh, so very odd were the boy's

grimaces and gestures—  
his horse, and mounted him—

Dickie at more advantage.

The boy no sooner saw him mount his horse, than he holl'd out to him, that rather than he should spoil his white-footed nag, he would come to him, on condition he would keep his fingers to himself.

"I will make no condition with thee, thou ugly varlet!" said Tressilian; "I will have thee at my mercy in a moment."

"Aha, Master Traveller," said the boy, "there is a marsh hard by would swallow all the horses of the Queen's Guard—I will into it, and see where you will go then.—You shall hear the bitter bump, and the wild drake quack, ere you get hold of me without my consent, I promise you."

Tressilian looked out, and, from the appearance of the ground behind the hillock, believed it might be on the boy said, and accordingly determined to strike up a peace with so light-footed and ready-witted an enemy—

"Come down," he said, "thou mischievous brat!—have thy mopping and mowing, and come hither; I will do thee no harm, as I am a gentleman."

The boy answered his invitation with the utmost confidence, and danced down from his stance with a gallant sort of step, keeping his eye

Tressilian's, who once more

horse's bridle in his hand, breathless,

with his fruitless exercise, though not

appeared on the freckled forehead

looked like a piece of dry and

drawn tight across the brow of a

"And tell me," said Tressilian, "thus, thou mischievous imp? or what you

telling me so absurd a legend as you will put on me? Or rather show me in!"

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*of the little thicket of gorse and broomwood.*

## KENILWORTH.

which was farthest from the circle of stones, and there sat down : and as it occurred to him that, after all, there might be a trick for stealing his horse, he kept his hand on the boy's collar, determined to make him hostage for its safety.

" Now, hush and listen," said Dickie, in a low whisper, " you will soon hear the tack of a hammer that was never forged of earthly iron, for the stone it was made of was shot from the moon." And in effect Tressilian did immediately hear the light stroke of a hammer, as when a farrier is at work. The singularity of such a sound, in so very lonely a place, made him involuntarily start, but looking at the boy, and discovering, by the artful malicious expression of his countenance, that the urchin saw and enjoyed his slight tremor, he became convinced that the whole was a concerted stratagem, and determined to know by whom, or for what purpose, the trick was played off.

Accordingly, he remained perfectly quiet all the time that the hammer continued to sound, being about the space usually employed in fixing a horse-shoe. But the instant the sound ceased, Tressilian, instead of immediately posing the space of time which his guide had required, started up with his sword in his hand, ran round the hicket and confronted a man in a farrier's leathern apron, but otherwise fantastically attired in a bear-skin dress, with the fur on, and a cap of the same, which almost hid the sooty and begrimed features of the wearer. " Come back, come back ! " cried the boy to Tressilian, " or you will be torn to pieces—no man lives that looks on him."—In fact, the invisible smith (now fully visible) heaved up his hammer, and showed symptoms of doing battle.

*But when the boy observed that neither his own exertions, nor the menaces of the farrier appeared to change Tressilian's purpose, but that, on the contrary,*

ated the hammer with his drawn sword, he to the smith, in turn, " Wayland, touch him ou will come by the worse !—the gentleman is a tleman, and a bold."

" thou hast betrayed me, Flibbertigibbet ? " said the ; " it shall be the worse for thee ! "

" Be who thou wilt," said Tressilian, " thou art in no danger from me, so thou tell me the meaning of this practice, and why thou drivest thy trade in this mysterious fashion."

The smith, however, turning to Tressilian, exclaimed, in a threatening tone, " Who questions the Keeper of the crystal Castle of Light, the Lord of the Green Lion, the Rider of the Red Dragon ?—Hence !—avoid thee, ere I summon Talpack with his fiery lance, to quell, crush, and consume ! "—These words he uttered with violent gesticulation, mouthing, and flourishing his hammer.

" Peace, thou vile cozener, with thy gipsy cant ! " replied Tressilian, scornfully, " and follow me to the next magistrate, or I will cut thee over the pate."

" Peace, I pray thee, good Wayland ! " said the boy ; " credit me, the swaggering vein will not pass here, you must cut ben whids ! "

" I think, worshipful sir," said the smith, sinking his hammer, and assuming a more gentle and submissive tone of voice, " that when so poor a man does his day's job, he might be permitted to work it out after his own fashion. Your horse is shod and your farrier paid—What need you cumber yourself farther than to mount and pursue your journey ? "

" Nay, friend, you are mistaken," replied Tressilian, " every man has a right to take the mask from the face of a cheat and a juggler ; and your mode of living raises suspicion that you are both."

" If you are so determined, sir," said the smith, " I can-not help myself save by force, which I were unwilling

## KENILWORTH.

to use towards you, Master Tressilian; not that I fear your weapon, but because I know you to be a worthy, kind, and well-accomplished gentleman, who would rather help than harm a poor man that is in a strait."

" Well said, Wayland," said the boy, who had anxiously awaited the issue of their conference. " But let us to thy den, man, for it is ill for thy health to stand here talking in the open air."

" Thou art right, Hobgoblin," replied the smith; and going to the little thicket of gorse on the side nearest to the circle, and opposite to that at which his customer had so lately couched, he discovered a trap-door curiously covered with bushes, raised it, and, descending into the earth, vanished from their eyes. Notwithstanding Tressilian's curiosity, he had some hesitation at following the fellow into what might be a den of robbers, especially when he heard the smith's voice, issuing from the bowels of the earth, call out, " Flibbertigibbet, do you come last, and be sure to fasten the trap!"

" Have you seen enough of Wayland Smith now?" whispered the urchin to Tressilian, with an arch-sneer, as if marking his companion's uncertainty.

" Not yet," said Tressilian, firmly; and shaking off his momentary irresolution, he descended into the narrow staircase, to which the entrance led, and was followed by Dickie Sludge, who made fast the trap-door behind him, and thus excluded every glimmer of daylight. The descent, however, was only a few steps, and led to a level passage of a few yards' length, at the end of which appeared the reflection of a lurid and red light. Arrived at this point, with his drawn sword in his hand, Tressilian found that a turn to the left admitted him and Hobgoblin, who followed closely, into a small square vault, containing a smith's forge, glowing with charcoal, the vapour of which filled the apartment with an oppressive smell which would have been altogether suffocating, but the

to or a turner, there were also stoves, kettles, retorts, and other instruments of grotesque figure of the smith, and the lost features of the boy, seen by the perfect light of the charcoal fire and the ordered very well with all this mystical at that age of superstition would have impression on the courage of most men.

He endowed Tressilian with firm nerves, who, originally good, had been too seduced by subsequent study to give way to any ; and after giving a glance around him, ded of the artist who he was, and by : came to know and address him by his

"I cannot but remember," said the smith, "se years since, upon Saint Lucy's Eve, elling juggler to a certain Hall in Devon-  
ted his skill before a worshipful knight  
many—I see from your worship's coun-  
this place is, that my memory has not

said enough," said Tressilian, turning ; to hide from the speaker the painful  
tions which his discourse had uncon-  
d.

," said the smith, "played his part so  
; clowns and clown-like squares in the  
; art to be little less than magical ; but  
; aiden of fifteen, or thereby, with the  
; looked upon, whose rosy cheek grew

## KENILWORTH.

pale, and her bright eyes dim, at the sight of the wonders exhibited."

"Peace, I command thee, peace!" said Tressilian.

"I mean your worship no offence," said the fellow; "but I have cause to remember how, to relieve the young maiden's fears, you condescended to point out the mode in which these deceptions were practised, and to baffle the poor juggler by laying bare the mysteries of his art, as ably as if you had been a brother of his order.—She was indeed so fair a maiden, that to win a smile of her a man might well"—

"Not a word more of her, I charge thee!" said Tressilian; "I do well remember the night you speak of—one of the few happy evenings my life has known."

"She is gone then," said the smith, interpreting after his own fashion the sigh with which Tressilian uttered these words—"She is gone, young, beautiful, and beloved as she was!—I crave your worship's pardon—I should have hammered on another theme—I see I have unwarily driven the nail to the quick."

This speech was made with a mixture of rude feeling which inclined Tressilian favourably to the poor artisan, of whom before he was inclined to judge very harshly. But nothing can so soon attract the unfortunate, as real or seeming sympathy with their sorrows.

"I think," proceeded Tressilian, after a minute's silence, "thou wert in those days a jovial fellow, who could keep a company merry by song, and tale, and rebeck, as well as by thy juggling tricks—why do I find thee a laborious handcraftsman, plying thy trade in so melancholy a dwelling, and under such extraordinary circumstances?"

"*My story is not long,*" said the artist; "but your honour had better sit while you listen to it." So saying, he approached to the fire a three-footed stool, and took another himself, while Dickie Sludge, or Flibberti-

## KENILWORTH.

He called the boy, drew a cricket to the smith's jowled up in his face with features which, as by the glow of the forge, seemed convulsed e curiosity—"Thou too," said the smith to t learn, as thou well deservest at my hand, istory of my life, and, in troth, it were as well as leave thee to ferret it out, since Nature ed a shrewder wit into a more ungainly cas- , sir, if my poor story may pleasure you, it is mmand :—But will you not taste a stoup of promise you that even in this poor cell I have re."

not of it," said Tressilian, "but go on with or my leisure is brief."

all have no cause to rue the delay," said the r your horse shall be better fed in the mean- ie hath been this morning, and made fitter for

at the artist left the vault, and returned after tes' interval. Here, also, we pause, that the ay commence in another chapter.

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## CHAP. XI.

*y, my lord, can such a subtilty,  
t all his craft ye must not wot of me,  
l somewhat help I yet to his working),  
it all the ground on which we ben riding,  
l that we come to Canterbury town,  
can all clean turnen so up so down,  
t pave it all of silver and of gold.*

THE CANON'S YEOMAN'S PROLOGUE—  
CANTERBURY TALES.

E artist commenced his narrative in the fol- ing terms :—

*I was bred a blacksmith, and knew my-  
is e'er a black-thumb'd, leathern-apron'd*

## KENILWORTH.

swart-faced knave of that noble mystery. But I tired of ringing hammer-tunes on iron stithies, and went out into the world, where I became acquainted with a celebrated juggler, whose fingers had become rather too stiff for legerdemain, and who wished to have the aid of an apprentice in his noble mystery. I served him for six years, until I was master of my trade.—I refer myself to your worship, whose judgment cannot be disputed whether I did not learn to ply the craft indifferently well?"

"Excellently," said Tressilian; "but be brief."

"It was not long after I had performed at Sir Hugo Robsart's in your worship's presence," said the artist "that I took myself to the stage, and have swaggered with the bravest of them all, both at the Black Bull, the Globe, the Fortune, and elsewhere; but I know not how apples were so plenty that year, that the lads in the two-penny gallery never took more than one bite out of them, and threw the rest of the pippin at whatever act chanced to be on the stage. So I tired of it—renounced my half share in the company—gave my foil to my comrade—my buskins to the wardrobe, and showed the theatre a clean pair of heels."

"Well, friend, and what," said Tressilian, "was the next shift?"

"I became," said the smith, "half partner, half domestic to a man of much skill and little substance, practised the trade of a physicianer."

"In other words," said Tressilian, "you were Pudding to a quacksalver."

"Something beyond that, let me hope, my Master Tressilian," replied the artist; "and yet, *truth, our practice was of an adventurous description, and the pharmacy which I had acquired in my studies for the benefit of horses was frequently applied to our human patients.* But the seeds of all

## KENILWORTH.

And if turpentine, tar, pitch, and beef-with turmeric, gum-mastic, and one head cure the horse that hath been grieved with not but what it may benefit the man that ricked with a sword. But my master's practical as his skill, went far beyond mine, and dealt dangerous concerns. He was not only a bold enterous practitioner in physic, but also, if you're so chanced to be, an adept, who read the stars, expounded the fortunes of mankind, genethliacally, called it, or otherwise. He was a learned distiller simples, and a profound chemist—made several efforts fix mercury, and judged himself to have made a fair t at the philosopher's stone. I have yet a programme his on that subject, which, if your honour understandeth, I believe you have the better, not only of all who read, but also of him who wrote it."

He gave Tressilian a scroll of parchment, bearing at top and bottom, and down the margin, the signs of the seven planets, curiously intermingled with talismanical characters and scraps of Greek and Hebrew. In the midst were some Latin verses from a cabalistical author, written out so fairly, that even the gloom of the place did not prevent Tressilian from reading them. The tenor of the original ran as follows:—

“ *Si fixum solvas, faciasque volare solutum,  
Et volucrem figas, facient te vivere tutum ;  
Si pariat ventum, valet auri pondere centum ;  
ventus ubi vult spirat—Capiat qui capere potest.*”

“ I protest to you,” said Tressilian, “ all I understand of this jargon is, that the last words seem to mean, ‘ Catch who catch can.’ ”

“ That,” said the smith, “ is the very principle that my worthy friend and master, Doctor Doboobie, always acted upon ; until, being besotted with his own imaginations, and conceited of his high chemical skill, he began

## KENILWORTH.

to spend, in cheating himself, the money which he had acquired in cheating others, and either discovered or built for himself, I could never know which, this secret laboratory, in which he used to seclude himself both from patients and disciples, who doubtless thought his long and mysterious absences from his ordinary residence in the town of Farringdon, were occasioned by his progress in the mystic sciences, and his intercourse with the invisible world. Me also he tried to deceive; but though I contradicted him not, he saw that I knew too much of his secrets to be any longer a safe companion. Meanwhile, his name waxed famous, or rather infamous, and many of those who resorted to him did so under persuasion that he was a sorcerer. And yet his supposed advance in the occult sciences drew to him the secret resort of men too powerful to be named, for purposes too dangerous to be mentioned. Men cursed and threatened him, and bestowed on me, the innocent assistant of his studies, the nickname of the Devil's foot-post, which procured me a volley of stones as soon as ever I ventured to show my face in the street of the village. At length, my master suddenly disappeared, pretending to me that he was about to visit his laboratory in this place, and forbidding me to disturb him till two days were past. When this period had elapsed, I became anxious, and resorted to this vault, where I found the fires extinguished and the utensils in confusion, with a note from the learned Doboobius, as he was wont to style himself, acquainting me that we should never meet again, bequeathing me his chemical apparatus and the parchment which I have just put into your hands, advising me strongly to prosecute the secret which it contained, which would infallibly lead me to the discovery of the grand magisterium."

"And didst thou follow this sage advice?" said Tressilian.

## KENILWORTH.

ful sir, no," replied the smith ; " for being cautious and suspicious, from knowing with to do, I made so many perquisitions before even to light a fire, that I at length dis- small barrel of gunpowder, carefully hid furnace, with the purpose, no doubt, that as ould commence the grand work of the trans- metals, the explosion should transmute the l in it into a heap of ruins, which might e for my slaughter-house and my grave. me of alchemy, and fain would I have re- e honest hammer and anvil ; but who would e to be shod by the Devil's post ? Mean- von the regard of my honest Flibbertigibbet ng then at Farringdon with his master, the us Holiday, by teaching him a few secrets se youth at his age ; and after much counsel : agreed, that since I could get no practice ary way, I should try how I could work ; among these ignorant boors, by practising lly fears ; and thanks to Flibbertigibbet, who my renown, I have not wanted custom. at too great risk, and I fear I shall be at up for a wizard ; so that I seek but an to leave this vault when I can have the if some worshipful person against the fury lace, in case they chance to recognise me."

" thou," said Tressilian, " perfectly acquainted ds in this country ? "

" ride them every inch by midnight," answered mith, which was the name this adept had

ast no horse to ride upon," said Tressilian. " me," replied Wayland ; " I have as good a yeoman bestrode ; and I forgot to say ast part of the mediciner's legacy to me.

## KENILWORTH.

excepting one or two of the choicest of his medical secrets, which I picked up without his knowledge and against his will."

"Get thyself washed and shaved, then," said Tressilian ; "reform thy dress as well as thou canst, and fling away those grotesque trappings ; and, so thou wilt be secret and faithful, thou shalt follow me for a short time, till thy pranks here are forgotten. Thou hast, I think, both address and courage, and I have matter to do that may require both."

Wayland Smith eagerly embraced the proposal, and protested his devotion to his new master. In a very few minutes he had made so great an alteration in his original appearance, by change of dress, trimming his beard and hair, and so forth, that Tressilian could not help remarking, that he thought he would stand in little need of a protector, since none of his old acquaintance were likely to recognise him.

"My debtors would not pay me money," said Wayland, shaking his head ; "but my creditors of every kind would be less easily blinded. And, in truth, I hold myself not safe, unless under the protection of a gentleman of birth and character, as is your worship."

So saying he led the way out of the cavern. He then called loudly for Hobgoblin, who, after lingering for an instant, appeared with the horse furniture, when Wayland closed and sedulously covered up the trap-door, observing, it might again serve him at his need, besides that the tools were worth somewhat. A whistle from the owner brought to his side a nag that fed quietly on the common, and was accustomed to the signal. While he accoutred him for the journey, Tressilian drew his own girths tighter, and in a few minutes both were ready to mount.

*At this moment Sludge approached to bid them farewell.*

going to leave me, then, my old play-fellow," ; "and there is an end of all our game at with the cowardly lubbards whom I brought have their broad-footed nags shod by the devil mps?"

"As even so," said Wayland Smith ; "the best must part, Flibbertigibbet ; but thou, my boy, the only thing in the Vale of Whitehorse which I regret to leave behind me."

"Well, I bid thee not farewell," said Dickie Sludge, "you will be at these revels, I judge, and so shall I ; if Dominie Holiday take me not thither, by the light day, which we see not in yonder dark hole, I will make myself there !"

"In good time," said Wayland ; "but I pray you to do nought rashly."

"Nay, now you would make a child—a common child of me, and tell me of the risk of walking without leading strings. But before you are a mile from these stones, you shall know, by a sure token, that I have more of the hobgoblin about me than you credit ; and I will so manage, that if you take advantage, you may profit by my prank."

"What dost thou mean, boy?" said Tressilian ; but Flibbertigibbet only answered with a grin and a caper, and bidding both of them farewell, and at the same time exhorting them to make the best of their way from the place, he set them the example by running homeward with the same uncommon velocity with which he had baffled Tressilian's former attempts to get hold of him.

"It is in vain to chase him," said Wayland Smith ; "for unless your worship is expert in lark-hunting, we should never catch hold of him—and besides what would it avail? Better make the best of our way hence, as he advises."

## KENILWORTH.

They mounted their horses accordingly, and began to proceed at a round pace, as soon as Tressilian had explained to his guide the direction in which he desired to travel.

After they had trotted nearly a mile, Tressilian could not help observing to his companion, that his horse felt more lively under him than even when he mounted in the morning.

"Are you avised of that?" said Wayland Smith, smiling. "That is owing to a little secret of mine. I mixed that with an handful of oats which shall save your worship's heels the trouble of spurring these six hours, at least. Nay, I have not studied medicine and phar-macy for nought."

"I trust," said Tressilian, "your drugs will do my horse no harm?"

"No more than the mare's milk which foaled him," answered the artist; and was proceeding to dilate on the excellence of his recipe, when he was interrupted by an explosion as loud and tremendous as the mine which blows up the rampart of a beleaguered city. The horses started, and the riders were equally surprised. They turned to gaze in the direction from which the thunder-clap was heard, and beheld just over the spot they had left so recently, a huge pillar of dark smoke rising high into the clear blue atmosphere. "My habitation is gon' to wreck," said Wayland, immediately conjecturing 'cause of the explosion—"I was a fool to mentior Doctor's kind intentions towards my mansion 'that limb of mischief, Flibbertigibbet—I might guessed he would long to put so rare a frolic cution. But let us hasten on, for the sound v *the country to the spot.*"

So saying he spurred his horse, and quickening his speed, they rode briskly fo  
"This, then, was the meaning of



## KENILWORTH.

d ; insomuch that they could scarce get man or take care of their horses, so full were the whole told of some news which flew from tongue to , the import of which they were for some time to discover. At length, indeed, they found it ed matters which touched them nearly.

"hat is the matter, say you, master?" answered, th, the head hostler, in reply to Tressilian's re-questions—" Why, truly, I scarce know myself. ere was a rider but now, who says that the devil lown away with him they called Wayland Smith, 'on'd about three miles from the Whitehorse of ire, this very blessed morning, in a flash of fire pillar of smoke, and rooted up the place he dwelt r that old cockpit of upright stones, as cleanly as d all been delved up for a cropping."

"hy, then," said an old farmer, " the more is the for that Wayland Smith (whether he was the devil's or no I skill not) had a good notion of horse es, and it's to be thought the bots will spread in untry far and near, an Satan has not gien un time 'e his secret behind un."

"ou may say that, Gaffer Grimesby," said the : in return ; " I have carried a horse to Way- Smith myself, for he passed all farriers in this y."

"id you see him?" said Dame Alison Crane, r of the inn bearing that sign, and deigning to d the owner thereof, a mean-looking hop r sort of person, whose halting gait and lo eddling henpecked insignificance, are sur given origin to the celebrated old Engli dame hath a lame tame Crane."

"his occasion he chirp'd out a re uestion, " Didst see the devil, "

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## RENILWORTH.

"I did see un, Master Crane?" replied for, like all the rest of the household, he respect to his master as his mistress herself

"ought, Jack Hostler," replied the pacific Dame, "only if you saw the devil, methinks I e to know what un's like?"

"will know that one day, Master Crane," said Dame, "an ye mend not your manners, and mind business, leaving off such idle palabras—But truly, Hostler, I should be glad to know myself what like fellow was."

"Why, dame," said the hostler, more respectfully, "as for what he was like I cannot tell, nor no man else, for why I never saw un."

"And how didst thou get thine errand done," said Gaffer Grimesby, "if thou seedst him not?"

"Why, I had schoolmaster to write down ailment o' nag," said Jack Hostler; "and I went wi' the ugliest slip of a boy for my guide as ever man cut out o' lime-tree root to please a child withal."

"And what was it?—and did it cure your nag, Jack Hostler?"—was uttered and echoed by all who stood around.

"Why, how can I tell you what it was?" said the hostler; "simply it smelled and tasted—for I did make bold to put a pea's substance into my mouth—like harts-horn and savin mixed with vinegar—but then no harts-horn and savin ever wrought so speedy a cure—And I am dreading that if Wayland Smith be gone, the bote will have more power over horse and cattle."

The pride of art, which is certainly not inferior in its influence to any other pride whatever, here so far operated on Wayland Smith, that, notwithstanding the obvious danger of his being recognised, he could not help winking to Tressilian, and smiling mysteriously, as

## KENILWORTH.

if triumphing in the undoubted evidence of his veterinary skill. In the meanwhile, the discourse continued.

"E'en let it be so," said a grave man in black, the companion of Gaffer Grimesby; "e'en let us perish under the evil God sends us, rather than the devil be our doctor."

"Very true," said Dame Crane; "and I marvel at Jack Hostler that he would peril his own soul to cure the bowels of a nag."

"Very true, mistress," said Jack Hostler, "but the nag was my master's; and had it been yours, I think ye would ha' held me cheap know an I had feared the devil when the poor beast was in such a taking—For the rest, let the clergy look to it. Every man to his craft, says the proverb, the parson to the prayer-book, and the groom to his curry-comb."

"I vow," said Dame Crane, "I think Jack Hostler speaks like a good Christian and a faithful servant, who will spare neither body nor soul in his master's service. However, the devil has lifted him in time, for a Constable of the Hundred came hither this morning to get old Gaffer Pinniewinks, the trier of witches, to go with him to the Vale of Whitehorse to comprehend Wayland Smith, and put him to his probation. I helped Pinniewinks to sharpen his pincers and his poking-awl, and I saw the warrant from Justice Blendas."

"Pooh—pooh—the devil would laugh both at Blendas and his warrant, constable and witch-finder to boot," said Old Dame Crank, the Papist laundress; "Wayland Smith's flesh would mind Pinniewinks' awl no more than a cambric ruff minds a hot piccadilloe-needle. But tell me, gentlefolks, if the devil ever had such a hand among ye, as to snatch away your smiths and your artists from under your nose, when the good Abbots of Abingdon had their own? By Our Lady, no!—they had their hal-

## KENILWORTH.

**lowed tapers, and their holy water, and their relics, and what not, could send the foulest fiends a-packing.—Go ask a heretic parson to do the like—But ours were a comfortable people."**

"Very true, Dame Crank," said the hostler; "so said Simpkins of Simonburn when the curate kissed his wife,—'They are a comfortable people,' said he."

"Silence, thou foul-mouthed vermin," said Dame Crank; "is it fit for a heretic horse-boy like thee, to handle such a text as the Catholic clergy?"

"In troth, no, dame," replied the man of oats; "and as you yourself are now no text for their handling, dame, whatever may have been the case in your day, I think we had e'en better leave un alone."

At this last exchange of sarcasm, Dame Crank set up her throat, and began a horrible exclamation against Jack Hostler, under cover of which Tressilian and his attendant escaped into the house.

They had no sooner entered a private chamber, to which Goodman Crane himself had condescended to usher them, and dispatched their worthy and obsequious host on the errand of procuring wine and refreshment, than Wayland Smith began to give vent to his self-importance.

"You see, sir," said he, addressing Tressilian, "that nothing fabled in asserting that I possessed fully the mighty mystery of a farrier, or mareschal, as the French more honourably term us. These dog-hostlers, who, after all, are the better judges in such a case, know what credit they should attach to my mendicaments. I call you to witness, worshipful Master Tressilian, that nought, save the voice of calumny and the hand of malicious violence, hath driven me forth from a station in which I held a place alike useful and honoured."

"I bear witness, my friend, but will reserve my listening," answered Tressilian, "for a safer time; unless

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indeed, you deem it essential to your reputation, to be translated, like your late dwelling, by the assistance of a flash of fire. For you see your best friends reckon you no better than a mere sorcerer."

"Now, Heaven forgive them," said the artist, "who confound learned skill with unlawful magic! I trust a man may be as skilful, or more so, than the best chirurgeon ever meddled with horse-flesh, and yet may be upon the matter little more than other ordinary men, or at the worst no conjuror."

"God forbid else!" said Tressilian. "But be silent just for the present, since here comes mine host with an assistant, who seems something of the least."

Every body about the inn, Dame Crank herself included, had been indeed so interested and agitated by the story they had heard of Wayland Smith, and by the new, varying, and more marvellous editions of the incident, which arrived from various quarters, that mine host, in his righteous determination to accommodate his guests, had been able to obtain the assistance of none of his household, saving that of a little boy, a junior tapster, of about twelve years old, who was called Sampson.

"I wish," he said, apologising to his guests, as he set down a flagon of sack, and promised some food immediately,—"I wish the devil had flown away with my wife and my whole family instead of this Wayland Smith, who, I dare say, after all said and done, was much less worthy of the distinction which Satan has done him."

"I hold opinion with you, good fellow," replied Wayland Smith; "and I will drink to you upon that argument."

"Not that I would justify any man who deals with the devil," said mine host, after having pledged Wayland in a rousing draught of sack, "but that—Saw ye ever Letter sack, my masters?—but that, I say, a man ha

's detail of grievances ...  
full voice of his helpmate, screaming  
to which he instantly hobbled, craving  
rests. He was no sooner gone than  
expressed, by every contemptuous epithet  
his utter scorn for a nincompoop who  
under his wife's apron-string ; and inti-  
aving for the sake of the horses, which  
rest and food, he would advise his wor-  
Tressilian to push on a stage farther,  
ay a reckoning to such a mean-spirited,  
henpecked coxcomb, as Gaffer Crane.

of a large dish of good cow-heel and  
ing soothed the asperity of the artist, which  
ed before a choice capon, so delicately  
the lard frothed on it, said Wayland, like  
lily ; and both Gaffer Crane and his good  
. in his eyes, very painstaking, accommo-

the master and

## KENILWORTH.

dared hardly broil my food, lest the smoke should be seen without, you would think a fair capon a more welcome dainty."

"If you are pleased, friend," said Tressilian, "it is well. Nevertheless, hasten thy meal if thou canst, for this place is unfriendly to thy safety, and my concerns crave travelling."

Allowing, therefore, their horses no more rest than was absolutely necessary for them, they pursued their journey by a forced march as far as Bradford, where they reposed themselves for the night.

The next morning found them early travellers. And, not to fatigue the reader with unnecessary particulars, they traversed without adventure the counties of Wiltshire and Somerset, and about noon of the third day after Tressilian's leaving Cumnor, arrived at Sir Hugh Robsart's seat, called Lidcote Hall, on the frontiers of Devonshire.

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## CHAP. XII.

*Ah me ! the flower and blossom of your house,  
The wind hath blown away to other towers.*

JOANNA BAILLIE'S Family Legend.

HE ancient seat of Lidcote Hall was situated near the village of the same name, and adjoined the wild and extensive forest of Exmoor, plentifully stocked with game, in which some ancient rights, belonging to the Robsart family, entitled Sir Hugh to pursue his favourite amusement of the chase. The old mansion was a low, venerable building, occupying a considerable space of ground, which was surrounded by a deep moat. The approach and drawbridge was descended by an octagonal tower, of ancient brick-work but so clothed with ivy and other creepers, that it w

## KENILWORTH.

discover of what materials it was constructed. of this tower were each decorated with a usically various in form and in size, and, ery unlike the monotonous stone pepper-h; in modern Gothic architecture, are em-be same purpose. One of these turrets was occupied as a clock-house. But the clock ading still ; a circumstance peculiarly striking i, because the good old knight, among other culiarities, had a fidgety anxiety about the rement of time, very common to those . great deal of that commodity to dispose it lie heavy upon their hands,—just as we pers amuse themselves with taking an exact heir stock at the time there is least demand

ince to the courtyard of the old mansion an archway, surmounted by the aforesaid the drawbridge was down, and one leaf of dded folding-doors stood carelessly open. astily rode over the drawbridge, entered the egan to call loudly on the domestics by their r some time he was only answered by the the howling of the hounds, whose kennel great distance from the mansion, and was by the same moat. At length Will Badger, favourite attendant of the knight, who acted ire of his body, and superintendent of his : his appearance. The stout, weather-beaten wed great signs of joy when he recognised

ve you," he said, " Master Edmund, be it . and fell ?—Then, thou mayest do some good , for it passes the wit of man, that is, of d the Curate's, and Master Mumblazen's. i' un.'

## KENILWORTH.

"Is Sir Hugh then worse since I went away, Will?"  
demanded Tressilian.

"For worse in body—no—he is much better," replied the domestic; "but he is clean mazed as it were—eats and drinks as he was wont—but sleeps not, or rather wakes not, for he is ever in a sort of twilight, that is neither sleeping nor waking. Dame Swineford, that is it was like the dead palsy.—But, no, no, dame, said I, it is the heart, it is the heart."

"Can ye not stir his mind to any pastimes?" said Tressilian.

"He is clean and quite off his sports," said Will Badger; "hath neither touched backgammon or shovel-board—nor looked on the big book of harrowtry wi' Master Mumblazen. I let the clock run down, thinking the missing the bell. Master Edmund might somewhat move him, for you know, Master Edmund, he was particular in counting time; but he never said a word on't, so I may e'en set the old chime towling again. I made bold to tread on Bungay's tail too, and you know what a round rating that would ha' cost me once a-day—but he minded the poor tyke's whine no more than a madge howlet whooping down the chimney—so the case is beyond me."

"Thou shalt tell me the rest within doors, Will.—Meanwhile, let this person be ta'en to the buttery, and used with respect—He is a man of art."

"White art or black art, I would," said Will Badger, "that he had any art which could help us.—Here, T. Butler, look to the man of art—and see that he snone of thy spoons, lad," he added, in a whisper to butler, who showed himself at a low window. "I known as honest a faced fellow have art enough that."

He then ushered Tressilian into a low parlour at his desire, to see in what state his ma

the sudden return of his darling pupil, and proposed -in-law, should affect him too strongly. He returned immediately, and said that Sir Hugh was dozing in his bow-chair, but that Master Mumblazen would acquaint Master Tressilian the instant he awaked.

"But it is chance if he knows you," said the huntsman, "for he has forgotten the name of every hound in the pack. I thought about a week since he had gotten a favourable turn:—'Saddle me old Sorrel,' said he suddenly, after he had taken his usual night-draught out of the great silver grace cup, 'and take the hounds to Mount Hazelhurst to-morrow.' Glad men were we all, and out we had him in the morning, and he rode to cover as usual, with never a word spoken but that the wind was south, and the scent would lie. But ere we had uncoupled the hounds, he began to stare round him, like a man that wakes suddenly out of a dream—turns bridle and walks back to Hall again, and leaves us to hunt at leisure by ourselves, if we listed."

"You tell a heavy tale, Will," replied Tressilian; "but God must help us—there is no aid in man."

"Then you bring us no news of young Mistress Amy?—But what need I ask—your brow tells the story. Ever I hoped, that if any man could or would track her, it must be you. All's over and lost now. But if ever I have that Varney within reach of a flight-shot, I will bestow a forked shaft on him; and that I swear by salt and bread."

As he spoke the door opened, and Master Mumblazen appeared; a withered, thin, elderly gentleman, with a cheek like a winter apple, and his grey hair partly concealed by a small high hat, shaped like a cone, or rather like such a strawberry-basket as London fruiters exhibit at their windows. He was too sententious a person to waste words on mere salutation; so, having welcomed

## KENILWORTH.

Tressilian with a nod and a shake of the hand, he beckoned him to follow to Sir Hugh's great chamber, which the good knight usually inhabited. Will Badger followed, unasked, anxious to see whether his master would be relieved from his state of apathy by the arrival of Tressilian.

In a long low parlour, amply furnished with implements of the chase, and with silvan trophies, by a massive stone chimney, over which hung a sword and suit of armour, somewhat obscured by neglect, sat Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcote, a man of large size, which had been only kept within moderate compass by the constant use of violent exercise. It seemed to Tressilian that the lethargy under which his old friend appeared to labour, had, even during his few weeks' absence, added bulk to his person, at least it had obviously diminished the vivacity of his eye, which, as they entered, first followed Master Mumbazen slowly to a large oaken desk, on which a ponderous volume lay open, and then rested, as if in uncertainty, on the stranger who had entered along with him. The Curate, a grey-headed clergyman, who had been a confessor in the days of Queen Mary, sat with a book in his hand in another recess in the apartment. He, too, signed a mournful greeting to Tressilian, and laid his book aside, to watch the effect his appearance should produce on the afflicted old man.

As Tressilian, his own eyes filling fast with tears, approached more and more nearly to the father of his betrothed bride, Sir Hugh's intelligence seemed to revive. He sighed heavily, as one who awakens from a state of stupor, a slight convulsion passed over his features, he opened his arms without speaking a word, and as *Tressilian threw himself into them, he folded him to his bosom.*

*"There is something left to live for yet," were the first words he uttered; and while he spoke, he gave vent*

## KENILWORTH.

oxysm of weeping, the tears chasing  
his sunburnt cheeks and long white

ht to have thanked God to see my master  
Badger; "but now I do, though I am  
company."

see no questions," said the old knight;  
—none, Edmund—thou hast not found  
I her, that she were better lost."

as unable to reply, otherwise than by  
sids before his face.

jh—it is enough. But do not thou weep  
nd. I have cause to weep, for she was my  
ou hast cause to rejoice, that she did not  
ife.—Great God! thou knowest best what  
is—It was my nightly prayer that I should  
Edmund wedded,—had it been granted, it  
n gall added to bitterness."

orted, my friend," said the Curate, address-  
i, "it cannot be that the daughter of all our  
affections is the vile creature you would be-

replied Sir Hugh, impatiently, "I were  
ne broadly the base thing she is become—  
new court name for it, I warrant me. It is  
igh for the daughter of an old De'nsire  
the leman of a gay courtier,—of Varney too,  
whose grandsire was relieved by my  
his fortune was broken at the battle of—  
f—where Richard was slain—out on my  
nd I warrant none of you will help me"—  
tle of Bosworth," said Master Mumblazen,  
ween Richard Crookback and Henry Tudor,  
the Queen that now is, *primo*. Henry  
in the year one thousand four hundred &

—  
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—  
—  
—

## KENILWORTH.

"Ay, even so," said the old Knight, "every child knows it—But my poor head forgets all it should remember, and remembers only what it would most willingly forget. My brain has been at fault, Tressilian, almost ever since thou has been away, and even yet it hunts counter."

"Your worship," said the good clergyman, "had better retire to your apartment, and try to sleep for a little space,—the physician left a composing draught,—and our Great Physician has commanded us to use earthly means that we may be strengthened to sustain the trials he sends us."

"True, true, old friend," said Sir Hugh, "and we will bear our trials manfully—We have lost but a woman.—See, Tressilian,"—he drew from his bosom a long ringlet of fair hair,—"see this lock!—I tell thee, Edmund, the very night she disappeared, when she bid me good even, as she was wont, she hung about my neck, and fondled me more than usual; and I, like an old fool, held her by this lock, until she took her scissors, severed it, and left it in my hand,—as all I was ever to see more of her."

Tressilian was unable to reply, well judging what a complication of feelings must have crossed the bosom of the unhappy fugitive at that cruel moment. The clergyman was about to speak, but Sir Hugh interrupted him.

"I know what you would say, Master Curate—after all, it is but a lock of woman's tresses,—and by woman, shame, and sin, and death, came into an innocent world—And learned Master Mumblazen, too, can say scholarly things of their inferiority."

"*C'est l'homme*," said Master Mumblazen, "*qui se bast, et qui conseille.*"

"True," said Sir Hugh, "and we will bear us, therefore, like men who have both mettle and wisdom in us Tressilian, thou art as welcome as if thou hadst brought better news. But we have spoken too long dry-lipp

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wine to Edmund and another to me." lecting that he had called upon her , he shook his head, and said to the grief is to my bewildered mind what xote is to our park : we may lose our riars and thickets for a little space, but each avenue we see the old grey steeple ny forefathers. I would I were to travel 'ow."

he Curate joined in urging the exhausted himself to rest, and at length prevailed. ned by his pillow till he saw that slumber own on him, and then returned to con urate, what steps should be adopted in circumstances.

ot exclude from these deliberations Master Blazen ; and they admitted him the more esides what hopes they entertained from ey knew him to be so great a friend to at there was no doubt of his keeping was an old bachelor, of good family, but and distantly related to the House of tue of which connection, Lidcote Hall had l with his residence for the last twenty mpany was agreeable to Sir Hugh, chiefly his profound learning, which, though it heraldry and genealogy, with such scraps onnected themselves with these subjects, f a kind to captivate the good old knight ; enience which he found in having a friend to i his own memory, as frequently happened, and played him false concerning names sh, and all similar deficiencies, Master Mi en supplied with due brevity and discretion matters concerning the modern wor n his enigmatical and heraldic phr

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advice which was well worth attending to, or in Will Badger's language, started the game while others beat the bush.

"We have had an unhappy time of it with the good Knight, Master Edmund," said the Curate. "I have not suffered so much since I was torn away from my beloved flock, and compelled to abandon them to the Romish wolves."

"That was *in Tertio Mariæ*," said Master Muniblazen.

"In the name of Heaven," continued the Curate, "tell us, has your time been better spent than ours, or have you any news of that unhappy maiden, who, being for so many years the principal joy of this broken-down house, is now proved our greatest unhappiness? Have you not at least discovered her place of residence?"

"I have," replied Tressilian. "Know you Cumnor Place, near Oxford?"

"Surely," said the clergyman; "it was a house of removal for the monks of Abingdon."

"Whose arms," said Master Michael, "I have seen over a stone chimney in the hall—a cross patonee betwixt four martlets."

"There," said Tressilian, "this unhappy maiden resides, in company with the villain Varney. But for a strange mishap, my sword had revenged all our injuries, as well as hers, on his worthless head."

"Thank God, that kept thine hand from blood-guiltiness, rash young man!" answered the Curate. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay it. It were better study to free her from the villain's nets of infamy."

"They are called in heraldry, *laquei amoris*, or *lac d'amour*," said Muniblazen.

"It is in that I require your aid, my friends," said Tressilian; "I am resolved to accuse this villain, at



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pleasure, her honour will not stand so publicly committed."

"You are right, you are right," said Tressilian eagerly, "and I thank you for pointing out what I overlooked in my haste. I little thought ever to have besought grace of Leicester; but I could kneel to the proud Dudley, if doing so could remove one shade of shame from this unhappy damsel. You will assist me then to procure the necessary powers from Sir Hugh Robsart?"

The Curate assured him of his assistance, and the herald nodded assent.

"You must hold yourselves also in readiness to testify, in case you are called upon, the open-hearted hospitality which our good patron exercised towards this deceitful traitor, and the solicitude with which he laboured to seduce his unhappy daughter."

"At first," said the clergyman, "she did not, as it seemed to me, much affect his company, but latterly I saw them often together."

"*Seiant in the parlour,*" said Michael Mumblazen, "and *passant in the garden.*"

"I once came on them by chance," said the priest, "in the South wood, in a spring evening—Varney was muffled in a russet cloak, so that I saw not his face—they separated hastily, as they heard me rustle amongst the leaves, and I observed she turned her head and looked long after him."

"With neck *regardant*," said the herald—"and on the day of her flight, and that was on Saint Austen's Eve, I saw Varney's groom, attired in his liveries, hold his master's horse and Mistress Amy's palfrey, bridled and saddled *proper*, behind the wall of the churchyard."

"*And now is she found mewed up in his secret place of retirement,*" said Tressilian. "The villain is taken in the manner; and I well wish he may deny his crime, at I may thrust conviction down his false throat! But

t him the patience to deal with Varney

Varney," said Mumblassen, "is worse  
tal upon metal. He is more false than  
pacious than a griffin, more poisonous  
nd more cruel than a lion rampant."

much," said the Curate, "whether we  
ty ask from Sir Hugh Robsart, being  
adition, any deed deputing his paternal  
Amy to whomsoever" ---

ice need not doubt that," said Will  
red as he spoke, "for I will lay my life  
an when he wakes, than he has been  
past."

said the Curate, "hast thou them so  
in Doctor Diddleum's draught?"

" said Will, "because master ne'm  
n't, seeing it was emptied out by the  
here's a gentleman, who came attend-  
essilian, has given Sir Hugh a draught  
nty of yon un. I have spoken cum-  
and a better farrier, or one who hath a  
of horse and dog ailment, I have never  
. one would never be unjust to a Chris-

u saucy groom --And by whose auth-  
the Curate, rising in surprise and indig-  
o will be warrant for this new physi-

an it like your reverence, be had  
rant, I trust I have not been five-and-

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twenty years in this house, without having right warrant the giving of a draught to beast or body— who can gie a drench and a ball, and bleed or blister, need, to my very self."

The counsellors of the house of Robsart thought meet to carry this information instantly to Tressilian who as speedily summoned before him Wayland Smith and demanded of him (in private however) by what authority he had ventured to administer any medicine to Sir Hugh Robsart?

"Why," replied the artist, "your worship cannot but remember that I told you I had made more progress in my master's—I mean the learned Doctor Doboobie's mystery than he was willing to own ; and indeed half his quarrel and malice against me was, that, besides that I got something too deep into his secrets, several discerning persons, and particularly a buxom young widow of Abingdon, preferred my prescriptions to his."

"None of thy buffoonery, sir," said Tressilian sternly. "If thou hast trifled with us—much more, thou hast done aught that may prejudice Sir Hugh Robsart's health, thou shalt find thy grave at the bottom a tin-mine."

"I know too little of the great *arcane* to convert thine ore to gold," said Wayland, firmly. "But truce with thy apprehensions, Master Tressilian—I understood the good Knight's case, from what Master William Badger told me ; and I hope I am able enough to administer a poor dose of mandragora, which, with the sleep that must needs follow, is all that Sir Hugh Robsart requires to settle his distraught brains."

"I trust thou dealest fairly with me, Wayland?" said Tressilian.

"Most fairly and honestly, as the event shall show," replied the artist. "What would it avail me to harm thy poor old man for whom you are interested? you, to

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owe it, that Gaffer Pinniewinks is not even now rending my flesh and sinews with his accursed pincers, and robbing every mole in my body with his sharpened awl a murrain on the hands which forged it !) in order to ind out the witch's mark !—I trust to yoke myself as a humble follower to your worship's train, and I only wish o have my faith judged of by the result of the good Knight's slumbers."

Wayland Smith was right in his prognostication. The sedative draught which his skill had prepared, and Will Badger's confidence had administered, was attended with the most beneficial effects. The patient's sleep was long and healthful ; and the poor old knight awoke, humbled indeed in thought, and weak in frame, yet a much better judge of whatever was subjected to his intellect than he had been for some time past. He resisted for a while the proposal made by his friends, that Tressilian should undertake a journey to court, to attempt the recovery of his daughter, and the redress of her wrongs, in so far as they might yet be repaired. "Let her go," he said, "he is but a hawk that goes down the wind ; I would bestow even a whistle to reclaim her." But though for some time maintained this argument, he was at length convinced it was his duty to take the part to which natural affection inclined him, and consent that efforts as could yet be made should be used by Tressilian in behalf of his daughter. He subscribed, moreover, a warrant of attorney, such as the Curate's had enabled him to draw up ; for in those simple days parsons were often the advisers of their flock in law as in gospel.

Matters were prepared for Tressilian's second departure. *within twenty-four hours after he had returned to Hall* ; but one material circumstance had *rotten*, which was first called to the remembrance of Tressilian by Master Mumblazen. "You are

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going to court, Master Tremilian," said he ; "you will please remember that your blazonry must be *argent*, and *or*—no other tinctures will pass current." The remark was equally just and embarrassing. To prosecute a suit at court, ready money was as indispensable, even in the golden days of Elizabeth, as at any succeeding period ; and it was a commodity little at the command of the inhabitants of Lidcote Hall. Tremilian was himself poor : the revenues of good Sir Hugh Robart were consumed, and even anticipated, in his hospitable mode of living ; and it was finally necessary that the herald who started the doubt should himself solve it. Master Michael Mumblaze did so by producing a bag of money, containing nearly three hundred pounds in gold and silver of various coinage, the savings of twenty years, which he now, without speaking a syllable upon the subject, dedicated to the service of the patron whose shelter and protection had given him the means of making this little hoard. Tremilian accepted it without affecting a moment's hesitation, and a mutual grasp of the hand was all that passed betwixt them, to express the pleasure which the one felt in dedicating his all to such a purpose, and that which the other received from finding so material an obstacle to the success of his journey so suddenly removed, and in a manner so unexpected.

While Tremilian was making preparations for his departure early the ensuing morning, Wayland Smith sired to speak with him, and, expressing his hope he had been pleased with the operation of his medi in behalf of Sir Hugh Robart, added his desire accompany him to court. This was indeed what *silas himself had several times thought of, for alreadiness, alertness of understanding, and vast resources, which this fellow had exhibited during their had travelled together, had made him sent his assistance minde* . . . . .

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was in danger from the grasp of law ; and of this Tressilian reminded him, mentioning something, at the same time, of the pincers of Pinniewinks, and the ant of Master Justice Blindas. Wayland Smith hed both to scorn.

See you, sir ! " said he, " I have changed my garb ; that of a farrier to a serving-man ; but were it still I was, look at my mustaches—they now hang down will but turn them up, and dye them with a tincture I know of, and the devil will scarce know me again." He accompanied these words with the appropriate grin ; and in less than a minute, by setting up his mustaches and his hair, he seemed a different person to him that had but now entered the room. Still, however, Tressilian hesitated to accept his services, and the artist became proportionably urgent.

" I owe you life and limb," he said, " and I would fain pay part of the debt, especially as I know from Willer on what dangerous service your worship is in. I do not, indeed, pretend to be what is called of mettle, one of those ruffling tear-cats, who win their master's quarrel with sword and buckler. I am even one of those who hold the end of aetter than the beginning of a fray. But I know I can serve your worship better in such quest as than any of these sword-and-dagger men, and that I will be worth an hundred of their hands."

Tressilian still hesitated. He knew not much of this fellow, and was doubtful how far he could repose in confidence necessary to render him a useful upon the present emergency. Ere he had a determination, the trampling of a horse was heard in the courtyard, and Master Mumblazen and Willth entered hastily into Tressilian's chamber. Almost at the same moment.

" a serving-man on the bonniest grey tit I

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ever see'd in my life," said Will Badger, who got the start ;—" having on his arm a silver cognisance, being a fire-drake holding in his mouth a brick-bat, under a coronet of an Earl's degree," said Master Mumblazen, " and bearing a letter sealed of the same."

Tressilian took the letter, which was addressed "To the worshipful Master Edmund Tressilian, our loving kinsman—These—ride, ride, ride—for thy life, for thy life, for thy life." He then opened it, and found the following contents :—

"MASTER TRESSILIAN, OUR  
GOOD FRIEND AND COUSIN,

" We are at present so ill at ease, and otherwise so unhappily circumstanced, that we are desirous to have around us those of our friends on whose loving kindness we can most especially repose confidence; amongst whom we hold our good Master Tressilian one of the foremost and nearest, both in good will and good ability. We therefore pray you, with your most convenient speed, to repair to our poor lodging, at Say's Court, near Deptford, where we will treat farther with you of matters which we deem it not fit to commit unto writing. And so we bid you heartily farewell, being your loving kinsman to command,

" RATCLIFFE, EARL OF SUSSEX."

" Send up the messenger instantly, Will Badger," said Tressilian ; and as the man entered the room, he exclaimed, "Aha, Stevens, is it you? how does my good lord?"

" Ill, Master Tressilian," was the messenger's reply, "and having therefore the more need of good friends around him."

"But what is my lord's malady?" said Tressilian anxiously, "I heard nothing of his being ill."

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"I know not, sir," replied the man ; "he is very ill in ease. The leeches are at a stand, and many of his household suspect foul practice — witchcraft, or worse."

"What are the symptoms ?" said Wayland Smith, stepping forward hastily.

"Anan ?" said the messenger, not comprehending his meaning.

"What does he ail ?" said Wayland ; "where lies his disease ?"

The man looked at Tressilian, as if to know whether he should answer these inquiries from a stranger, and receiving a sign in the affirmative, he hastily enumerated gradual loss of strength, nocturnal perspiration, and loss of appetite, faintness, etc.

"Joined," said Wayland, "to a gnawing pain in the stomach, and a low fever ?"

"Even so," said the messenger, somewhat surprised. "I know how the disease is caused," said the artist, "and I know the cause. Your master has eaten of the Anna of Saint Nicholas. I know the cure too—my master shall not say I studied in his laboratory for nothing."

"How mean you ?" said Tressilian, frowning ; "we know of one of the first nobles of England. Bethink this is no subject for buffoonery."

"God forbid !" said Wayland Smith. "I say that I know his disease and can cure him. Remember what I said to Sir Hugh Robsart."

"He will set forth instantly," said Tressilian. "God willing."

Accordingly, hastily mentioning this new motive for instant departure, though without alluding to either accusations of Stevens or the assurances of Wayland, he took the kindest leave of Sir Hugh and the Lidcote Hall, who accompanied him with

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prayers and blessings, and, attended by Wayland and the Earl of Sussex's domestic, travelled with the utmost speed towards London.

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## CHAP. XIII.

*—Ay, I know you have arsenic,  
Vitriol, sal-tartre, argaile, alkaly,  
Cinoper: I know all.—This fellow, Captain,  
Will come in time to be a great distiller,  
And give a say (I will not say directly,  
But very near) at the philosopher's stone.*

THE ALCHEMIST.

**T**RESSILIAN and his attendants pressed their route with all dispatch. He had asked the smith, indeed, when their departure was resolved on, whether he would not rather choose to avoid Berkshire, in which he had played a part so conspicuous? But Wayland returned a confident answer. He had employed the short interval they passed at Lidcote Hall in transforming himself in a wonderful manner. His wild and overgrown thicket of beard was now restrained to two small mustaches on the upper lip, turned up in a military fashion. A tailor from the village of Lidcote (well paid) had exerted his skill, under his customer's directions, so as completely to alter Wayland's outward man, and take off from his appearance almost twenty years of age. Formerly, besmeared with soot and charcoal—overgrown with hair, and bent double with the nature of his labour—disfigured too by his odd and fantastic dress, he seemed a man of fifty years old. But now, in a handsome suit of Tressilian's livery, with a sword by his side, and a buckler on his shoulder, he looked like a gay ruffing serving-man, whose age might be betwixt thirty and thirty-five, the very prime of human life. His loutish savage-looking demeanour seem-

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ed into a forward, sharp, and impudent  
and action.

nged by Tressilian, who desired to know  
metamorphosis so singular and so abso-  
only answered by singing a stave from a  
was then new, and was supposed, among  
urable judges, to augur some genius on  
e author. We are happy to preserve the  
ran exactly thus—

' Ban, ban, ca Caliban—  
Get a new master—Be a new man."

silian did not recollect the verses, yet they  
that Wayland had once been a stage-  
umstance which, of itself, accounted indif-  
or the readiness with which he could assume  
ange of personal appearance. The artist  
confident of his disguise being completely  
f his having completely changed his dis-  
nay be the more correct mode of speaking,  
ed they were not to pass near his old place

nture," he said, "in my present dress, and  
orship's backing, to face Master Justice  
on a day of Quarter Sessions ; and I would  
what is become of Hobgoblin, who is like  
evil in the world, if he can once slip the  
ave his granny and his Dominie—Ay, and  
ault !" he said ; " I would willingly have  
soc the explosion of so much gunpowder  
ong Doctor Demetrius Doboobie's retorts  
[ warrant me, my fame haunts the Vale of  
e long after my body is rotten ; and that  
es up his horse, lays down his silver groat,  
a sailor whistling in a calm, for Way-  
ome and shoe his tit for him. But the

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horse will catch the founders ere the smith answers the call."

In this particular, indeed, Wayland proved a true prophet ; and so easily do fables rise, that an obscure tradition of his extraordinary practice in farriery prevails in the Vale of Whitehorse even unto this day ; and neither the tradition of Alfred's Victory, nor of the celebrated Pusey Horn, are better preserved in Berkshire than the wild legend of Wayland Smith.\*

The haste of the travellers admitted their making no stay upon their journey, save what the refreshment of the horses required ; and as many of the places through which they passed were under the influence of the Earl of Leicester, or persons immediately dependent on him, they thought it prudent to disguise their names, and the purpose of their journey. On such occasions the agency of Wayland Smith (by which name we shall continue to distinguish the artist, though his real name was Lancelot Wayland) was extremely serviceable. He seemed, indeed, to have a pleasure in displaying the alertness with which he could baffle investigation, and amuse himself by putting the curiosity of tapsters and innkeepers on a false scent. During the course of their brief journey, three different and inconsistent reports were circulated by him on their account ; namely, first, that Tressilian was the Lord Deputy of Ireland, come over in disguise to take the Queen's pleasure concerning the great rebel Rory Oge MacCarthy MacMahon ; secondly, that the said Tressilian was an agent of Monsieur, coming to urge his suit to the hand of Elizabeth ; thirdly, that he was the Duke of Medina, come over, incognito, to adjust the quarrel betwixt Philip and that Princess.

*Tressilian was angry, and expostulated with the artist on the various inconveniences, and, in particular, the unnecessary degree of attention to which they were subjected by the figments he thus circulated ; but he w*

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: who could be proof against such an argument? Wayland's assuring him that a general impression was attached to his own (Tressilian's) striking appearance, which rendered it necessary to give an extra-reason for the rapidity and secrecy of his

flight they approached the metropolis, where, owing to the more general recourse of strangers, their appearance excited neither observation nor inquiry, and finally entered London itself.

It was Tressilian's purpose to go down directly to Hatfield, where Lord Sussex resided, in order to be near the court, then held at Greenwich, the favourite residence of Elizabeth, and honoured as her birthplace. But, till a brief halt in London was necessary; and it was somewhat prolonged by the earnest entreaties of Wayland Smith, who desired permission to take a walk through the city.

"Take thy sword and buckler, and follow me, then," said Tressilian; "I am about to walk myself, and we will go in company."

This he said, because he was not altogether so secure of the fidelity of his new retainer, as to lose sight of him at this interesting moment, when rival factions at the court of Elizabeth were running so high. Wayland Smith willingly acquiesced in the precaution, of which he probably conjectured the motive, but only stipulated, that his master should enter the shops of such chemists or apothecaries as he should point out, in walking through Fleet Street, and permit him to make some necessary purchases. Tressilian agreed, and obeying the signal of his attendant, walked successively into more than four or five shops, where he observed that Wayland purchased in each only one single drug, of various quantities. The medicines which he first asked for were readily furnished, each in succession, but

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which he afterwards required were less easily supplied—and Tressilian observed, that Wayland more than once, to the surprise of the shopkeeper, returned the gum or herb that was offered to him, and compelled him to exchange it for the right sort, or else went on to seek it elsewhere. But one ingredient, in particular, seemed almost impossible to be found. Some chemists plainly admitted they had never seen it—others denied that such a drug existed, excepting in the imagination of crazy alchemists—and most of them attempted to satisfy their customer, by producing some substitute, which, when rejected by Wayland, as not being what he had asked for, they maintained possessed, in a superior degree, the self-same qualities. In general, they all displayed some curiosity concerning the purpose for which he wanted it. One old, meagre chemist, to whom the artist put the usual question, in terms which Tressilian neither understood nor could recollect, answered frankly, there was none of that drug in London, unless Yoglān the Jew chanced to have some of it upon hand.

"I thought as much," said Wayland. And as soon as they left the shop, he said to Tressilian, "I crave your pardon, sir, but no artist can work without his tools. I must needs go to this Yoglān's; and I promise you, that if this detains you longer than your leisure seems to permit, you shall, nevertheless, be well repaid, by the use I will make of this rare drug. Permit me," he added, "to walk before you, for we are now to quit the broad street, and we will make double speed if I lead the way."

Tressilian acquiesced, and, following the smith down a lane which turned to the left hand towards the river, he found that his guide walked on with great speed, and apparently perfect knowledge of the town, through a labyrinth of by-streets, courts, and blind alleys, until at length Wayland paused in the midst of a very narrow lane, the

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termination of which showed a peep of the Thames looking misty and muddy, which background was crossed saltierwise, as Mr. Mumblazen might have said, by the masts of two lighters that lay waiting for the tide. The shop under which he halted had not, as in modern days, a glazed window—but a paltry canvas screen surrounded such a stall as a cobbler now occupies, having the front open, much in the manner of a fishmonger's booth of the present day. A little old smock-faced man, the very reverse of a Jew in complexion, for he was very soft-haired as well as beardless, appeared, and with many courtesies asked Wayland what he pleased to want. He had no sooner named the drug, than the Jew started and looked surprised. "And vat might your vorship vant with that drug, which is not named, mein God, in forty years as I have been chemist here?"

"These questions it is no part of my commission to answer," said Wayland; "I only wish to know if you have what I want, and having it, are willing to sell it?"

"Ay, mein God, for having it, that I have, and for selling it, I am a chemist, and sell every drug." So saying, he exhibited a powder, and then continued, "But it will cost much moneys—Vat I ave cost its weight in gold—ay, gold well refined—I vill say six times—It comes from Mount Sinai, where we had our blessed Law given forth, and the plant blossoms but once in one hundred year."

"I do not know how often it is gathered on Mount Sinai," said Wayland, after looking at the drug offered him with great disdain, "but I will wager my sword and buckler against your gaberdine, that this trash you offer me, instead of what I asked for, may be had for gathering any day of the week in the castle-ditch of Aleppo."

"You are a rude man," said the Jew; "and, beside I ave no better than that—or if I ave, I will not sell

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without order of a physician—or without you tell me what you make of it."

The artist made brief answer in a language of which Tressilian could not understand a word, and which seemed to strike the Jew with the utmost astonishment. He stared upon Wayland like one who has suddenly recognised some mighty hero or dreaded potentate, in the person of an unknown and unmarked stranger. "Holy Elias!" he exclaimed, when he had recovered the first stunning effects of his surprise; and, then passing from his former suspicious and surly manner to the very extremity of obsequiousness, he cringed low to the artist, and besought him to enter his poor house, to bless his miserable threshold by crossing it.

"Vill you not taste a cup vith the poor Jew, Zacharias Yoglan?—Vill you Tokay ave?—vill you Lachrymæ taste?—vill you"—

"You offend in your proffers," said Wayland; "minister to me in what I require of you, and forbear further discourse."

The rebuked Israelite took his bunch of keys, and opening with circumspection a cabinet which seemed more strongly secured than the other cases of drugs and medicines amongst which it stood, he drew out a little secret drawer, having a glass lid, and containing a small portion of a black powder. This he offered to Wayland, his manner conveying the deepest devotion towards him, though an avaricious and jealous expression, which seemed to grudge every grain which his customer was about to possess himself of, disputed ground in his countenance with the obsequious deference which he desired it should exhibit.

"Have you scales?" said Wayland.

*The Jew pointed to those which lay ready for common use in the shop, but he did so with a puzzled expression of doubt and fear, which did not escape the artist.*

"They must be other than these," said Wayland

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sternly ; " know you not that holy things lose their virtue if weighed in an unjust balance ? "

The Jew hung his head, took from a steel-plated casket a pair of scales beautifully mounted, and said, as he adjusted them for the artist's use,— " With these I do mine own experiment—one hair of the high-priest's beard would turn them."

" It suffices," said the artist ; and weighed out two drachms for himself of the black powder, which he very carefully folded up and put into his pouch with the other drugs. He then demanded the price of the Jew, who answered, shaking his head and bowing,—

" No price—no, nothing at all from such as you.—But you will see the poor Jew again? you will look into his laboratory, where, God help him, he hath dried himself to the substance of the withered gourd of Jonah the holy prophet—You will ave pity on him, and show him one little step on the great road?"

" Hush ! " said Wayland, laying his finger mysteriously on his mouth, " it may be we shall meet again—thou hast already the *Schahmajm*, as thine own Rabbis call it—the general creation ; watch, therefore, and pray, for thou must attain the knowledge of Alchahest Elixir Samach, ere I may commune farther with thee." Then returning with a slight nod the reverential congees of the Jew, he walked gravely up the lane, followed by his master, whose first observation on the scene he had just witnessed was, that Wayland ought to have paid the man for his drug, whatever it was.

" I pay him?" said the artist ; " may the foul fiend pay me if I do !—Had it not been that I thought it might displease your worship, I would have had an ounce or two of gold out of him, in exchange for the same just weight of brick-dust."

" *I advise you to practise no such knavery while waiting upon me,*" said Tressilian.

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"Did I not say," answered the artist, "that for that reason alone I forbore him for the present?—Knavery, call you it?—why, yonder wretched skeleton hath wealth sufficient to pave the whole lane he lives in with dollars, and scarce miss them out of his own iron chest; yet he goes mad after the philosopher's stone—and besides, he would have cheated a poor serving-man, as he thought me at first, with trash that was not worth a penny—Match for match, quoth the devil to the collier; if his false medicine was worth my good crowns, my true brick-dust is as well worth his good gold."

"It may be so for aught I know," said Tressilian, "in dealing amongst Jews and apothecaries; but understand that to have such tricks of legerdemain practised by one attending on me, diminishes my honour, and that I will not permit them. I trust thou hast made up thy purchases?"

"I have, sir," replied Wayland, "and with these drugs will I, this very day, compound the true orvietan, that noble medicine which is so seldom found genuine and effective within these realms of Europe, for want of that most rare and precious drug which I got but now from Yoglan."

"But why not have made all your purchases at one shop?" said his master; "we have lost nearly an hour in running from one pounder of simples to another."

"Content you, sir," said Wayland. "No man shall learn my secret; and it would not be mine long, were I to buy all my materials from one chemist."

They now returned to their inn (the famous Bell-Savage), and while the Lord Sussex's servant prepared the horses for their journey, Wayland, obtaining from *the cook the service of a mortar*, shut himself up in a *private chamber*, where he mixed, pounded, and amalgamated the drugs which he had bought, each in its *proportion*, with a readiness and address that *pla*

## KENILWORTH.

practised in all the manual operations

ayland's electuary was prepared the  
, and a short hour's riding brought  
nt habitation of Lord Sussex, an an-  
d Say's Court, near Deptford, which  
d to a family of that name, but had, for  
ury, been possessed by the ancient and  
of Evelyn. The present representa-  
t house took a deep interest in the Earl  
ad willingly accommodated both him  
s retinue in his hospitable mansion.  
afterwards the residence of the cele-  
a, whose *Silva* is still the manual of  
and whose life, manners, and princi-  
l in his Memoirs, ought equally to be  
glish gentlemen.

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## CHAP. XIV.

*news thou tell'st me, my good fellow;  
o bulls fierce battling on the green  
reiser—if the one goes down,  
'be more peaceful, and the herd,  
mall interest in their brulziement,  
there in peace.—OLD PLAY.*

URT was watched like a beleaguered  
so high rose the suspicions of the  
t Tressilian and his attendants were  
tioned repeatedly by sentinels, both on  
k, as they approached the abode of the  
th, the high rank which Sussex held in  
; favour, and his known and avowed  
l of Leicester, caused the utmost im-  
ched to his welfare ; for, at the period

## KENILWORTH.

At first, all men doubted whether he or the Earl of Leicester might ultimately have the higher rank in her regard.

Elizabeth, like many of her sex, was fond of governing by factions, so as to balance two opposing interests, and reserve in her own hand the power of making either predominate, as the interest of the state, or perhaps as her own female caprice (for to that foible even she was not superior), might finally determine. To finesse—to hold the cards—to oppose one interest to another—to bridle him who thought himself highest in her esteem, by the fears he must entertain of another equally trusted, if not equally beloved, were arts which she used throughout her reign, and which enabled her, though frequently giving way to the weakness of favouritism, to prevent most of its evil effects on her kingdom and government.

The two nobles who at present stood as rivals in her favour, possessed very different pretensions to share it; yet it might be in general said, that the Earl of Sussex had been most serviceable to the Queen, while Leicester was most dear to the woman. Sussex was, according to the phrase of the times, a martialist; had done good service in Ireland and in Scotland, and especially in the great northern rebellion in 1569, which was quelled, in a great measure, by his military talents. He was, therefore, naturally surrounded and looked up to by those who wished to make arms their road to distinction. The Earl of Sussex, moreover, was of more ancient and honourable descent than his rival, uniting in his person the representation of the Fitz-Walters, as well as of the Ratcliffes, while the scutcheon of Leicester was stained by the degradation of his grandfather, the oppressive minister of Henry VII., and scarce improved by that of his father, the unhappy Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, executed on Tower Hill, August 22, 1553. But in person, features, and address, weapons so formidable in

## KENILWORTH.

If a female sovereign, Leicester had advantages than sufficient to counterbalance the military service, high blood, and frank bearing of the Earl of Sussex, and he bore in the eye of the court and kingdom, a higher share in Elizabeth's favour, though (for such as her uniform policy) by no means so decidedly expressed as to warrant him against the final preponderance of his rival's pretensions. The illness of Sussex, therefore, happened so opportunely for Leicester, as to give rise to strange surmises among the public; while the followers of the one Earl were filled with the deepest apprehensions, and those of the other with the highest hopes of its probable issue. Meanwhile,—for in that old time men never forgot the probability that the matter might be determined by length of sword,—the retainers of each noble flocked around their patron, appeared well armed in the vicinity of the court itself, and disturbed the ear of the sovereign by their frequent and alarming debates, held even within the precincts of her palace. This preliminary statement is necessary, to render what follows intelligible to the reader.

On Tressilian's arrival at Say's Court, he found the place filled with the retainers of the Earl of Sussex, and of the gentlemen who came to attend their patron in his illness. Arms were in every hand, and a deep gloom on every countenance, as if they had apprehended an immediate and violent assault from the opposite faction. In the hall, however, to which Tressilian was ushered by one of the Earl's attendants, while another went to inform Sussex of his arrival, he found only two gentlemen in waiting. There was a remarkable contrast in their dress, appearance, and manners. The attire of the elder gentleman, a person as it seemed of quality, and in the prime of life, was very plain and soldier-like, his stature low, his limbs stout, his bearing ungraceful, and his features of that kind which express sound common

## KENILWORTH.

without a grain of vivacity or imagination. The  
ger, who seemed about twenty or upwards, was  
in the gayest habit used by persons of quality at the  
d, wearing a crimson velvet cloak richly ornamented  
lace and embroidery, with a bonnet of the same,  
rcled with a gold chain turned three times round it,  
l secured by a medal. His hair was adjusted very  
urly like that of some fine gentleman of our own time,  
at is, it was combed upwards and made to stand as it  
re on end ; and in his ears he wore a pair of silver  
ur-rings, having each a pearl of considerable size. The  
ountenance of this youth, besides being regularly hand-  
ome, and accompanied by a fine person, was animated  
and striking in a degree that seemed to speak at once  
the firmness of a decided, and the fire of an enterprising  
character, the power of reflection and the promptitude of  
determination.

Both these gentlemen reclined nearly in the same pos-  
ture on benches near each other ; but each seemed  
engaged in his own meditations, looking straight upon  
the wall which was opposite to them without speaking to  
his companion. The looks of the elder were of that sort  
which convinced the beholder, that, in looking on the  
wall, he saw no more than the side of an old hall hung  
around with cloaks, antlers, bucklers, old pieces of  
armour, partisans, and the similar articles which were  
usually the furniture of such a place. The look of the  
younger gallant had in it something imaginative ; he was  
sunk in reverie, and it seemed as if the empty space of  
air betwixt him and the wall, were the stage of a theatre  
on which his fancy was mustering his own *dramatic personæ*, and treating him with sights far different from  
those which his awakened and earthly vision could have  
ffered.

At the entrance of Tressilian both started from the  
ing, and bade him welcome ; the younger, in

## KENILWORTH.

great appearance of animation and corr  
t welcome, Tressilian," said the youth ; " thy  
stole thee from us when this household had  
mbition to offer—it is an honest philosophy,  
ns thee to us when there are only dangers to  
lord, then, so greatly indisposed?" said  
the very worst," answered the elder gentle-  
by the worst practice."  
plied Tressilian, " my Lord of Leicester is  
oth he with such attendants, then, as he hath  
" said the younger gallant. " The man who  
evil may be honest, but he is answerable for  
which the fiend does, for all that."  
this all of you, my mates," inquired Tres-  
t are about my lord in his utmost straits?"  
, replied the elder gentleman, " there are  
kham, and several more ; but we keep watch  
at once, and some are weary and are sleeping  
y above."  
ne," said the young man, " are gone down  
yonder at Deptford, to look out such a hulk  
purchase by clubbing their broken fortunes ;  
as all is over, we will lay our noble lord in a  
grave, have a blow at those who have hurried  
, if opportunity suits, and then sail for the  
heavy hearts and light purses."  
be," said Tressilian, " that I will embrace the  
se, so soon as I have settled some business at  
usiness at court !" they both exclaimed at  
thou make the Indian voyage !"  
ssilian," said the younger man, " art the

## KENILWORTH.

ed, and beyond these flaws of fortune, that drive  
to sea when their bark bears fairest for the  
—What has become of the lovely Indamira that  
natch my Amoret for truth and beauty?"

"ak not of her!" said Tressilian, averting his face.  
, stands it so with you?" said the youth, taking  
id very affectionately; " then, fear not I will again  
the green wound—But it is strange as well as sad

Are none of our fair and merry fellowship to  
e shipwreck of fortune and happiness in this sudden  
est? I had hoped thou wert in harbour, at least,  
ear Edmund—But truly, says another dear friend of  
name,

'What man that sees the ever whirling wheel  
Of Chance, the which all mortal things doth sway;  
But that thereby doth find and plainly feel,  
How Mutability in them doth play  
Her cruel sports to many men's decay.'

The elder gentleman had risen from his bench, and  
as pacing the hall with some impatience, while the youth,  
ith much earnestness and feeling, recited these lines.  
When he had done, the other wrapped himself in his  
oak, and again stretched himself down, saying, "I  
arvel, Tressilian, you will feed the lad in this silly  
umour. If there were aught to draw a judgment upon  
virtuous and honourable household like my lord's,  
enounce me if I think not it were this piping, whining,  
hildish trick of poetry, that came among us with Master  
Valter Wittypate here and his comrades, twisting into  
ll manner of uncouth and incomprehensible forms a  
peech the honest plain English phrase which God gav  
s to express our meaning withal."

"*Blount believes*," said his comrade laughing, "t  
'I wo'd Eve in rhyme, and that the mystic mean  
s Tree of Knowledge refers solely to the art of c  
ymes and meting out hexameters."\*\*

## KENILWORTH.

at the Earl's chamberlain entered, and informed him that his lord required to speak with

rd Sussex dressed, but unbraced and lying and was shocked at the alteration disease s person. The Earl received him with the cordiality, and inquired into the state of his. Tressilian evaded his inquiries for a moment, s discourse on the Earl's own health, he his surprise, that the symptoms of his dis- sided minutely with those which Wayland concerning it. He hesitated not, there- inicate to Sussex the whole history of his the pretensions he set up to cure the which he laboured. The Earl listened is attention until the name of Demetrius, and then suddenly called to his secretary certain casket which contained papers of 'Take out from thence,' he said, "the he rascal cook whom we had under exami- book heedfully if the name of Demetrius be ioned."

turned to the passage at once, and read, clarant being examined, saith, That he ing made the sauce to the said sturgeon- g of which the said noble Lord was taken it the usual ingredients and condiments ,"  
—

his trash," said the Earl, "and see whether n supplied with his materials by a herba- trius."

so," answered the secretary. "And he t since seen the said Demetrius."

's with thy fellow's story, Tressilian," said him hither."

poned to the Earl's presence, Waylan

## KENILWORTH.

Smith told his former tale with firmness and consistency.

"It may be," said the Earl, "thou art sent by those who have begun this work, to end it for them; but be-think, if I miscarry under thy medicine, it may go hard with thee."

"That were severe measure," said Wayland, "since the issue of medicine, and the end of life are in God's disposal. But I will stand the risk. I have not lived so long underground to be afraid of a grave."

"Nay, if thou be'st so confident," said the Earl of Sussex, "I will take the risk too, for the learned can do nothing for me. Tell me how this medicine is to be taken?"

"That will I do presently," said Wayland: "but allow me to condition that, since I incur all the risk of this treatment, no other physician shall be permitted to interfere with it."

"That is but fair," replied the Earl; "and now prepare your drug."

While Wayland obeyed the Earl's commands, his servants, by the artist's direction, undressed their master, and placed him in bed.

"I warn you," he said, "that the first operation of this medicine will be to produce a heavy sleep, during which time the chamber must be kept undisturbed; as the consequences may otherwise be fatal. I myself will watch by the Earl, with any of the gentlemen of his chamber."

"Let all leave the room save Stanley and this good fellow," said the Earl.

"And saving me also," said Tressilian. "I too am deeply interested in the effects of this potion."

"Be it so, good friend," said the Earl; "and now for our experiment; but first call my secretary and chamberlain."

## KENILWORTH.

"—," he continued, when these officers witness for me, gentlemen, that our Lord Tressilian is in no way responsible for this medicine may produce upon me, the my own free action and choice, in regard to a remedy which God has furnished me means, to recover me of my present mend me to my noble and princely say that I live and die her true servant, about her throne the same singleness of to serve her, with more ability to do so assigned to poor Thomas Ratcliffe."

ed his hands, and seemed for a second or mental devotion, then took the potion in pausing, regarded Wayland with a look designed to penetrate his very soul, but o anxiety or hesitation in the countenance ie artist.

hing to be feared," said Sussex to Tres- allowed the medicine without farther hesi-

to pray your lordship," said Wayland, urself to rest as commodiously as you can ; tlemen, to remain as still and mute as if our mother's deathbed."

lain and secretary then withdrew, giving loors should be bolted, and all noise in tly prohibited. Several gentlemen were bers in the hall, but none remained in the

## KENILWORTH.

amples of the Earl slightly, from time to time, attending particularly to the state of his respiration, which was found deep, but at the same time easy and uninterrupted.

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## CHAP. XV.

*You loggerheaded and unpolish'd groans,  
What, no attendance, no regard, no duty?  
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?*

### TAMING OF THE SHREW.

 HERE is no period at which men look worse than the eyes of each other, or feel more uncomfortable, than when the first dawn of daylight finds them watchers. Even a beauty of the first order, at the vigils of a ball are interrupted by the dawn, would wisely to withdraw herself from the gaze of her fond and most partial admirers. Such was the pale, impious, and ungrateful light, which began to beam upon those who kept watch all night in the hall at Say's Court, and which mingled its cold, pale, blue diffusion with red, yellow, and smoky beams of expiring lamps and torches. The young gallant, whom we noticed in last chapter, had left the room for a few minutes, to the cause of a knocking at the outward gate, and on his return, was so struck with the forlorn and ghastly aspect of his companions of the watch, that he exclaimed, "O my heart, my masters, how like owls you Methinks, when the sun rises, I shall see you fly with your eyes dazzled, to stick yourselves into the ivy-tod or ruined steeple."

"Hold thy peace, thou gibing fool," said "hold thy peace. Is this a time for jeering, when manhood of England is perchance dying within the breadth of thee?"

"There thou liest," replied the gallant.

ant, starting up, "lie, and

"jeevish fool," answered the  
nat bench even now, didst  
. hasty coxcomb, to pick up  
Nevertheless, loving and  
from us, all England's man-

a good portion will survive

with thyself, Blount, and with  
Fracy, and all of us. But I am  
ie talent heaven has given to

said Blount, "tell us your

ed the youth, "ye are like  
ars no crop because it is not  
but I have that rising spirit in  
y poor faculties labour to keep  
ion will keep my brain at work,

oes not drive thee mad," said  
if we lose our noble lord, I bid  
to the camp both. I have five  
Norfolk, and thither will I, and  
fle for the country hobnail."

on!" exclaimed his antagonist;  
ot the true rustic slouch--thy  
ne hands were at the stilts of the  
kind of earthy smell about thee,  
d with essence, as a gallant and  
soul thou hast stolen out to r

Thy only excuse will be  
ie farmer had a fair daugh'

## KENILWORTH.

"I pray thee, Walter," said another of the company, "cease thy railery, which suits neither time nor place, and tell us who was at the gate just now."

"Doctor Masters, physician to her Grace in ordinary, sent by her especial orders to inquire after the Earl's health," answered Walter.

"Ha! what!" exclaimed Tracy, "that was no slight mark of favour; if the Earl can but come through, he will match with Leicester yet. Is Masters with my lord at present?"

"Nay," replied Walter, "he is half-way back to Greenwich by this time, and in high dudgeon."

"Thou didst not refuse him admittance?" exclaimed Tracy.

"Thou wert not surely so mad?" ejaculated Blount.

"I refused him admittance as flatly, Blount, as you would refuse a penny to a blind beggar; as obstinately, Tracy, as thou didst ever deny access to a dun."

"Why, in the fiend's name, didst thou trust him to go to the gate?" said Blount to Tracy.

"It suited his years better than mine," answered Tracy; "but he has undone us all now thoroughly. My lord may live or die, he will never have a look of favour from her Majesty again."

"Nor the means of making fortunes for his followers," said the young gallant, smiling contemptuously;—"there lies the sore point, that will brook no handling. My good sirs, I sounded my lamentations over my lord somewhat less loudly than some of you; but when the point comes of doing him service, I will yield to none of you. Had this learned leech entered, think'st thou not there had been such a coil betwixt him and Tressilian's *mediciner*, that not the sleeper only, but the very dead *might have awakened*? I know what larum belongs to the discord of doctors."

"And who is to take the blame of opposing the

' said Tracy ; " for undeniably, Doctor  
with her Grace's positive commands to  
be done the wrong, will bear the blame,"

" off fly the dreams of court favour thou  
," said Blount ; " and despite all thy  
ambition, Devonshire will see thee shine  
brother, fit to sit low at the board, carve  
with the chaplain, look that the hounds be  
the squire's girths drawn when he goes a

said the young man, colouring, " not while  
the Netherlands have wars, and not while  
pathless waves. The rich west hath lands  
of, and Britain contains bold hearts to ven-  
quest of them.—Adieu for a space, my  
go to walk in the court and look to the

th hath quicksilver in his veins, that is certain,"  
t, looking at Markham.

th that both in brain and blood," said Mark-  
ham may either make or mar him. But, in  
door against Masters, he hath done a daring  
piece of service ; for Tressilian's fellow hath  
ed, that to wake the Earl were death, and  
ould wake the Seven Sleepers themselves, if he  
ey slept not by the regular ordinance of medi-

was well advanced, when Tressilian, fatigued  
atched, came down to the hall with the joyful  
that the Earl had awakened of himself, that  
his internal complaints much mitigated, and  
a cheerfulness, and looked round with a  
ich of themselves showed a material and  
change had taken place. Tressilian at the

## KENILWORTH.

same time commanded the attendance of one or two of his followers, to report what had passed during the night, and to relieve the watchers in the Earl's chamber.

When the message of the Queen was communicated to the Earl of Sussex, he at first smiled at the repulse which the physician had received from his zealous young follower, but instantly recollecting himself, he commanded Blount, his master of the horse, instantly to take boat, and go down the river to the Palace of Greenwich, taking young Walter and Tracy with him, and make a suitable compliment, expressing his grateful thanks to his Sovereign, and mentioning the cause why he had not been enabled to profit by the assistance of the wise and learned Doctor Masters.

"A plague on it," said Blount, as he descended the stairs, "had he sent me with a cartel to Leicester, I think I should have done his errand indifferently well. But to go to our gracious Sovereign, before whom all words must be lackered over either with gilding or with sugar, is such a confectionery matter as clean baffles my poor old English brain.—Come with me, Tracy, and come you too, Master Walter Wittypate, that art the cause of our having all this ado. Let us see if thy neat brain, that frames so many flashy fireworks, can help out a plain fellow at need with some of thy shrewd devices."

"Never fear, never fear," exclaimed the youth, "it is I will help you through—let me but fetch my cloak."

"Why, thou hast it on thy shoulders," said Blount,—"the lad is mazed."

"No, no, this is Tracy's old mantle," answered Walter; "I go not with thee to court unless as a gentleman should."

"Why," said Blount, "thy braveries are like to dazzle the eyes of none but some poor groom or porter."

"I know that," said the youth; "but I am resolved I

## KENILWORTH.

"cloak, ay, and brush my doublet to  
th with you."

said Blount, "here is a coil about a  
ak—get thyself ready, a God's name!"  
n launched on the princely bosom of  
s, upon which the sun now shone forth  
ir.

vo things scarce matched in the uni-  
er to Blount—"the sun in heaven, and  
ie earth."

light us to Greenwich well enough,"  
d the other would take us there a little  
bb tide."

all thou think'st—all thou carest—all  
use of the King of Elements, and the  
o guide three such poor caitiffs, as thy-  
Tracy, upon an idle journey of courtly

d of my seeking, faith," replied Blount,  
cuse both the sun and the Thames the  
ig me where I have no great mind to  
expect but dog's wages for my trouble  
our," he added, looking out from the  
t, "it seems to me as if our message  
our in vain; for see, the Queen's barge  
, as if her Majesty were about to take

1. The royal barge, manned with the  
en, richly attired in the regal liveries,  
anner of England displayed, did indeed  
airs which ascended from the river, and  
or three other boats for transporting  
etinue as were not in immediate attend-  
I person. The yeomen of the guard,  
st handsome men whom England could  
with their halberds the passage from

## KENILWORTH.

the palace-gate to the river-side, and all seemed in readiness for the Queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

"By my faith, this bodes us no good," said Blount "it must be some perilous cause puts her Grace in motion thus untimely. By my counsel, we were best put back again, and tell the Earl what we have seen."

"Tell the Earl what we have seen!" said Walter, "why, what have we seen but a boat, and men with scarlet jerkins, and halberds in their hands? Let us do his errand, and tell him what the Queen says in reply."

So saying, he caused the boat to be pulled towards a landing place at some distance from the principal one, which it would not, at that moment, have been thought respectful to approach, and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companions. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the sergeant porters told them they could not at present enter, as her Majesty was in the act of coming forth. The gentlemen used the name of the Earl of Sussex; but it proved no charm to subdue the officer, who alleged in reply, that it was as much as his post was worth, to disobey in the least tittle the commands which he had received.

"Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount "do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take boat and return."

"Not till I see the Queen come forth," returned the youth, composedly.

"Thou art mad, stark mad, by the mass!" answered Blount.

"And thou," said Walter, "art turned coward of the sudden. I have seen thee face half-a-score of shag-headed Irish kerns to thy own share of them, and now thou wouldest blink and go back to shun the frown of fair lady!"

## KENILWORTH.

sent the gates opened, and ushers began  
array, preceded and flanked by the band  
Pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of  
es, yet so disposed around her that she  
be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth her-  
prime of womanhood, and in the full  
a a Sovereign was called beauty, and who  
west rank of life have been truly judged  
, joined to a striking and commanding  
She leant on the arm of Lord Hunsdon,  
to her by her mother's side, often  
such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's

cavalier we have so often mentioned had  
yet approached so near the person of his  
he pressed forward as far as the line of  
ted, in order to avail himself of the pre-  
ity. His companion, on the contrary,  
prudence, kept pulling him backwards,  
ok him off impatiently, and letting his rich  
lessly from one shoulder ; a natural action,  
however, to display to the best advantage  
tioned person. Unbonneting at the same  
his eager gaze on the Queen's approach,  
: of respectful curiosity, and modest yet  
tion, which suited so well with his fine  
he warders, struck with his rich attire and  
nce, suffered him to approach the ground  
Queen was to pass, somewhat closer than  
to ordinary spectators. Thus the adven-  
ood full in Elizabeth's eye—an eye never  
the admiration which she deservedly ex-  
er subjects, or to the fair proportions of  
which chanced to distinguish any of her  
rdingly, she fixed her keen glance on the  
roached the place where he stood, with

## KENILWORTH.

a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmixed with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention towards him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the Queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to ensure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The Queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot. Nay, if you had meant to make a foot cloth of your mantle, better have kept Tracy's old *drap-de-bure*, which despises all colours."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy—we shall have you in *exerpo* soon, as the Spaniard says."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of Pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one.—" "You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount, "on the, the noble Earl of Sussex's master of horse."

"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, k

## MEREWORTH.

Behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from the excess of his astonishment. At length in an exclamation—"Who the good e thought this!" And shaking his head air, he walked to his own boat, em-turned to Deptford.

avaller was, in the meanwhile, guided to by the Pensioner, who showed him consist; a circumstance which, to persons in his be considered as an augury of no small He ushered him into one of the wherries y to attend the Queen's barge, which was ding up the river, with the advantage of , of which, in the course of their descent, complained to his associates.

vers used their oars with such expedition at the Gentleman Pensioner, that they very their little skiff under the stern of the where she sate beneath an awning, o or three ladies, and the nobles of her he looked more than once at the wherry nung adventurer was seated, spoke to those d seemed to laugh. At length one of the the Queen's order apparently, made a sign r to come alongside, and the young man step from his own skiff into the Queen's ie performed with graceful agility at the boat, and was brought aft to the Queen's wherry at the same time dropping into the ith underwent the gaze of majesty, not the that his self-possession was mingled with t. The muddied cloak still hung upon his ed the natural topic with which the Queen conversation.

*This day spoiled a gay mantle in our be in. We thank you for your servis*

## KENILWORTH.

though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"God's pity! that was well said, my lord," said the Queen, turning to a grave person who sate by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head, and something of a mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

"May it please your grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose"—

"Thou wouldest have gold, I warrant me," said the Queen, interrupting him; "fie, young man! I take shame to say, that, in our capital, such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction. If I live and reign, these means of unchristian excess shall be abridged. Yet thou mayst be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be—It shall be gold, if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use on't."

Walter waited patiently until the Queen had done, and then modestly assured her that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" said the Queen, "neither gold nor garments? What is it thou wouldest have of me then?"

"Only permission, madam—if it is not asking too high an honour—permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

uttered in a tone, and with a gesture, which

### KENILWORTH.

made Lord Sussex's friends who were within hearing tremble. He to whom the speech was addressed, however, trembled not ; but with great deference and humility, as soon as the Queen's passion gave him an opportunity, he replied :—“ So please your most gracious Majesty, I was charged with no apology from the Earl of Sussex.”

“ With what were you then charged, sir ? ” said the Queen, with the impetuosity which, amid nobler qualities, strongly marked her character ; “ was it with a justification ? —or, God’s death ! with a defiance ? ”

“ Madam,” said the young man, “ my Lord of Sussex knew the offence approached towards treason, and could think of nothing save of securing the offender, and placing him in your Majesty’s hands, and at your mercy. The noble Earl was fast asleep when your most gracious message reached him, a potion having been administered to that purpose by his physician ; and his Lordship knew not of the ungracious repulse your Majesty’s royal and most comfortable message had received, until after he awoke this morning.”

“ And which of his domestics, then, in the name of Heaven, presumed to reject my message, without even admitting my own physician to the presence of him whom I sent him to attend ? ” said the Queen, much surprised.

“ The offender, madam, is before you,” replied Walter, bowing very low ; “ the full and sole blame is mine ; and my lord has most justly sent me to aby the consequences of a fault, of which he is as innocent as a sleeping man’s dreams can be of a waking man’s actions.”

“ What ! was it thou ! —thou thyself, that repelled my messenger and my physician from Say’s Court ? ” said the Queen. “ What could occasion such boldness in one who seems devoted—that is, whose exterior bearing shows devotion—to his Sovereign ? ”

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"Madam," said the youth,—who, notwithstanding an assumed appearance of severity, thought that he saw something in the Queen's face that resembled not implacability,—"we say in our country, that the physician is for the time the liege sovereign of his patient. Now, my noble master was then under dominion of a leech, by whose advice he had greatly profited, who had issued his commands that his patient should not that night be disturbed, on the very peril of his life."

"Thy master hath trusted some false varlet of an empiric," said the Queen.

"I know not, madam, but by the fact that he is now—this very morning—awakened much refreshed and strengthened, from the only sleep he hath had for many hours."

The nobles looked at each other, but more with the purpose to see what each thought of this news, than to exchange any remarks on what had happened. The Queen answered hastily, and without affecting to disguise her satisfaction, "By my word, I am glad he is better. But thou wert over bold to deny the access of my Doctor Masters. Know'st thou not that Holy Writ saith, 'in the multitude of counsel there is safety?'"

"Ay, madam," said Walter, "but I have heard learned men say, that the safety spoken of is for the physicians, not for the patient."

"By my faith, child, thou hast pushed me home," said the Queen, laughing; "for my Hebrew learning does not come quite at a call.—How say you, my Lord of Lincoln? Hath the lad given a just interpretation of the text?"

"The word *safety*, most gracious madam," said the *Bishop of Lincoln*, "for so hath been translated, *may be somewhat hastily*, the Hebrew word, *being*—"

"My lord," said the Queen, interrupting him,

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said we had forgotten our Hebrew.—But for thee, young man, what is thy name and birth?"

" Raleigh is my name, most gracious Queen, the youngest son of a large but honourable family of Devonshire."

" Raleigh?" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection, "have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

" I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh, "scarce however of consequence sufficient to reach your Grace's ears."

" They hear farther than you think of," said the Queen, graciously, "and have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of wild Irish rebels, until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

" Some blood I may have lost," said the youth, looking down, "but it was where my best is due; and that is in your Majesty's service."

The Queen paused, and then said hastily, " You are very young to have fought so well, and to speak so well. But you must not escape your penance for turning back Masters—the poor man hath caught cold on the river; for our order reached him when he was just returned from certain visits in London, and he held it matter of loyalty and conscience instantly to set forth again. So hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak, in token of penitence, till our pleasure be farther known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold, in the form of a chessman, " I give thee this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh, to whom nature had taught intuitively, as it were, those courtly arts which many scarce acquire from long experience, knelt, and, as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it. He knew perhaps, better than almost any of the courtiers w

## KENILWORTH.

now to mingle the devotion claimed by the gallantry due to her personal beauty—, first attempt to unite them, he succeeded once to gratify Elizabeth's personal vanity, of power.\*

er, the Earl of Sussex, had the full advantage of the satisfaction which Raleigh had afforded Elizabeth at her first interview.

"lords and ladies," said the Queen, looking around her retinue by whom she was attended, "methinks, we are upon the river, it were well to renounce our purpose of going to the city, and surprise this Earl of Sussex with a visit. He is ill, and suffering less under the fear of our displeasure, from which I have been honestly cleared by the frank avowal of this art boy. What think ye? were it not an act of grace to give him such consolation as the thanks of a man much bound to him for his loyal service, may once best minister?"

may be readily supposed, that none to whom this was addressed, ventured to oppose its purport.

"our Grace," said the Bishop of Lincoln, "is the jewel of our nostrils." The men of war averred, that the sword of the Sovereign was a whetstone to the soldier's edge; while the men of state were not less of opinion, that the light of the Queen's countenance was a lamp to the hearts of her councillors; and the ladies agreed, with one voice, that no noble in England so well deserved the title of England's royal Mistress as the Earl of Sussex. The Earl of Leicester's right being reserved entire; so much the more politic worded their assent—an exception which Elizabeth paid no apparent attention. The Queen had, therefore, orders to deposit its royal freight at London, at the nearest and most convenient point of communication with Say's Court, in order that the right might satisfy her royal and maternal solicitude.

**KENILWORTH.**  
- personal inquiries after the health of the  
spirit and  
for



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the populace, which her presence never  
as Queen, with a canopy borne over her  
accompanied by her retinue, towards Say's  
distant acclamations of the people gave  
of her arrival. Sussex, who was in the  
with Tressilian, how he should make up  
each in the Queen's favour, was infinitely  
ning her immediate approach—not that  
stom of visiting her more distinguished  
r in health or sickness, could be unknown  
suddenness of the communication left no  
preparations with which he well knew  
to be greeted, and the rudeness and  
military household, much increased by  
rendered him altogether unprepared for

ally the chance which thus brought her  
on on him unaware, he hastened down  
to whose eventful and interesting story  
n an attentive ear.

friend," he said, "such support as I can  
sation of Varney, you have a right to  
m justice and gratitude. Chance will  
whether I can do aught with our Sovereign,  
very deed, my meddling in your affair  
prejudice than serve you."

Sussex, while hastily casting around him a  
bles, and adjusting his person in the best  
d to meet the eye of his Sovereign. But  
ation bestowed on his apparel could re-  
y effects of long illness on a countenance  
d marked with features rather strong than  
ies, he was low of stature, and though  
d, athletic, and fit for martial achieve-  
nce in a peaceful hall was not such as  
k upon ; a personal disadvantage, which

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to give Sussex, though esteemed and is Sovereign, considerable disadvantage with Leicester, who was alike remarkable manners and for beauty of person.

itmost dispatch only enabled him to meet she entered the great hall, and he at once e was a cloud on her brow. Her jealous sed the martial array of armed gentlemen with which the mansion-house was filled, words expressed her disapprobation—"Is garrison, my Lord of Sussex, that it holds so and calivers? or have we by accident over- Court, and landed at our Tower of London?" Sussex hastened to offer some apology.

ds not," she said. "My lord, we intend take up a certain quarrel between your lord another great lord of our household, and at the to reprehend this uncivilised and dangerous of surrounding yourselves with armed, and even ianly followers, as if, in the neighbourhood of al, nay, in the very verge of our royal residence, preparing to wage civil war with each other. glad to see you so well recovered, my lord, without the assistance of the learned physician sent to you—Urge no excuse—we know how ter fell out, and we have corrected for it the wild ing Raleigh—By the way, my lord, we will relieve your household of him, and take him own. Something there is about him which be better nurtured than he is like to be among y military followers."

s proposal Sussex, though scarce understandin Queen came to make it, could only bow ar is acquiescence. He then entreated her refreshment could be offered; but in th prevail. And after a few compliment

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she said, I nowhere read that it is enjoyed.

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"She likes not marriages, or speech of marriage, long churchmen," said Leicester.

"Nor among courtiers neither," said Varney; but observing that Leicester changed countenance, he instantly added, "that all the ladies who were present had joined in ridiculing Lord Sussex's housekeeping, and in contrasting it with the reception her Grace would have assuredly received at my Lord of Leicester's."

"You have gathered much tidings," said Leicester, "but you have forgotten or omitted the most important of all. She hath added another to those dangling satellites, whom it is her pleasure to keep revolving around her."

"Your lordship meaneth that Raleigh, the Devonshire youth," said Varney, "the Knight of the Cloak, as they call him at court?"

"He may be Knight of the Garter one day, for sight I know," said Leicester, "for he advances rapidly. He hath cap'd verses with him and such fooleries. I would gladly abandon, of my own free will, the part I have in her fickle favour: but I will not be elbowed out of it by the clown Sussex, or this new upstart. I hear Tressilian is with Sussex also, and high in his favour—I would spurn him for considerations, but he will thrust himself on his fate—Sussex, too, is almost as well as ever in his health."

"My lord," replied Varney, "there will be tubs in the smoothest road, specially when it leads up hill. Sussex's illness was to us a god-send, from which I hoped much. He has recovered indeed, but he is not now more formidable than ere he fell ill, when he received more than one foil in wrestling with your lordship. Let not your heart fail you, my lord, and all shall be well."

"My heart never failed me, sir," replied Leicester.

"No, my lord," said Varney; "but it has betrayed you right often. He that would climb a tree, my lord, must grasp by the branches, not by the boughs."

"Well, well, well!" said Leicester impatiently, "I

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thy meaning—My heart shall neither fail me me. Have my retinue in order—see that be so splendid as to put down not only the ~~ions~~ of Ratcliffe, but the retainers of every man and courtier. Let them be well armed without any outward display of their weapons, ~~em~~ as if more for fashion's sake than for use. myself keep close to me, I may have business

arations of Sussex and his party were not less in those of Leicester.

application, impeaching Varney of seduction," Earl to Tressilian, "is by this time in the ~~nd~~—I have sent it through a sure channel, your suit should succeed, being, as it is, justice and honour, and Elizabeth being the ~~r~~ of both. But I wot not how—the gipsy" was wont to call his rival on account of his ~~lexion~~) "hath much to say with her in these ~~ies~~ of peace—Were war at the gates I should ~~her~~ white boys; but soldiers, like their buck-Bilboa blades, get out of fashion in peace satin sleeves and walking rapiers bear the ~~l~~, we must be gay since such is the fashion.—~~st~~ thou seen our household put into their new—But thou know'st as little of these toys as I wouldest be ready enow at disposing a stand

od lord," answered Blount, "Raleigh hath and taken that charge upon him—Your train like a May morning.—Marry, the cost is an~~tion~~. One might keep an hospital of old the charge of ten modern lackeys."

~~ust~~ not count cost to-day, Nicholas," said reply; "I am beholden to Raleigh for his ~~though~~, he has remembered that I am an

## KENILWORTH.

old soldier, and would have no more of these follies than needs must."

"Nay, I understand nought about it," said Blount "but here are your honourable lordship's brave kinsmen and friends coming in by scores to wait upon you to court, where, methinks, we shall bear as brave a front as Leicester, let him ruffle it as he will."

"Give them the strictest charges," said Sussex, "that they suffer no provocation short of actual violence to provoke them into quarrel—they have hot bloods, and I would not give Leicester the advantage over me by any imprudence of theirs."

The Earl of Sussex ran so hastily through these directions, that it was with difficulty Tressilian at length found opportunity to express his surprise that he should have proceeded so far in the affair of Sir Hugh Robsar as to lay his petition at once before the Queen—"I was the opinion of the young lady's friends," he said "that Leicester's sense of justice should be first appealed to, as the offence had been committed by his officer, and so he had expressly told to Sussex."

"This could have been done without applying to me," said Sussex, somewhat haughtily. "I, at least, ought not to have been a counsellor when the object was a humiliating reference to Leicester; and I am surprised that you, Tressilian, a man of honour, and my friend would assume such a mean course. If you said so, I certainly understood you not in a matter which sounded so unlike yourself."

"My lord," said Tressilian, "the course I would prefer, for my own sake, is that you have adopted; but the friends of this most unhappy lady"—

"Oh, the friends—the friends," said Sussex, interrupting him; "they must let us manage this cause in the way which seems best. This is the time and the hour to accumulate every charge against Leicester and his hor

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“*the Queen will hold a heavy one. But she hath the complaint before her.*”

could not help suspecting that, in his eagerness to gthen himself against his rival, Sussex had adopted the course most likely to throw odium ; without considering minutely whether it de of proceeding most likely to be attended

But the step was irrevocable, and Sussex i farther discussing it by dismissing his com-  
ie command, “*Let all be in order at eleven  
ust be at court and in the presence by high  
ly.*”

: rival statesmen were thus anxiously pre-  
their approaching meeting in the Queen's  
en Elizabeth herself was not without appre-  
hat might chance from the collision of two  
rits, each backed by a strong and numerous  
lowers, and dividing betwixt them, either  
secret, the hopes and wishes of most of her  
band of Gentlemen Pensioners were all  
and a reinforcement of the yeomen of the  
rought down the Thames from London. A  
nation was sent forth, strictly prohibiting  
atever degree, to approach the Palace with  
followers, armed with short, or with long  
nd it was even whispered, that the High  
ent had secret instructions to have a part of  
the county ready on the shortest notice.

ful hour, thus anxiously prepared for on all  
th approached, and, each followed by his long  
g train of friends and followers, the rival Earls  
palace-yard of Greenwich at noon precisely.  
revious arrangement, or perhaps by intima-  
i was the Queen's pleasure, Sussex and his  
o the Palace from Deptford by water, while  
ed by land ; and thus they entered th

## KENILWORTH.

courtyard from opposite sides. This trifling circumstance gave Leicester a certain ascendancy in of the vulgar, the appearance of his camouflaged followers showing more numerous and imposing than those of Sussex's party, who easily upon foot. No show or sign of greeting between the Earls, though each looked full a both expecting perhaps an exchange of civilities; neither was willing to commence. Almost in of their arrival the castle-bell tolled, the gates of the Palace were opened, and the Earls entered numerously attended by such gentlemen of whose rank gave them that privilege. The inferior attendants remained in the courtyard opposite parties eyed each other with looks of hatred and scorn, as if waiting with impatience for the cause of tumult, or some apology for mutual attack. But they were restrained by the strict commands of their leaders, and overawed, perhaps by the presence of an armed guard of unusual strength.

In the meanwhile, the more distinguished members of each train followed their patrons into the lofty ante-chambers of the royal Palace, flowing in the same current, like two streams which are conjoined in the same channel, yet shun to mix their waters. The parties arranged themselves, as it were instinctively, on the different sides of the lofty apartments, a eagerness to escape from the transient union which the crowns of the crowded entrance had forced upon them compelled them to submit to. The folding doors of the upper end of the long gallery were immediately closed, and it was announced in a whisper that the Queen was in her presence-chamber, to give access. Both Earls moved slowly towards the entrance; Sussex followed by Blount, and Raleigh; and Leicester by Vane,

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her was obliged to give way to court—a grave and formal inclination of the head, until his rival, a peer of older creation passed before him. Sussex returned the same formal civility, and entered the

Tressilian and Blount offered to follow him not permitted, the Usher of the Black Rod excuse, that he had precise orders to his sions that day. To Raleigh, who stood alone of his companions, he said, "You, sir, and he entered accordingly.

"lose, Varney," said the Earl of Leicester, standing aloof for a moment to mark the reception, and, advancing to the entrance, he was soon, when Varney, who was close behind him, in the utmost bravery of the day, was ushered in, as Tressilian and Blount had been. "How is this, Master Bowyer?" said the Earl. "Know you who I am, and that I am your follower?"

"I will pardon me," replied Bowyer, "your orders are precise, and limit me to a performance of my duty."

"partial knave," said Leicester, the blood rising to his face, "to do me this dishonour, when I might have admitted a follower of my Lord of Sussex." "I said Bowyer, "Master Raleigh is newly a servant of her Grace, and to him my orders will apply."

"a knave—an ungrateful knave," said the Earl: "he that hath done, can undo—thou hast given thee in thy authority long."

uttered aloud, with less than his usual emotion, and having done so, he entered the chamber, and made his reverence to the Queen with even more than her usual

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blendour, and surrounded by those nobles and statesmen whose courage and wisdom have rendered her reign immortal, stood ready to receive the homage of her subjects. She graciously returned the obeisance of the favourite Earl, and looked alternately at him and at Sussex, as if about to speak, when Bowyer, a man whose spirit could not brook the insult he had so openly received from Leicester, in the discharge of his office, advanced with his black rod in his hand, and knelt down before her.

"Why, how now, Bowyer," said Elizabeth, "thy courtesy seems strangely timed!"

"My Liege Sovereign," he said, while every courtier around trembled at his audacity, "I come but to ask, whether, in the discharge of mine office, I am to obey your Highness' commands, or those of the Earl of Leicester, who has publicly menaced me with his displeasure, and treated me with disparaging terms, because I denied entry to one of his followers, in obedience to your Grace's precise orders?"

The spirit of Henry VIII. was instantly aroused in the bosom of his daughter, and she turned on Leicester with a severity which appalled him, as well as all his followers.

"God's death, my lord," such was her emphatic phrase, "what means this? We have thought well of you, and brought you near to our person; but it was not that you might hide the sun from our other faithful subjects. Who gave you license to contradict our orders, control our officers? I will have in this court, ay, and this realm, but one mistress, and no master. Look! that Master Bowyer sustains no harm for his duty to ~~and crowned Queen, I will hold you dearly answer~~ faithfully discharged; for, as I am a Christian woman, Go, Bowyer, you have done the part of an honest and a true subject. We will brook no master here."

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Bowyer kissed the hand which she extended towards him, and withdrew to his post, astonished at the success of his own audacity. A smile of triumph pervaded the faction of Sussex ; that of Leicester seemed proportionally dismayed, and the favourite himself, assuming an aspect of the deepest humility, did not even attempt a word in his own exculpation.

He acted wisely ; for it was the policy of Elizabeth to humble not to disgrace him, and it was prudent to suffer her, without opposition or reply, to glory in the exertion of her authority. The dignity of the Queen was gratified, and the woman began soon to feel for the mortification which she had imposed on her favourite. Her keen eye also observed the secret looks of congratulation exchanged amongst those who favoured Sussex, and it was no part of her policy to give either party a decisive triumph.

" What I say to my Lord of Leicester," she said, after a moment's pause, " I say also to you, my Lord of Sussex. You also must needs ruffle in the court of England, at the head of a faction of your own ? "

" My followers, gracious Princess," said Sussex, " have indeed ruffled in your cause, in Ireland, in Scotland, and against yonder rebellious Earls in the north. I am ignorant that " —

" Do you bandy looks and words with me, my lord ? " said the Queen, interrupting him ; " methinks you might of my Lord of Leicester the modesty to be silent, at least, under our censure. I say, my lord, that my grandfather and my father, in their wisdom, debarred the nobles of this civilised land from travelling with such disorderly retinues ; and think you that because I wear

if, their sceptre has in my hand been changed into a staff ? I tell you, no king in Christendom will less his court to be cumbered, his people oppressed, his kingdom's peace disturbed by the arrogance of

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grown power, than she who now speaks with you.—  
Lord of Leicester, and you, my Lord of Sussex, I command you both to be friends with each other ; or, by the crown I wear, you shall find an enemy who will be so strong for both of you ! ”

“ Madam,” said the Earl of Leicester, “ you who are yourself the fountain of honour, know best what is due to mine. I place it at your disposal, and only say, that the terms on which I have stood with my Lord of Sussex have not been of my seeking ; nor had he cause to think me his enemy, until he had done me gross wrong.”

“ For me, madam,” said the Earl of Sussex, “ I cannot appeal from your sovereign pleasure ; but I were well content my Lord of Leicester should say in what I have, as he terms it, wronged him, since my tongue never spoke the word that I would not willingly justify either on foot or horseback.”

“ And for me,” said Leicester, “ always under my gracious Sovereign’s pleasure, my hand shall be as ready to make good my words as that of any man who ever wrote himself Ratcliffe.”

“ My lords,” said the Queen, “ these are no terms for this presence ; and if you cannot keep your temper we will find means to keep both that and you close enough. Let me see you join hands, my lords, and forget your idle animosities.”

The two rivals looked at each other with reluctant eyes, each unwilling to make the first advance to execute the Queen’s will.

“ Sussex,” said Elizabeth, “ I entreat—Leicester, I command you.”

Yet, so were her words accented, that the entreat sounded like command, and the command like entreat. They remained still and stubborn, until she raised her voice to a height which argued at once impatience and absolute command.

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Henry Lee," she said, to an officer in attendance, a guard in present readiness, and man a barge ty.—My Lords of Sussex and Leicester, I bid ce more to join hands—and God's death ! he that shall taste of our Tower fare ere he see our face I will lower your proud hearts ere we part, and promise, on the word of a Queen."

the prison," said Leicester, " might be borne, but your Grace's presence, were to lose light and life :—Here, Sussex, is my hand."

nd here," said Sussex, " is mine in truth and y ; but"—

ly, under favour, you shall add no more," said een. " Why, this is as it should be," she added, ; on them more favourably, " and when you, the rds of the people, unite to protect them, it shall . with the flock we rule over. For, my lords, I u plainly, your follies and your brawls lead to : disorders among your servants.—My Lord of ter, you have a gentleman in your household called ,?"

s, gracious madam," replied Leicester, " I pre- him to kiss your royal hand when you were last such."

is outside was well enough," said the Queen, " but so fair, I should have thought, as to have caused len of honourable birth and hopes to barter her for his good looks, and become his paramour. , it is—this fellow of yours hath seduced the ter of a good old Devonshire knight, Sir Hugh rt of Lidcote Hall, and she hath fled with him her father's house like a castaway.—My Lord of ter, are you ill, that you look so deadly pale?"

, gracious madam," said Leicester ; and it re- every effort he could make to bring forth these is.

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"You are surely ill, my lord?" said Elizabeth, going towards him with hasty speech and hurried step, which indicated the deepest concern. "Call Masters—call our surgeon in ordinary—Where be these loitering fools?—We lose the pride of our court through their negligence. Or, is it possible, Leicester," she continued, looking on him with a very gentle aspect, "can fear of my displeasure have wrought so deeply on thee? Doubt not for a moment, noble Dudley, that we could blame *thee* for the folly of thy retainer—thee, whose thoughts we know to be far otherwise employed! He that would climb the eagle's nest, my lord, cares not who are catching linnets at the foot of the precipice."

"Mark you that?" said Sussex, aside to Raleigh. "The devil aids him surely; for all that would sink another ten fathom deep, seems but to make him float the more easily. Had a follower of mine acted thus"—

"Peace, my good Lord," said Raleigh, "for God's sake, peace. Wait the change of the tide; it is even now on the turn."

The acute observation of Raleigh, perhaps, did not deceive him; for Leicester's confusion was so great, and, indeed, for the moment, so irresistibly overwhelming, that Elizabeth, after looking at him with a wondering eye, and receiving no intelligible answer to the unusual expressions of grace and affection which had escaped from her, shot her quick glance around the circle of courtiers, and reading, perhaps, in their faces, something that accorded with her own awakened suspicions, she said suddenly, "Or is there more in this than we see—or than you, my lord, wish that we should see? Where is *this* Varney? Who saw him?"

"*An it please your Grace,*" said Bowyer, "it is the same against whom I this instant closed the door of the presence-room."

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please me," repeated Elizabeth, sharply, not moment in the humour of being pleased with *g*.—"It does *not* please me that he should pass into my presence, or that you should exclude from who came to justify himself from an accusation." "Say it please you," answered the perplexed usher, knew, in such case, how to bear myself, I would need"—

You should have reported the fellow's desire to us, ster Usher, and taken our directions. You think itself a great man, because but now we chid a noble-*m* on your account—yet, after all, we hold you but the lead-weight that keeps the door fast. Call this arney hither instantly—there is one Tressilian also men-*tioned* in this petition—let them both come before *s*."

She was obeyed, and Tressilian and Varney appeared accordingly. Varney's first glance was at Leicester, his second at the Queen. In the looks of the latter, there appeared an approaching storm, and in the downcast countenance of his patron, he could read no directions in what way he was to trim his vessel for the encounter—he then saw Tressilian, and at once perceived the peril of the situation in which he was placed. But Varney was as bold-faced and ready-witted as he was cunning and unscrupulous,—a skilful pilot in extremity, and fully conscious of the advantages which he would obtain, could he extricate Leicester from his present peril, and of the ruin that yawned for himself should he fail in doing so.

"Is it true, sirrah," said the Queen, with one of those searching looks which few had the audacity to resist, "that you have seduced to infamy a young lady of birth and breeding, the daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcoote Hall?"

Varney kneeled down, and replied, with a look of

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most profound contrition, "There had been some love passages betwixt him and Mistress Amy Robsart."

Leicester's flesh quivered with indignation as he heard his dependant make this avowal, and for one moment he manned himself to step forward, and, bidding farewell to the court and the royal favour, confess the whole mystery of the secret marriage. But he looked at Sussex, and the idea of the triumphant smile which would clothe his cheek upon hearing the avowal, sealed his lips. "Now, at least," he thought, "or in this presence, will I afford him so rich a triumph." And pressing his lips close together, he stood firm and collected, attentive to each word which Varney uttered, and determined to hide to the last the secret on which his court-favour seemed to depend. Meanwhile the Queen proceeded in her examination of Varney.

"Love passages!" said she, echoing his last words "what passages, thou knave? and why not ask the wench's hand from her father, if thou hadst any honesty in thy love for her?"

"An it please your Grace," said Varney, still on his knees, "I dared not do so, for her father had promised her hand to a gentleman of birth and honour—I will do him justice though I know he bears me ill will—one Master Edmund Tressilian, whom I now see in the presence."

"Soh!" replied the Queen; "and what was your right to make the simple fool break her worthy father's contract, through your love *passages*, as your conceit and assurance term them?"

"Madam," replied Varney, "it is in vain to plead the cause of human frailty before a judge to whom it is *unknown, or that of love*, to one who never yields to the *passion*—"He paused an instant, and then added, in a *very low and timid* tone, "which she inflicts upon others."

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th tried to frown, but smiled in her own despite, answered, "Thou art a marvellously impudent -Art thou married to the girl?"

ester's feelings became so complicated and so illy intense, that it seemed to him as if his life was end on the answer made by Varney, who, after a nt's real hesitation, answered, "Yes."

"Thou false villain!" said Leicester, bursting forth rage, yet unable to add another word to the ence, which he had begun with such emphatic son.

"Nay, my lord," said the Queen, "we will, by your re, stand between this fellow and your anger. We re not yet done with him.—Knew your master, my ard of Leicester, of this fair work of yours? Speak ith, I command thee, and I will be thy warrant from anger on every quarter."

"Gracious madam," said Varney, "to speak heaven's uth, my lord was the cause of the whole matter."

"Thou villain, wouldest thou betray me?" said eicester.

"Speak on," said the Queen, hastily, her cheek blourning, and her eyes sparkling, as she addressed 'arney; "speak on—here no commands are heard but mine."

"They are omnipotent, gracious madam," replied 'arney: "and to you there can be no secrets.—Yet I ould not," he added, looking around him, "speak of my master's concerns to other ears."

"Fall back, my lords," said the Queen to those who urrounded her, "and do you speak on.—What hath the Earl to do with this guilty intrigue of thine?—See, allow, that thou believest him not!"

"Far be it from me to traduce my noble patron," said Varney; "yet I am compelled to own that sor -whelming, yet secret feeling, hath of '

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dwell in my lord's mind, hath abstracted him from the cares of the household, which he was wont to govern with such religious strictness, and hath left us opportunities to do follies, of which the shame, as in this case, partly falls upon our patron. Without this, I had not had means or leisure to commit the folly which has drawn on me his displeasure ; the heaviest to endure by me, which I could by any means incur,—saving always the yet more dreaded resentment of your Grace."

"And in this sense, and no other, hath he been accessory to thy fault ?" said Elizabeth.

"Surely, madam, in no other," replied Varney ; "but since somewhat hath chanced to him, he can scarce be called his own man. Look at him, madam, how pale and trembling he stands—how unlike his usual majesty of manner—yet what has he to fear from aught I can say to your Highness ? Ah ! madam, since he received that fatal packet ! "

"What packet, and from whence ?" said the Queen, eagerly.

"From whence, madam, I cannot guess ; but I am so near to his person, that I know he has ever since worn, suspended around his neck, and next to his heart, that lock of hair which sustains a small golden jewel shaped like a heart—he speaks to it when alone—he parts not from it when he sleeps—no heathen ever worshipped an idol with such devotion."

"Thou art a prying knave to watch thy master so closely," said Elizabeth, blushing, but not with anger ; "and a tattling knave to tell over again his fooleries.—What colour might the braid of hair be that thou pratest of ?"

Varney replied, "A poet, madam, might call it a *thread from the golden web wrought by Minerva* ; but, *o my thinking, it was paler than even the purest gold*—

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the last parting sunbeam of the softest day of

"Ay, you are a poet yourself, Master Varney," said the Queen, smiling; "but I have not genius quick enough to follow your rare metaphors—Look round the ladies—is there?"—(she hesitated, and endeavoured to assume an air of great indifference)—"Is there, in this presence, any lady, the colour of whose hair reminds thee of that braid? Methinks, without looking into my Lord of Leicester's amorous secrets, I could fain know what kind of locks are like the thread of Minerva's web, or the—what was it?—the last rays of the Mayday sun."

Varney looked round the presence-chamber, his eye travelling from one lady to another, until at length it rested upon the Queen herself, but with an aspect of the deepest veneration. "I see no tresses," he said, "in his presence, worthy of such similes, unless where I dare not look on them."

"How, sir knave," said the Queen, "dare you intimate?"—

"Nay, madam," replied Varney, shading his eyes with his hand, "it was the beams of the Mayday sun that dazzled my weak eyes."

"Go to—go to," said the Queen; "thou art a foolish fellow"—and turning quickly from him she walked up to Leicester.

Intense curiosity, mingled with all the various hopes, fears, and passions, which influence court faction, had occupied the presence-chamber during the Queen's conference with Varney, as if with the strength of an Eastern alisman. Men suspended every, even the slightest external motion, and would have ceased to breathe, had nature permitted such an intermission of her functions. The atmosphere was contagious, and Leicester, all around wishing or fearing his advancement,

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his fall, forgot all that love had previously dictated, and saw nothing for the instant but the favour or disgrace, which depended on the nod of Elizabeth and the fidelity of Varney. He summoned himself hastily, and prepared to play his part in the scene which was like to ensue, when, as he judged from the glances which the Queen threw towards him, Varney's communications, be they what they might, were operating in his favour. Elizabeth did not long leave him in doubt ; for the more than favour with which she accosted him decided his triumph in the eyes of his rival, and of the assembled court of England—"Thou hast a prating servant of this same Varney, my lord," she said ; "it is lucky you trust him with nothing that can hurt you in our opinion, for, believe me, he would keep no counsel."

"From your Highness," said Leicester, dropping gracefully on one knee, "it were treason he should. I would that my heart itself lay before you, barer than the tongue of any servant could strip it."

"What, my lord," said Elizabeth, looking kindly upon him, "is there no one little corner over which you would wish to spread a veil? Ah! I see you are confused at the question, and your Queen knows she should not look too deeply into her servants' motives for their faithful duty, lest she see what might, or at least, ought to, displease her."

Relieved by these last words, Leicester broke out into a torrent of expressions of deep and passionate attachment, which, perhaps at that moment, were not altogether fictitious. The mingled emotions which had at first overcome him, had now given way to the energetic vigour with which he had determined to support his *place in the Queen's favour* ; and never did he seem to *Elizabeth* more eloquent, more handsome, more interesting, than while, kneeling at her feet, he conjured her to *rip him of all his power*, but to leave him the name of

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—“Take from the poor Dudley,” he ex-  
“all that your bounty has made him, and bid  
the poor gentleman he was when your Grace first  
saw him; leave him no more than his cloak and his  
hat, but let him still boast he has—what in word or  
deed he never forfeited—the regard of his adored Queen  
and mistress !”

“No, Dudley !” said Elizabeth, raising him with one  
hand, while she extended the other that he might kiss  
it; “Elizabeth hath not forgotten that, whilst you were  
a poor gentleman, despoiled of your hereditary rank,  
she was as poor a princess, and that in her cause  
you then ventured all that oppression had left you,—  
your life and honour.—Rise, my lord, and let my hand  
go!—Rise, and be what you have ever been, the grace  
of our court, and the support of our throne. Your  
mistress may be forced to chide your misdemeanours,  
but never without owning your merits.—And so help  
me God,” she added, turning to the audience, who  
with various feelings witnessed this interesting scene,  
—“So help me God, gentlemen, as I think never  
sovereign had a truer servant than I have in this noble  
Earl !”

A murmur of assent rose from the Leicesterian faction,  
which the friends of Sussex dared not oppose. They  
remained with their eyes fixed on the ground, dismayed  
as well as mortified by the public and absolute triumph  
of their opponents. Leicester’s first use of the familiarity  
to which the Queen had so publicly restored him,  
was to ask her commands concerning Varney’s offence.  
“Although,” he said, “the fellow deserves nothing  
from me but displeasure, yet, might I presume to in-  
tercede”—

“In truth, we had forgotten his matter,” said the  
Queen; “and it was ill done of us, who owe justice to  
our meanest, as well as to our highest subject. We a-

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pleased, my lord, that you were the first to recall the matter to our memory.—Where is Tressilian, the accuser?—let him come before us."

Tressilian appeared, and made a low and befitting reverence. His person, as we have elsewhere observed, had an air of grace and even of nobleness, which did not escape Queen Elizabeth's critical observation. She looked at him with attention, as he stood before her unabashed, but with an air of the deepest dejection.

"I cannot but grieve for this gentleman," she said to Leicester. "I have inquired concerning him, and his presence confirms what I heard, that he is a scholar and a soldier, well accomplished both in arts and arms. We women, my lord, are fanciful in our choice—I had said now, to judge by the eye, there was no comparison to be held betwixt your follower and this gentleman. But Varney is a well-spoken fellow, and, to say truth, that goes far with us of the weaker sex.—Look you, Master Tressilian, a bolt lost is not a bow broken. Your true affection, as I will hold it to be, hath been, it seems, but ill requited; but you have scholarship, and you know there have been false Cressidas to be found, from the Trojan war downwards. Forget, good sir, this Lady Light-o'-Love—teach your affection to see with a wiser eye. This we say to you, more from the writings of learned men, than our own knowledge, being, as we are, far removed by station and will, from the enlargement of experience in such idle toys of humorous passion. For this dame's father, we can make his grief the less, by advancing his son-in-law to such station as may enable him to give an honourable support to his bride.

*Thou shalt not be forgotten thyself, Tressilian—follow our court, and thou shalt see that a true Troilus hat some claim on our grace. Think of what that arch-kna: Shakspeare says—a plague on him, his toys come in*

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my head when I should think of other matters—Stay, how goes it?

‘ Cressid was yours, tied with the bonds of heaven :  
These bonds of heaven are slipt, dissolved, and loosed,  
And with another knot five fingers tied,  
The fragments of her faith are bound to Diomed.’

You smile, my Lord of Southampton—perchance I make your player’s verse halt through my bad memory—but let it suffice—let there be no more of this mad matter.”

And as Tressilian kept the posture of one who would willingly be heard, though, at the same time, expressive of the deepest reverence, the Queen added with some impatience,—“ What would the man have? The wench cannot wed both of you?—She has made her election—not a wise one perchance—but she is Varney’s wedded wife.”

“ My suit should sleep there, most gracious Sovereign,” said Tressilian, “ and with my suit my revenge. But I hold this Varney’s word no good warrant for the truth.”

“ Had that doubt been elsewhere urged,” answered Varney, “ my sword”—

“ *Thy* sword !” interrupted Tressilian, scornfully ; “ with her Grace’s leave, my sword shall show”—

“ Peace, you knaves, both !” said the Queen ; “ know you where you are?—This comes of your feuds, my lords,” she added, looking towards Leicester and Sussex ; “ your followers catch your own humour, and must ~~bandy~~ and brawl in my court, and in my very presence, like so many Matamoros.—Look you, sirs, he that ~~speaks~~ of drawing swords in any other quarrel than mine or England’s, by mine honour, I’ll bracelet him with iron both on wrist and ankle !” She then paused a minute, and resumed in a milder tone, “ I must do justice ~~be-~~ vixt the bold and mutinous knaves notwithstanding.—  
My Lord of Leicester, will you warrant with your honour

—that is, to the best of your belief—<sup>WITH</sup> that your servant  
speaks truth in saying he hath married this Am*J*  
Robart?"

This was a home-thrust, and had nearly staggered  
Leicester. But he had now gone too far to recede, and  
answered, after a moment's hesitation, "To the best of  
my belief—indeed on my certain knowledge—she is a  
wedded wife."

"Gracious madam," said Tressilian, "may I yet  
request to know when and under what circumstances  
this alleged marriage?"

"Out, sirrah," answered the Queen; "alleged mar-  
riage!—Have you not the word of this illustrious Earl  
to warrant the truth of what his servant says? But thou  
art a loser—think'st thyself such at least—and thou shalt  
have indulgence—we will look into the matter ourselves  
more at leisure. My Lord of Leicester, I trust you  
remember we mean to taste the good cheer of your castle  
of Kenilworth on this week ensuing—we will pray you to  
bid our good and valued friend the Earl of Sussex to  
bold company with us there."

"If the noble Earl of Sussex," said Leicester, bowing  
to his rival with the easiest and with the most graceful  
courtesy, "will so far honour my poor house, I will  
bold it an additional proof of the amicable regard it is  
your Grace's desire we should entertain towards each  
other."

Sussex was more embarrassed—"I should," said he  
"madam, be but a clog on your gayer hours since  
such severe illness."

"And have you been indeed so very ill?" said El-  
izabeth, looking on him with more attention than before.  
"you are in faith strangely altered, and deeply  
grieved to see it. But be of good cheer—we will  
selves look after the health of so valued a serv-  
ant whom we owe so much. Master shall or

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and that we ourselves may see that he is obeyed, just attend us in this progress to Kenilworth."

This was said so peremptorily, and at the same time in so much kindness, that Sussex, however unwilling to become the guest of his rival, had no resource but to bow low to the Queen in obedience to her commands, and to express to Leicester, with blunt courtesy, though mingled with embarrassment, his acceptance of his invitation. As the Earls exchanged compliments on the occasion, the Queen said to her High Treasurer, " Methinks, my lord, the countenances of these our two noble peers resemble those of the two famed classic streams, the one so dark and sad, the other so fair and noble—My old master Ascham would have chid me for forgetting the author—It is Cæsar, as I think.—See what majestic calmness sits on the brow of the noble Leicester, while Sussex seems to greet him as if he did our will indeed, but not willingly."

"The doubt of your Majesty's favour," answered the Lord Treasurer, "may perchance occasion the difference, which does not,—as what does?—escape your Grace's eye."

"Such doubt were injurious to us, my lord," replied the Queen. "We hold both to be near and dear to us, and will with impartiality employ both in honourable service for the weal of our kingdom. But we will break their further conference at present.—My Lords of Sussex and Leicester, we have a word more with you. Tressilian and Varney are near your persons—you will see that they attend you at Kenilworth—And as we shall then have both Paris and Menelaus within our call, so we will have this same fair Helen also, whose fickleness has caused this broil. Varney, thy wife must be at Kenilworth, and forthcoming at my order. My Lord of Leicester, we expect you will look to this."

The Earl and his follower bowed low, and raised th

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heads, without daring to look at the Queen, or at other ; for both felt at the instant as if the nets and which their own falsehood had woven, were in the a closing around them. The Queen, however, obse not their confusion, but proceeded to say, " My L of Sussex and Leicester, we require your presence a privy council to be presently held, where matters of portance are to be debated. We will then take water for our divertisement, and you, my lords, attend us.—And that reminds us of a circumstance you, Sir Squire of the Soiled Cassock" (distinguis Raleigh by a smile), " fail not to observe that you a attend us on our progress. You shall be supplied suitable means to reform your wardrobe."

And so terminated this celebrated audience, in w as throughout her life, Elizabeth united the occas caprice of her sex, with that sense and sound polic which neither man nor woman ever excelled her.

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## CHAP. XVII.

*Well, then—our course is chosen—spread the sail—  
Heave oft the lead, and mark the soundings well—  
Look to the helm, good master—many a shoal  
Marks this stern coast, and rocks, where sits the Sire  
Who, like ambition, lures men to their ruin.*

THE SHIPWRE

**D**URING the brief interval that took place twixt the dismissal of the audience and sitting of the privy council, Leicester had to reflect that he had that morning sealed his own "It was impossible for him now," he thought, " having, in the face of all that was honourable in Engl pledged his truth (though in an ambiguous phrase the statement of Varney, to contradict or disav without exposing himself not merely to the loss o

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met to the highest displeasure of the Queen, his mistress, and to the scorn and contempt at his rival and of all his compeers." This crushed at once on his mind, together with all the es which he would necessarily be exposed to in a secret, which seemed now equally essential fety, to his power, and to his honour. He was like one who walks upon ice, ready to give way him, and whose only safety consists in moving , by firm and unvacillating steps. The Queen's o preserve which he had made such sacrifices, w be secured by all means and at all hazards— e only plank which he could cling to in the tem le must settle himself, therefore, to the task of preserving, but augmenting, the Queen's par- He must be the favourite of Elizabeth, or a man shipwrecked in fortune and in honour. All other ations must be laid aside for the moment, and led the intrusive thoughts which forced on his e image of Amy, by saying to himself, there : time to think hereafter how he was to escape labyrinth ultimately, since the pilot, who sees a ider his bows, must not for the time think of the tant dangers of Charybdis.

mood, the Earl of Leicester that day assumed at the council table of Elizabeth ; and when the business were over, in this same mood did he n honoured place near her, during her pleasure on the Thames. And never did he display to vantage his powers as a politician of the first his parts as an accomplished courtier.

nced that in that day's council matters were touching the affairs of the unfortunate Mary, ith year of whose captivity in England was now currency. There had been opinions in favour happy princess laid before Elizabeth's council

adopted the contrary opinion with great animation and eloquence, and described the necessity of continuing the severe restraint of the Queen of Scots, as a measure essential to the safety of the kingdom, and particularly of Elizabeth's sacred person, the lightest hair of whose head, he maintained, ought, in their lordships' estimation, to be matter of more deep and anxious concern than the life and fortunes of a rival, who, after setting up a vain and unjust pretence to the throne of England, was now, even while in the bosom of her country, the constant hope and theme of encouragement to all enemies to Elizabeth, whether at home or abroad. He ended by craving pardon of their lordships, if in the zeal of speech he had given any offence; but the Queen's safety was a theme which hurried him beyond his usual moderation of debate.

Elizabeth chid him, but not severely, for the weight which he attached unduly to her personal interest; yet she owned, that since it had been the pleasure of Heaven to combine those interests with the weal of her subjects, she did only her duty when she adopted such measures of self-preservation as circumstances forced upon her; and if the council in their wisdom should be of opinion that it was needful to continue some restraint on the person of her unhappy sister of Scotland, she trusted they would not blame her if she requested of the Countess of Shrewsbury to use her with as much kindness as might be consistent with her safe keeping. And with *this intimation of her pleasure*, the council was dismissed.

*Never was more anxious and ready way made for my Lord of Leicester,* than as he passed through the

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crowded ante-rooms to go towards the river side, in order to attend her Majesty to her barge—Never was the voice of the ushers louder, to “make room—make room, for the noble Earl”—Never were these signals more promptly and deferentially obeyed—Never were more anxious eyes turned on him to obtain a glance of favour, or even of mere recognition, while the heart of many an humble follower throbbed betwixt the desire to offer his congratulations, and the fear of intruding himself on the notice of one so infinitely above him. The whole court considered the issue of this day's audience, expected with so much doubt and anxiety, as a decisive triumph on the part of Leicester, and felt assured that the orb of his rival satellite, if not altogether obscured by his lustre, must revolve hereafter in a dimmer and more distant sphere. So thought the court and courtiers, from high to low, and they acted accordingly.

On the other hand, never did Leicester return the general greeting with such ready and condescending courtesy, or endeavour more successfully to gather (in the words of one, who at that moment stood at no great distance from him) “golden opinions from all sorts of men.”

For all the favourite Earl had a bow, a smile at least, and often a kind word. Most of these were addressed to courtiers, whose names have long gone down the tide of oblivion ; but some, to such as sound strangely in our ears, when connected with the ordinary matters of ~~human~~ life, above which the gratitude of posterity has long elevated them. A few of Leicester's interlocutory ~~s~~entences ran as follows :—

“ Poynings, good-morrow, and how does your wife ~~and~~ fair daughter? Why come they not to court?—~~Adams~~, your suit is naught—the Queen will grant no ~~more~~ monopolies—but I may serve you in another ~~atter~~.—My good Alderman Aylford, the suit of ~~u~~

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city, affecting Queenhithe, shall be forwarded as far as my poor interest can serve.—Master Edmund Spenser, touching your Irish petition, I would willingly aid you, from my love to the muses ; but thou hast nettled the Lord Treasurer."

" My lord," said the poet, " were I permitted to explain"—

" Come to my lodging, Edmund," answered the Earl—" not to-morrow, or next day, but soon.—Ha, Will Shakspeare—wild Will !—thou hast given my nephew, Philip Sydney, love-powder—he cannot sleep without thy Venus and Adonis under his pillow ! We will have thee hanged for the veriest wizard in Europe. Hark thee, mad wag, I have not forgotten thy matter of the patent, and of the bears."

The *player* bowed, and the Earl nodded and passed on—so that age would have told the tale—in ours, perhaps, we might say the immortal had done homage to the mortal. The next whom the favourite accosted, was one of his own zealous dependants.

" How now; Sir Francis Denning," he whispered, in answer to his exulting salutation, " that smile hath made thy face shorter by one-third than when I first saw it this morning.—What, Master Bowyer, stand you back, and think you I bear malice ? You did but your duty this morning ; and if I remember aught of the passage betwixt us, it shall be in thy favour."

Then the Earl was approached, with several fantastic congees, by a person quaintly dressed in a doublet of black velvet, curiously slashed and pinked with crimson satin. A long cock's feather in the velvet bonnet, which he held in his hand, and an enormous ruff, stiffened to the extremity of the absurd taste of the times, joined with a sharp, lively, conceited expression of countenance, seemed to body forth a vain, hare-brained coxcomb, and null wit ; while the rod he held, and an assumption

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of formal authority, appeared to express some sense of official consequence, which qualified the natural pertness of his manner. A perpetual blush, which occupied rather the sharp nose than the thin cheek of this personage, seemed to speak more of "good life," as it was called, than of modesty.; and the manner in which he approached to the Earl confirmed that suspicion.

"Good even to you, Master Robert Laneham," said Leicester, and seemed desirous to pass forward without farther speech.

"I have a suit to your noble lordship," said the figure, boldly following him.

"And what is it, good master keeper of the council-chamber door?"

"*Clerk* of the council-chamber door," said Master Robert Laneham, with emphasis, by way of reply, and of correction.

"Well, qualify thine office as thou wilt, man," replied the Earl : "what wouldst thou have with me?"

"Simply," answered Laneham, "that your lordship would be, as heretofore, my good lord, and procure me license to attend the Summer Progress unto your lordship's most beautiful and all-to-be-unmatched Castle of Kenilworth."

"To what purpose, good Master Laneham?" replied the Earl ; "bethink you my guests must needs be many."

"Not so many," replied the petitioner, "but that your nobleness will willingly spare your old servitor his crib and his mess. Bethink you, my lord, how necessary is this rod of mine, to fright away those listeners, who else would play at bo-peep with the honourable council, and be searching for key-holes and crannies in the door of the chamber, so as to render my staff as needful as a fly-flap in a butcher's shop."

"Methinks you have found out a fly-blown comparison

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for the honourable council, Master Laneham," said the Earl ; " but seek not about to justify it. Come to Kenilworth, if you list ; there will be store of fools there besides, and so you will be fitted."

" Nay, an there be fools, my lord," replied Laneham, with much glee, " I warrant I will make sport among them ; for no greyhound loves to cote a hare, as I to turn and course a fool. But I have another singular favour to beseech of your honour."

" Speak it, and let me go," said the Earl ; " I think the Queen comes forth instantly."

" My very good lord, I would fain bring a bed-fellow with me."

" How, you irreverent rascal ?" said Leicester.

" Nay, my lord, my meaning is within the canons," answered his unblushing, or rather his ever-blushing petitioner. " I have a wife as curious as her grandmother, who ate the apple. Now, take her with me I may not, her Highness's orders being so strict against the officers bringing with them their wives in a progress, and so lumbering the court with womankind. But what I would crave of your lordship is, to find room for her in some mummery, or pretty pageant, in disguise, as it were ; so that, not being known for my wife, there may be no offence."

" The foul fiend seize ye both !" said Leicester, stung into uncontrollable passion by the recollections which this speech excited — " Why stop you me with such follies ?"

The terrified clerk of the chamber-door, astonished at the burst of resentment he had so unconsciously produced, dropped his staff of office from his hand, and gazed on the incensed Earl with a foolish face of wonder and terror, which instantly recalled Leicester to himself.

" I meant but to try if thou hadst the audacity whi

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"Mine office," said he hastily. "Come to Kenilworth, and bring the devil with thee, if thou wilt."

"My wife, sir, hath played the devil ere now, in a stery, in Queen Mary's time—but we shall want a cle for properties."

"Here is a crown for thee," said the Earl,—"make me rid of thee—the great bell rings."

Master Robert Laneham stared a moment at the agitation which he had excited, and then said to himself, as he stooped to pick up his staff of office, "The noble Earl runs wild humours to-day; but they who give crowns, expect us witty fellows to wink at their unsettled starts; and, by my faith, if they paid not for mercy, we would finger them tightly!"\*

Leicester moved hastily on, neglecting the courtesies he had hitherto dispensed so liberally, and hurrying through the courtly crowd, until he paused in a small withdrawing room, into which he plunged to draw a moment's breath unobserved, and in seclusion.

"What am I now," he said to himself, "that am thus jaded by the words of a mean, weather-beaten, goose-brained gull!—Conscience, thou art a bloodhound, whose growl wakes as readily at the paltry stir of a rat or mouse, as at the step of a lion.—Can I not quit myself, by one bold stroke, of a state so irksome, so unhonoured? What if I kneel to Elizabeth, and, owning the whole, throw myself on her mercy?"

As he pursued this train of thought, the door of the apartment opened, and Varney rushed in.

"Thank God, my lord, that I have found you!" was his exclamation.

"Thank the devil, whose agent thou art," was the Earl's reply.

"Thank whom you will, my lord," said Varney; "but hasten to the water-side. The Queen is on board, and asks for you."

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"Go, say I am taken suddenly ill," replied Leicester; "for, by Heaven, my brain can sustain this no longer!"

"I may well say so," said Varney, with bitterness of expression, "for your place, ay, and mine, who, as your master of the horse, was to have attended your lordship, is already filled up in the Queen's barge. The new minion, Walter Raleigh, and our old acquaintance, Tressilian, were called for to fill our places just as I hastened away to seek you."

"Thou art a devil, Varney," said Leicester hastily; "but thou hast the mastery for the present—I follow thee."

Varney replied not, but led the way out of the palace, and towards the river, while his master followed him, as if mechanically; until, looking back, he said in a tone which savoured of familiarity at least, if not of authority, "How is this, my lord?—your cloak hangs on one side,—your hose are unbraced—permit me"——

"Thou art a fool, Varney, as well as a knave," said Leicester, shaking him off, and rejecting his officious assistance; "we are best thus, sir—when we require you to order our person, it is well, but now we want you not."

So saying, the Earl resumed at once his air of command, and with it his self-possession—shook his dress into yet wilder disorder—passed before Varney with the air of a superior and master, and in his turn led the way to the river-side.

The Queen's barge was on the very point of putting off; the seat allotted to Leicester in the stern, and that to his master of the horse on the bow of the boat, being already filled up. But on Leicester's approach there was a pause, as if the bargemen anticipated some alteration in their company. The angry spot was, however, on the Queen's cheek, as, in that cold tone with which superiors endeavour to veil their internal agitation, while speaking

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se before whom it would be derogation to express pronounced the chilling words—"We have waited, Lord of Leicester."

"Sadam, and most gracious Princess," said Leicester, "who can pardon so many weaknesses which your heart never knows, can best bestow your commisera-  
on the agitations of the bosom, which, for a moment, it both head and limbs.—I came to your presence a  
bting and an accused subject; your goodness pene-  
ed the clouds of defamation, and restored me to my  
our, and, what is yet dearer, to your favour—is it  
derful, though for me it is most unhappy, that my  
ter of the horse should have found me in a state  
ch scarce permitted me to make the exertion necessary  
ollow him to this place, when one glance of your  
hness, although, alas! an angry one, has had power to  
hat for me, in which Esculapius might have failed?"  
"How is this?" said Elizabeth hastily, looking at  
ney; "hath your lord been ill?"

"Something of a fainting fit," answered the ready-  
ed Varney, "as your Grace may observe from his  
ent condition. My lord's haste would not permit me  
re even to bring his dress into order."

"It matters not," said Elizabeth, as she gazed on the  
le face and form of Leicester, to which even the  
age mixture of passions by which he had been so  
ly agitated gave additional interest; "make room  
ny noble lord—Your place, Master Varney, has been  
d up; you must find a seat in another barge."

arney bowed, and withdrew.

"And you, too, our young Squire of the Cloak,"  
ed she, looking at Raleigh, "must, for the time, go  
ne barge of our ladies of honour. As for Tressilian,  
*that I should already suffered too much by the caprice of men, that I should aggrieve him by my change so far as he is concerned.*"

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Leicester seated himself in his place in the barge, and close to the Sovereign ; Raleigh rose to retire, and Tressilian would have been so ill-timed in his courtesy as to offer to relinquish his own place to his friend, had not the acute glance of Raleigh himself, who seemed now in his native element, made him sensible, that so ready a declamation of the royal favour might be misinterpreted. He sate silent, therefore, whilst Raleigh, with a profound bow, and a look of the deepest humiliation, was about to quit his place.

A noble courtier, the gallant Lord Willoughby, read, as he thought, something in the Queen's face, which seemed to pity Raleigh's real or assumed semblance of mortification.

" It is not for us old courtiers," he said, " to hide the sunshine from the young ones. I will, with her Majesty's leave, relinquish for an hour that which her subjects hold dearest, the delight of her Highness's presence, and mortify myself by walking in starlight, while I forsake for a brief season the glory of Diana's own beams. I will take place in the boat which the ladies occupy, and permit this young cavalier his hour of promised felicity."

The Queen replied, with an expression betwixt mirth and earnest, " If you are so willing to leave us, my lord, we cannot help the mortification. But, under favour, we do not trust you—old and experienced as you may deem yourself—with the care of our young ladies of honour. Your venerable age, my lord," she continued, smiling, " may be better assorted with that of my Lord Treasurer, who follows in the third boat, and by whose experience even my Lord Willoughby's may be improved."

Lord Willoughby hid his disappointment under a smile—laughed, was confused, bowed, and left the Queen's barge to go on board my Lord Burleigh's. Leicester, who endeavoured to divert his thoughts from *internal reflection*, by fixing them on what was passing

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round, watched this circumstance among others. But when the boat put off from the shore—when the music sounded from a barge which accompanied them—when the shouts of the populace were heard from the shore, and all reminded him of the situation in which he was placed, he abstracted his thoughts and his feelings by a strong effort from everything but the necessity of maintaining himself in the favour of his patroness, and exerted his talents of pleasing captivation with such success, that the Queen, alternately delighted with his conversation, and alarmed for his health, at length imposed a temporary silence on him, with playful yet anxious care, lest his flow of spirits should exhaust him.

" My lords," she said, " having passed for a time our edict of silence upon our good Leicester, we will call you to counsel on a gamesome matter, more fitted to be now treated of, amidst mirth and music, than in the gravity of our ordinary deliberations.—Which of you, my lords," said she, smiling, " know aught of a petition from Orson Pinnit, the keeper, as he qualifies himself, of our royal bears? Who stands godfather to his request? "

" Marry, with your Grace's good permission, that do I," said the Earl of Sussex.—" Orson Pinnit was a stout soldier before he was so mangled by the skenes of the Irish clan Mac-Donough, and I trust your Grace will be, as you always have been, good mistress to your good and rusty servants."

" Surely," said the Queen, " it is our purpose to be so, and in especial to our poor soldiers and sailors, who hazard their lives for little pay. We would give," she said, with her eyes sparkling, " yonder royal palace of ours to be an hospital for their use, rather than they could call their mistress ungrateful.—But this is not the question," she said, her voice, which had been awakened by her patriotic feelings, once more subsiding into the tone of gay and easy conversation; " for this Orso

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Pinnit's request goes something farther. He complains, that amidst the extreme delight with which men haunt the play-houses, and in especial their eager desire for seeing the exhibitions of one Will Shakspeare (whom, I think, my lords, we have all heard something of), the manly amusement of bear-baiting is falling into comparative neglect ; since men will rather throng to see these roguish players kill each other in jest, than to see our royal dogs and bears worry each other in bloody earnest—What say you to this, my Lord of Sussex?"

" Why, truly, gracious madam," said Sussex, " you must expect little from an old soldier like me in favour of battles in sport, when they are compared with battles in earnest ; and yet, by my faith, I wish Will Shakspeare no harm. He is a stout man at quarter-staff, and single falchion, though, as I am told, a halting fellow ; and he stood, they say, a tough fight with the rangers of old Sir Thomas Lucy; of Charlecot, when he broke his deer-park and kissed his keeper's daughter."

" I cry you mercy, my Lord of Sussex," said Queen Elizabeth, interrupting him ; " that matter was heard in council, and we will not have this fellow's offence exaggerated—there was no kissing in the matter, and the defendant hath put the denial on record.—But what say you to his present practice, my lord, on the stage? for there lies the point, and not in any ways touching his former errors, in breaking parks, or the other follies you speak of."

" Why, truly, madam," replied Sussex, " as I said before, I wish the gamesome mad fellow no injury. Some of his whoreson poetry (I crave your Grace's pardon for such a phrase) has rung in mine ears as if *the lines sounded to boot and saddle*.—But then it is all *froth and folly*—no substance or seriousness in it, as *your Grace has already well touched*.—What are half-a-dozen knaves, with rusty foils and tattered targets,

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mockery of a stout fight, to compare  
of bear-baiting, which hath been graced  
's countenance, and that of your royal  
nis your princely kingdom, famous for  
i, and bold bearwards, over all Chris-  
· is it to be doubted that the race of  
men should throng to hear the lungs  
elch forth nonsensical bombast, instead  
r pence in encouraging the bravest  
can be shown in peace, and that is  
bear-garden. There you may see the  
l with his red pinky eyes, watching the  
iff, like a wily captain, who maintains  
a assailant may be tempted to venture

And then comes Sir Mastiff, like  
on, in full career at the throat of his  
en shall Sir Bruin teach him the re-  
o, in their over-courage, neglect the  
nd, catching him in his arms, strain  
like a lusty wrestler, until rib after  
shot of a pistolet. And then another  
but with better aim and sounder  
Sir Bruin by the nether-lip, and hangs  
ses about his blood and slaver, and  
ake Sir Talbot from his hold. And

honour, my lord," said the Queen,  
ave described the whole so admirably,  
· seen a bear-baiting, as we have bc-  
ope, with Heaven's allowance, to see  
words were sufficient to put the whole  
e our eyes—But come, who speaks  
—My Lord of Leicester, what say

onsider myself as unmuzzled, please  
d Leicester.

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"Surely, my lord—that is, if you feel hearty enough to take part in our game," answered Elizabeth; "and yet, when I think of your cognisance of the bear and ragged staff, methinks we had better hear some less partial orator."

"Nay, on my word, gracious Princess," said the Earl, "though my brother Ambrose of Warwick and I do carry the ancient cognisance your Highness deigns to remember, I nevertheless desire nothing but fair play on all sides; or, as they say, 'fight dog, fight bear.' And in behalf of the players, I must needs say that they are witty knaves, whose rants and jests keep the minds of the commons from busying themselves with state affairs, and listening to traitorous speeches, idle rumours, and disloyal insinuations. When men are agape to see how Marlowe, Shakspeare, and other play artificers, work out their fanciful plots, as they call them, the mind of the spectators is withdrawn from the conduct of their rulers."

"We would not have the mind of our subjects withdrawn from the consideration of our own conduct, my lord," answered Elizabeth; "because, the more closely it is examined, the true motives by which we are guided will appear the more manifest."

"I have heard, however, madam," said the Dean of St. Asaph's, an eminent Puritan, "that these players are wont, in their plays, not only to introduce profane and lewd expressions, tending to foster sin and harlotry, but even to bellow out such reflections on government, its origin and its object, as tend to render the subject discontented, and shake the solid foundations of civil society. And it seems to be, under your Grace's favour, far less than safe to permit these naughty *soul-mouthed knaves* to ridicule the godly for their decent gravity, and in blaspheming Heaven, and slandering its earthly rulers, to set at defiance the laws both of God and man."

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"*e could think this were true, my lord," said  
h, "we should give sharp correction for such  
s. But it is ill arguing against the use of any-  
rom its abuse. And touching this Shakspeare,  
ik there is that in his plays that is worth twenty  
ardens ; and that this new undertaking of his  
cles, as he calls them, may entertain, with honest  
mingled with useful instruction, not only our sub-  
ut even the generation which may succeed to us."*  
ur Majesty's reign will need no such feeble aid to  
t remembered to the latest posterity," said Lei-

"*And yet, in his way, Shakspeare hath so  
d some incidents of your Majesty's happy govern-  
is may countervail what has been spoken by his  
ce the Dean of St. Asaph's. There are some  
or example,—I would my nephew, Philip Sidney,  
ere, they are scarce ever out of his mouth—they  
oken in a mad tale of fairies, love-charms, and I  
t what besides ; but beautiful they are, however  
ey may and must fall of the subject to which they  
bold relation—and Philip murmurs them, I think,  
his dreams."*

"*u tantalise us, my lord," said the Queen—  
er Philip Sidney is, we know, a minion of the  
and we are pleased it should be so. Valour  
shines to more advantage than when united with  
e taste and love of letters. But surely there are  
others among our young courtiers who can recol-  
lat your lordship has forgotten amid weightier  
—Master Tressilian, you are described to me as a  
oper of Minerva—remember you aught of these*

*silian's heart was too heavy, his prospects in life  
ally blighted, to profit by the opportunity which  
en thus offered to him of attracting her atten-  
t he determined to transfer the advantage to his*

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more ambitious young friend ; and, excusing himself on the score of want of recollection, he added that he believed the beautiful verses, of which my Lord of Leicester had spoken, were in the remembrance of Master Walter Raleigh.

At the command of the Queen, that cavalier repeated, with accent and manner which even added to their exquisite delicacy of tact and beauty of description, the celebrated vision of Oberon :—

“ That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid, all arm'd : a certain aim he took  
At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;  
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon ;  
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy free.”

The voice of Raleigh, as he repeated the last lines, became a little tremulous, as if diffident how the Sovereign to whom the homage was addressed might receive it, exquisite as it was. If this diffidence was affected, it was good policy ; but if real, there was little occasion for it. The verses were not probably new to the Queen, for when was ever such elegant flattery long in reaching the royal ear to which it was addressed ? But they were not the less welcome when repeated by such a speaker as Raleigh. Alike delighted with the matter, the manner, and the graceful form and animated countenance of the gallant young reciter, Elizabeth kept time to every cadence, with look and with finger. When the speaker had ceased, she murmured over the last lines as if scarce conscious that she was overheard, and as she uttered the words,

*“ In maiden meditation, fancy free,”*  
*“ he dropt into the Thames the supplication of Orson*  
*260*

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per of the royal bears, to find more favour-  
ance at Sheerness, or wherever the tide might

was spurred to emulation by the success of  
courtier's exhibition, as the veteran racer is  
in a high-mettled colt passes him on the way.  
the discourse on shows, banquets, pageants,  
character of those by whom these gay scenes  
requested. He mixed acute observation with  
in that just proportion which was free alike  
nant slander and insipid praise. He mimicked  
accent the manners of the affected or the  
and made his own graceful tone and manner  
ly such when he resumed it. Foreign coun-  
-customs—their manners—the rules of their  
fashions, and even the dress of their ladies,  
ly his theme ; and seldom did he conclude  
veying some compliment, always couched in  
nd expressed with propriety, to the Virgin  
r court, and her government. Thus passed  
ation during this pleasure voyage, seconded  
of the attendants upon the royal person, in  
se, varied by remarks upon ancient classics  
authors, and enriched by maxims of deep  
sound morality, by the statesmen and sages  
ound, and mixed wisdom with the lighter talk  
court.

ey returned to the palace, Elizabeth accepted,  
lected, the arm of Leicester, to support her  
airs where they landed to the great gate. It  
d to him (though that might arise from the  
is own imagination), that during this short  
e leaned on him somewhat more than the  
of the way necessarily demanded. Certainly  
nd words combined to express a degree of  
, even in his proudest days, he had not

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then attained. His rival, indeed, was repeatedly graced by the Queen's notice ; but it was in a manner that seemed to flow less from spontaneous inclination, than as extorted by a sense of his merit. And, in the opinion of many experienced courtiers, all the favour she showed him, was overbalanced by her whispering in the ear of the Lady Derby, that "now she saw sickness was a better alchemist than she before wotted of, seeing it had changed my Lord of Sussex's copper nose into a golden one."

The jest transpired, and the Earl of Leicester enjoyed his triumph, as one to whom court favour had been both the primary and the ultimate motive of life, while he forgot, in the intoxication of the moment, the perplexities and dangers of his own situation. Indeed, strange as it may appear, he thought less at that moment of the perils arising from his secret union, than of the marks of grace which Elizabeth from time to time showed to young Raleigh. They were indeed transient, but they were conferred on one accomplished in mind and body, with grace, gallantry, literature, and valour. An accident occurred in the course of the evening which riveted Leicester's attention to this object.

The nobles and courtiers who had attended the Queen on her pleasure expedition, were invited, with royal hospitality, to a splendid banquet in the hall of the palace. The table was not, indeed, graced by the presence of the Sovereign ; for, agreeable to her idea of what was at once modest and dignified, the Maiden Queen, on such occasions, was wont to take in private, or with one or two favourite ladies, her light and temperate meal. After a moderate interval, the court again met in the splendid gardens of the palace ; and it was while thus engaged, that the Queen suddenly asked a lady, who was near to her both in place and favour, what had become of the young Squire Lack-Cloak.

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The Lady Paget answered, "She had seen Master Raleigh but two or three minutes since, standing at the window of a small pavilion or pleasure-house, which looked out on the Thames, and writing on the glass with a diamond ring."

"That ring," said the Queen, "was a small token I gave him, to make amends for his spoiled mantle. Come, Paget, let us see what use he has made of it, for I can see through him already. He is a marvellously sharp-witted spirit."

They went to the spot, within sight of which, but at some distance, the young cavalier still lingered, as the fowler watches the net which he has set. The Queen approached the window, on which Raleigh had used her gift to inscribe the following line :—

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

The Queen smiled, read it twice over, once with deliberation to Lady Paget, and once again to herself. "It is a pretty beginning," she said, after the consideration of a moment or two; "but methinks the muse hath deserted the young wit, at the very outset of his task. It were good-natured—were it not, Lady Paget—to complete it for him? Try your rhyming faculties."

Lady Paget, prosaic from her cradle upwards, as ever any lady of the bedchamber before or after her, disclaimed all possibility of assisting the young poet.

"Nay, then, we must sacrifice to the Muses ourselves," said Elizabeth.

"The incense of no one can be more acceptable," said Lady Paget; "and your Highness will impose such obligation on the ladies of Parnassus"—

"Hush, Paget," said the Queen, "you speak sacrilege against the immortal Nine—yet, virgins themselves, they *should be exorable* to a Virgin Queen—and therefore let me see how runs his verse—

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

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Might not the answer (for fault of a better) run thus?—

If thy mind fail thee, do not climb at all."

The dame of honour uttered an exclamation of joy and surprise at so happy a termination ; and certainly a worse has been applauded, even when coming from a less distinguished author.

The Queen, thus encouraged, took off a diamond ring, and saying, " We will give this gallant some cause of marvel, when he finds his couplet perfected without his own interference," she wrote her own line beneath that of Raleigh.

The Queen left the pavilion—but retiring slowly, and often looking back, she could see the young cavalier steal, with the flight of a lapwing, towards the place where he had seen her make a pause ;—" She stayed but to observe," as she said, " that her train had taken ; " and then, laughing at the circumstance with the Lady Paget, she took the way slowly towards the palace. Elizabeth, as they returned, cautioned her companion not to mention to any one the aid which she had given to the young poet—and Lady Paget promised scrupulous secrecy. It is to be supposed, that she made a mental reservation in favour of Leicester, to whom her ladyship transmitted without delay an anecdote so little calculated to give him pleasure.

Raleigh, in the meanwhile, stole back to the window, and read, with a feeling of intoxication, the encouragement thus given him by the Queen in person to follow out his ambitious career, and returned to Sussex and his retinue, then on the point of embarking to go up the river, his heart beating high with gratified pride, and *with hope of future distinction.*

*The reverence due to the person of the Earl prevented any notice being taken of the reception he had met with at court, until they had landed, and the household were*

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assembled in the great hall at Say's Court ; while that ard, exhausted by his late illness, and the fatigues of the day, had retired to his chamber, demanding the attendance of Wayland, his successful physician. Wayland, however, was nowhere to be found ; and, while some of the party were, with military impatience, seeking him, and cursing his absence, the rest flocked around Raleigh, to congratulate him on his prospects of court favour.

He had the good taste and judgment to conceal the decisive circumstance of the couplet, to which Elizabeth had deigned to find a rhyme ; but other circumstances had transpired which plainly intimated that he had made some progress in the Queen's favour. All hastened to wish him joy on the mended appearance of his fortune ; some from real regard, some, perhaps, from hopes that his preferment might hasten their own ; and most from a mixture of these motives, and a sense that the countenance shown to any one of Sussex's household, was in fact a triumph to the whole. Raleigh returned the kindest thanks to them all, disowning, with becoming modesty, that one day's fair reception made a favourite, any more than one swallow a summer. But he observed that Blount did not join in the general congratulation, and, somewhat hurt at his apparent unkindness, he plainly asked him the reason.

Blount replied with equal sincerity—"My good Walter, I wish thee as well as do any of these chattering gulls, who are whistling and whooping gratulations in thine ear, because it seems fair weather with thee. But I fear for thee, Walter" (and he wiped his honest eye), "I fear for thee with all my heart. These court tricks, and gambols, and flashes of fine women's favour, are the tricks and trinkets that bring fair fortunes to farthings, and fine faces and witty coxcombs to the acquaintance of dull block and sharp axes."

So saying, Blount arose and left the hall, while Raleigh

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looked after him with an expression that blanked for a moment his bold and animated countenance.

Stanley just then entered the hall, and said to Tressilian, " My lord is calling for your fellow Wayland, and your fellow Wayland is just come hither in a sculler, and is calling for you, nor will he go to my lord till he sees you. The fellow looks as he were mazed methinks—I would you would see him immediately."

Tressilian instantly left the hall, and causing Wayland Smith to be shown into a withdrawing apartment, and lights placed, he conducted the artist thither, and was surprised when he observed the emotion of his countenance.

" What is the matter with you, Smith ? " said Tressilian ; " have you seen the devil ? "

" Worse, sir, worse," replied Wayland, " I have seen a basilisk.—Thank God, I saw him first, for being so seen, and seeing not me, he will do the less harm."

" In God's name, speak sense," said Tressilian, " and say what you mean ? "

" I have seen my old master," said the artist—" Last night, a friend, whom I had acquired, took me to see the palace clock, judging me to be curious in such works of art. At the window of a turret next to the clock-house I saw my old master."

" Thou must needs have been mistaken," said Tressilian.

" I was not mistaken," said Wayland—" He that once hath his features by heart would know him amongst a million. He was antily habited ; but he cannot disguise himself from me, God be praised, as I can from him. I will not, however, tempt Providence by remaining within his ken. Tarleton the player himself could not so disguise himself, but that, sooner or later, Do-boobie would find him out. I must away to-morrow ; for, as we stand together, it were death to me to remain within reach of him."

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"But the Earl of Sussex?" said Tressilian.

"He is in little danger from what he has hitherto taken, provided he swallow the matter of a bean's size of the Orvietan every morning fasting—but let him beware of a relapse."

"And how is that to be guarded against?" said Tressilian.

"Only by such caution as you would use against the devil," answered Wayland. "Let my lord's clerk of the kitchen kill his lord's meat himself, and dress it himself, using no spice but what he procures from the surest hands—Let the sewer serve it up himself, and let the master of my lord's household see that both clerk and sewer taste the dishes which the one dresses and the other serves. Let my lord use no perfumes which come not from well-accredited persons; no unguents—no pomades. Let him on no account drink with strangers, or eat fruit with them, either in the way of nooning or otherwise. Especially, let him observe such caution if he goes to Kenilworth—the excuse of his illness, and his being under diet, will, and must, cover the strangeness of such practice."

"And thou," said Tressilian, "what dost thou think to make of thyself?"

"France, Spain, either India, East or West, shall be my refuge," said Wayland, "ere I venture my life by residing within ken of Doboobie, Demetrius, or whatever else he calls himself for the time."

"Well," said Tressilian, "this happens not inopportunely—I had business for you in Berkshire,—but in the opposite extremity to the place where thou art known; and ere thou hadst found out this new reason for living private, I had settled to send thee thither upon a secret embassage."

*The artist expressed himself willing to receive his commands, and Tressilian knowing he was well acquainted*

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with the outline of his business at court, frankly explained to him the whole, mentioned the agreement which subsisted betwixt Giles Gosling and him, and told what had that day been averred in the presence-chamber by Varney, and supported by Leicester.

"Thou seest," he added, "that, in the circumstances in which I am placed, it behoves me to keep a narrow watch on the motions of these unprincipled men, Varney and his accomplices, Foster and Lambourne, as well as on those of my Lord Leicester himself, who, I suspect, is partly a deceiver, and not altogether the deceived in that matter. Here is my ring, as a pledge to Giles Gosling—here is besides gold, which shall be trebled if thou serve me faithfully. Away down to Cumnor, and see what happens there."

"I go with double good-will," said the artist, "first, because I serve your honour, who has been so kind to me, and then, that I may escape my old master, who, if not an absolute incarnation of the devil, has, at least, as much of the demon about him, in will, word, and action, as ever polluted humanity.—And yet let him take care of me. I fly him now, as heretofore; but if, like the Scottish wild cattle, I am vexed by frequent pursuit, I may turn on him in hate and desperation.—Will your honour command my nag to be saddled? I will but give the medicine to my lord, divided in its proper proportions, with a few instructions. His safety will then depend on the care of his friends and domestics—for the past he is guarded, but let him beware of the future."

Wayland Smith accordingly made his farewell visit to the Earl of Sussex, dictated instructions as to his regimen, and precautions concerning his diet, and left Say's Court without waiting for morning.

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### CHAP. XVIII.

*The moment comes—*

*It is already come—when thou must write  
The absolute total of thy life's vast sum.  
The constellations stand victorious o'er thee,  
The planets shoot good fortune in fair junctions,  
And tell thee, "Now's the time."*

SCHILLER'S Wallenstein, BY COLERIDGE.

HEN Leicester returned to his lodging, after a day so important and so harassing, in which, after riding out more than one gale, and touching more than one shoal, his bark had finally gained harbour with banner displayed, he seemed to experience as much fatigue as a mariner after a perilous m. He spoke not a word while his chamberlain exacted his rich court mantle for a furred night-robe, when this officer signified that Master Varney red to speak with his lordship, he replied only by a nod. Varney, however, entered, accepting this as a permission, and the chamberlain withdrew. he Earl remained silent and almost motionless in his r, his head reclined on his hand, and his elbowing on the table which stood beside him, without nging to be conscious of the entrance, or of the presence, of his confidant. Varney waited for some minutes he should speak, desirous to know what was the lly predominant mood of a mind, through which so y powerful emotions had that day taken their course. he waited in vain, for Leicester continued still silent, the confidant saw himself under the necessity of g the first to speak. "May I congratulate your ship," he said, "on the deserved superiority you : this day attained over your most formidable rival?" icester raised his head, and answered sadly, but ut anger, "Thou, Varney, whose ready invention

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has involved me in a web of most mean and perilous falsehood, knowest best what small reason there is for gratulation on the subject."

"Do you blame me, my lord," said Varney, "for not betraying, on the first push, the secret on which your fortunes depended, and which you have so oft and so earnestly recommended to my safe keeping? Your lordship was present in person, and might have contradicted me and ruined yourself by an avowal of the truth; but surely it was no part of a faithful servant to have done so without your commands."

"I cannot deny it, Varney," said the Earl, rising and walking across the room; "my own ambition has been traitor to my love."

"Say rather, my lord, that your love has been traitor to your greatness, and barred you from such a prospect of honour and power as the world cannot offer to another. To make my honoured lady a countess, you have missed the chance of being yourself" —

He paused and seemed unwilling to complete the sentence.

"Of being myself *what?*" demanded Leicester. "speak out thy meaning, Varney."

"Of being yourself a KING, my lord," replied Varney. "and King of England to boot! — It is no treason to our Queen to say so. It would have chanced by her obtaining that which all true subjects wish her — a lusty, noble and gallant husband."

"Thou ravest, Varney," answered Leicester. "Besides, our times have seen enough to make men loathe the Crown Matrimonial which men take from their wives' lap. There was Darnley of Scotland."

"He!" said Varney; "a gull, a fool, a thrice sodden ass, who suffered himself to be fired off into the air like a rocket on a rejoicing day. Had Mary had the happy wedded the noble Earl, once destined to share

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throne, she had experienced a husband of different metal ; and her husband had found in her a wife as complying and loving as the mate of the meanest squire, who follows the hounds a-horseback, and holds her husband's bridle as he mounts."

" It might have been as thou sayest, Varney," said Leicester, a brief smile of self-satisfaction passing over his anxious countenance. " Henry Darnley knew little of women—with Mary, a man who knew her sex might have had some chance of holding his own. But not with Elizabeth, Varney—for I think God, when he gave her the heart of a woman, gave her the head of a man to control its follies.—No, I know her. She will accept love-tokens, ay, and requite them with the like—put sugared sonnets in her bosom—ay, and answer them too—push gallantry to the very verge where it becomes exchange of affection—but she writes *nil ultra* to all which is to follow, and would not barter one iota of her own supreme power for all the alphabet of both Cupid and Hymen,"

" The better for you, my lord," said Varney, " that is, in the case supposed, if such be her disposition ; since you think you cannot aspire to become her husband. Her favourite you are, and may remain, if the lady at Cumnor Place continues in her present obscurity."

" Poor Amy ! " said Leicester, with a deep sigh ; " she desires so earnestly to be acknowledged in presence of God and man ! "

" Ay, but, my lord," said Varney, " is her desire reasonable?—that is the question.—Her religious scruples are solved—she is an honoured and beloved wife—enjoying the society of her husband at such ~~im~~ as his weightier duties permit him to afford her ~~is~~ company—What would she more? I am right ~~we~~ that a lady so gentle and so loving would consent ~~o~~ to live her life through in a certain obscurity—which i

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after all, not dimmer than when she was at Lidcote Hall—rather than diminish the least jot of her lord's honours and greatness by a premature attempt to share them."

"There is something in what thou sayest," said Leicester; "and her appearance here were fatal—yet she must be seen at Kenilworth; Elizabeth will not forget that she has so appointed."

"Let me sleep on that point," said Varney; "I cannot else perfect the device I have on the stithy, which I trust will satisfy the Queen and please my honoured lady, yet leave this fatal secret where it is now buried.—Has your lordship further commands for the night?"

"I would be alone," said Leicester. "Leave me, and place my steel casket on the table.—Be within summons."

Varney retired—and the Earl, opening the window of his apartment, looked out long and anxiously upon the brilliant host of stars which glimmered in the splendour of a summer firmament. The words burst from him as at unawares—"I had never more need that the heavenly bodies should befriend me, for my earthly path is darkened and confused."

It is well known that the age reposed a deep confidence in the vain predictions of judicial astrology, and Leicester, though exempt from the general control of superstition, was not in this respect superior to his time; but, on the contrary, was remarkable for the encouragement which he gave to the professors of this pretended science. Indeed, the wish to pry into futurity, so general among the human race, is peculiarly to be found amongst those who trade in state mysteries, and the dangerous intrigues and cabals of courts. With heedful precaution to see that it had not been opened, or its locks tampered with, Leicester applied a key to the

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steel casket, and drew from it, first, a parcel of gold pieces, which he put into a silk purse ; then a parchment inscribed with planetary signs, and the lines and calculations used in framing horoscopes, on which he gazed intently for a few moments ; and lastly, took forth a large key, which, lifting aside the tapestry, he applied to a little concealed door in the corner of the apartment, and opening it, disclosed a stair constructed in the thickness of the wall.

"Alasco," said the Earl, with a voice raised, yet no higher raised than to be heard by the inhabitant of the small turret to which the stair conducted—"Alasco, I say, descend."

"I come, my lord," answered a voice from above. The foot of an aged man was heard slowly descending the narrow stair, and Alasco entered the Earl's apartment. The astrologer was a little man, and seemed much advanced in age, for his beard was long and white, and reached over his black doublet down to his silken girdle. His hair was of the same venerable hue. But his eyebrows were as dark as the keen and piercing black eyes which they shaded, and this peculiarity gave a wild and singular cast to the physiognomy of the old man. His cheek was still fresh and ruddy, and the eyes we have mentioned resembled those of a rat in acuteness, and even fierceness of expression. His manner was not without a sort of dignity ; and the interpreter of the stars, though respectful, seemed altogether at his ease, and even assumed a tone of instruction and command in conversing with the prime favourite of Elizabeth.

"Your prognostications have failed, Alasco," said the Earl, when they had exchanged salutations—"He is recovering."

"My son," replied the astrologer, "let me remind you, I warranted not his death—nor is there

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prognostication that can be derived from the heavenly bodies, their aspects and their conjunctions, which is not liable to be controlled by the will of Heaven. *Astra regunt homines, sed regit astra Deus.*"

"Of what avail, then, is your mystery?" inquired the Earl.

"Of much, my son," replied the old man, "since it can show the natural and probable course of events, although that course moves in subordination to a Higher Power. Thus, in reviewing the horoscope which your lordship subjected to my skill, you will observe that Saturn, being in the sixth House in opposition to Mars, retrograde in the House of Life, cannot but denote long and dangerous sickness, the issue whereof is in the will of Heaven, though death may probably be inferred—Yet if I knew the name of the party, I would erect another scheme."

"His name is a secret," said the Earl; "yet I must own thy prognostication hath not been unfaithful. He has been sick, and dangerously so, not however to death. But hast thou again cast my horoscope as Varney directed thee, and art thou prepared to say what the stars tell of my present fortune?"

"My art stands at your command," said the old man; "and here, my son, is the map of thy fortunes, brilliant in aspect as ever beamed from those blessed signs whereby our life is influenced, yet not unchequered with fears, difficulties, and dangers."

"My lot were more than mortal were it otherwise," said the Earl; "proceed, father, and believe you speak with one ready to undergo his destiny in action and in *passion as may beseem a noble of England.*"

"*Thy courage to do and to suffer must be wound up yet a strain higher,*" said the old man. "*The stars intreat yet a prouder title, yet a still higher rank. It is for ee to guess their meaning, not for me to name it.*"

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t, I conjure you--name it, I command you,"  
i, his eyes brightening as he spoke.  
not, and I will not," replied the old man.  
f princes is as the wrath of the lion. But  
judge for thyself. Here Venus, ascendant  
e of Life, and conjoined with Sol, showers  
lood of silver light, blent with gold, which  
ower, wealth, dignity—all that the proud  
in desires, and in such abundance, that  
future Augustus of that old and mighty  
from his *Haruspices* such a tale of glory as  
h text my lore might read to my favourite

ost but jest with me, father," said the Earl,  
t the strain of enthusiasm in which the astro-  
ed his prediction.

him to jest who hath his eye on heaven,  
s foot in the grave?" returned the old man

made two or three strides through the apart-  
his hand outstretched, as one who follows  
g signal of some phantom, waving him on  
high import. As he turned, however, he  
ye of the astrologer fixed on him, while an  
lance of the most shrewd penetration  
ider the penthouse of his shaggy dark eye-  
ester's haughty and suspicious soul at once  
he darted towards the old man from the  
of the lofty apartment, only standing still  
tended hand was within a foot of the as-  
dy.

!" he said, "if you dare to palter with me  
our skin stripped from your living flesh!—  
hast been hired to deceive and to betray  
u art a cheat, and I thy silly prey and

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The old man exhibited some symptoms of emotion, but not more than the furious deportment of his patron might have extorted from innocence itself.

"What means this violence, my lord?" he answered, "or in what can I have deserved it at your hands?"

"Give me proof," said the Earl, vehemently, "that you have not tampered with mine enemies."

"My lord," replied the old man, with dignity, "you can have no better proof than that which you yourself elected. In that turret I have spent the last twenty-four hours, under the key which has been in your own custody. The hours of darkness I have spent in gazing on the heavenly bodies with these dim eyes, and during those of light I have toiled this aged brain to complete the calculation arising from their combinations. Earthly food I have not tasted—earthly voice I have not heard—you are yourself aware I had no means of doing so—and yet I tell you—I who have been thus shut up in solitude and study—that within these twenty-four hours your star has become predominant in the horizon, and either the bright book of heaven speaks false, or there must have been a proportionate revolution in your fortunes upon earth. If nothing has happened within that space to secure your power, or advance your favour, then am I indeed a cheat, and the divine art, which was first devised in the plains of Chaldea, is a foul imposture."

"It is true," said Leicester, after a moment's reflection, "thou wert closely immured—and it is also true that the change has taken place in my situation which thou sayest the horoscope indicates."

"Wherefore this distrust, then, my son?" said the *astrologer*, assuming a tone of admonition; "the celestial intelligences brook not diffidence, even in their favourites."

"Peace, father," answered Leicester, "I have erred

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in doubting thee. Not to mortal man, nor to celestial intelligence—under that which is supreme—will Dudley's lips say more in condescension or apology. Speak rather to the present purpose—Amid these bright promises, thou hast said there was a threatening aspect—Can thy skill tell whence, or by whose means, such danger seems to impend?"

"Thus far only," answered the astrologer, "does my art enable me to answer your query. The infortune is threatened by the malignant and adverse aspect, through means of a youth—and, as I think, a rival; but whether in love or in prince's favour, I know not; nor can I give farther indication respecting him, save that he comes from the western quarter."

"The western—ha!" replied Leicester, "it is enough—the tempest does indeed brew in that quarter!—Cornwall and Devon—Raleigh and Tressilian—one of them is indicated—I must beware of both—Father, if I have done thy skill injustice, I will make thee a lordly recompense."

He took a purse of gold from the strong casket which stood before him. "Have thou double the recompence which Varney promised.—Be faithful—be secret—obey the directions thou shalt receive from my master of the horse, and grudge not a little seclusion or restraint in my cause—it shall be richly considered.—Here, Varney—conduct this venerable man to thine own lodging—tend him heedfully in all things, but see that he holds communication with no one."

Varney bowed, and the astrologer kissed the Earl's hand in token of adieu, and followed the master of the horse to another apartment, in which were placed wine and refreshments for his use.

The astrologer sat down to his repast, while Varney ~~sat~~ but two doors with great precaution, examined the ~~ce~~pestry, lest any listener lurked behind it; and then,

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sitting down opposite to the sage, began to question him.

"Saw you my signal from the court beneath?"

"I did," said Alasco, for by such name he was at present called, "and shaped the horoscope accordingly."

"And it passed upon the patron without challenge?" continued Varney.

"Not without challenge," replied the old man, "but it did pass; and I added, as before agreed, danger from a discovered secret, and a western youth."

"My lord's fear will stand sponsor to the one, and his conscience to the other, of these prognostications," replied Varney. "Sure never man chose to run such a race as his, yet continued to retain those silly scruples! I am tain to cheat him to his own profit. But touching your matters, sage interpreter of the stars, I can tell you more of your own fortune than plan or figure can show. You must be gone from hence forthwith."

"I will not," said Alasco, peevishly, "I have been too much hurried up and down of late—immured for day and night in a desolate turret-chamber—I must enjoy my liberty, and pursue my studies, which are of more import than the fate of fifty statesmen, and favourites, that rise and burst like bubbles in the atmosphere of a court."

"At your pleasure," said Varney, with a sneer that habit had rendered familiar to his features, and which forms the principal characteristic that painters have assigned to those of Satan—"At your pleasure," he said; "you may enjoy your liberty and your studies until the daggers of Sussex's followers are clashing within your doublet, and against your ribs." The old man turned pale, and Varney proceeded. "Wot you not he hath offered a reward for the arch-quack and poison-vender, Demetrius, who sold certain precious spices to his lordship's cook?—What! turn you pale, old friend! Does *thi* already see an infortune in the House of Life?—

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Why, hark thee, we will have thee down to an old house of mine in the country, where thou shalt live with a hob-nailed slave, whom thy alchemy may convert into ducats, for to such conversion alone is thy art serviceable."

"It is false, thou foul-mouthed railer," said Alasco, shaking with impotent anger; "it is well known that I have approached more nearly to projection than any hermetic artist who now lives. There are not six chemists in the world who possess so near an approximation to the grand arcanum"—

"Come, come," said Varney, interrupting him, "what means this, in the name of heaven? Do we not know one another? I believe thee to be so perfect—so very perfect in the mystery of cheating, that having imposed upon all mankind, thou hast at length, in some measure, imposed upon thyself; and without ceasing to dupe others, hast become a species of dupe to thine own imagination. Blush not for it, man—thou art learned, and shall have classical comfort:—

'Ne quisquam Ajacem possit superare nisi Ajax.'

No one but thyself could have gulled thee—and thou hast gulled the whole brotherhood of the Rosy Cross beside—none so deep in the mystery as thou. But hark thee in thine ear; had the seasoning which spiced Sussex's broth wrought more surely, I would have thought better of the chemical science thou dost boast so highly."

"Thou art an hardened villain, Varney," replied Alasco; "many will do those things, who dare not speak of them."

"And many speak of them who dare not do them," answered Varney; "but be not wroth—I will not quarrel with thee—if I did, I were fain to live on eggs for a month, that I might feed without fear. Tell me at once, how came thine art to fail thee at this great emergency?"

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"The Earl of Sussex's horoscope intimates," replied the astrologer, "that the sign of the ascendant being in combustion"—

"Away with your gibberish," replied Varney; "think'st thou it is the patron thou speak'st with?"

"I crave your pardon," replied the old man, "and swear to you, I know but one medicine that could have saved the Earl's life; and as no man living in England knows that antidote save myself, moreover, as the ingredients, one of them in particular, are scarce possible to be come by, I must needs suppose his escape was owing to such a constitution of lungs and vital parts, as was never before bound up in a body of clay."

"There was some talk of a quack who waited on him," said Varney, after a moment's reflection. "Are you sure there is no one in England who has this secret of thine?"

"One man there was," said the doctor, "once my servant, who might have stolen this of me, with one or two other secrets of art. But content you, Master Varney, it is no part of my policy to suffer such interlopers to interfere in my trade. He pries into no mysteries more, I warrant you; for, as I well believe, he hath been wafted to heaven on the wing of a fiery dragon—Peace be with him!—But in this retreat of mine, shall I have the use of mine elaboratory?"

"Of a whole workshop, man," said Varney: "for a reverend father Abbot, who was fain to give place to bluff King Hal, and some of his courtiers, a score of years since, had a chemist's complete apparatus, which he was obliged to leave behind him to his successors. Thou shalt there occupy, and melt, and puff, and blaze, and multiply, until the Green Dragon become a golden-goose, or whatever the newer phrase of the brotherhood may testify."

"Thou art right, Master Varney," said the alchemist,

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setting his teeth close, and grinding them together—“thou art right even in thy very contempt of right and reason. For what thou sayest in mockery, may in sober verity chance to happen ere we meet again. If the most venerable sages of ancient days have spoken the truth—if the most learned of our own have rightly received it—if I have been accepted wherever I travelled in Germany, in Poland, in Italy, and in the farther Tartary, as one to whom nature has unveiled her darkest secrets—if I have acquired the most secret signs and passwords of the Jewish Cabala, so that the greyest beard in the synagogue would brush the steps to make them clean for me—if all this is so, and if there remains but one step—one little step—betwixt my long, deep, and dark, and subterranean progress, and that blaze of light which shall show Nature watching her richest and her most glorious productions in the very cradle—one step betwixt dependence and the power of sovereignty—one step betwixt poverty and such a sum of wealth as earth, without that noble secret, cannot minister from all her mines in the old or the new-found world—if this be all so, is it not reasonable that to this I dedicate my future life, secure, for a brief period of studious patience, to rise above the mean dependence upon favourites, and *their* favourites, by which I am now enthralled !”

“Now, bravo ! bravo ! my good father,” said Varney, with the usual sardonic expression of ridicule on his countenance ; “yet all this approximation to the philosopher’s stone wringeth not one single crown out of my Lord Leicester’s pouch, and far less out of Richard Varney’s—We must have earthly and substantial services, man, and care not whom else thou canst delude with thy philosophical charlatanry.”

“My son, Varney,” said the alchemist, “the unbelief gathered around thee like a frost-fog, hath dimmed thine acute perception to that which is a stumbling-block

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ie wise, and which yet, to him who seeketh knowledge with humility, extends a lesson so clear, that he who uns may read. Hath not Art, think'st thou, the means of completing Nature's imperfect concoctions in her attempts to form the precious metals, even as by art we can perfect those other operations, of incubation, distillation, fermentation, and similar processes of an ordinary description, by which we extract life itself out of a senseless egg, summon purity and vitality out of muddy dregs, or call into vivacity the inert substance of a sluggish liquid?"

"I have heard all this before," said Varney, "and my beart is proof against such cant ever since I sent twenty good gold pieces (marry it was in the nonage of my wit) to advance the grand magisterium, all which, God help the while, vanished *in fumo*. Since that moment, when I paid for my freedom, I defy chemistry, astrology, palmistry, and every other occult art, were it as secret as hell itself, to unloose the stricture of my purse-strings. Marry, I neither defy the manna of Saint Nicholas, nor can I dispense with it. Thy first task must be to prepare some when thou getst down to my little sequestered retreat yonder, and then make as muc gold as thou wilt."

"I will make no more of that dose," said the alchemist resolutely.

"Then," said the master of the horse, "thou shalt hanged for what thou hast made already, and so v the great secret for ever lost to mankind.—Do humanity this injustice, good father, but e'en ben thy destiny, and make us an ounce or two of this stuff, which cannot prejudice above one or tw *dividuals*, in order to gain life-time to discove *universal medicine*, which shall clear away all *diseases at once*. But cheer up, thou grave, and most melancholy jackanapes! Hast thou

aid so, and it is true," said the alchemist  
will it produce, and the bird who partakes of  
portion, shall sit for a season drooping on  
without thinking of the free blue sky, or of  
wood, though the one be lighted by the  
rising sun, and the other ringing with the  
ened song of all the feathered inhabitants of

is without danger to life?" said Varney,  
anxiously.

that proportion and measure be not ex-  
l so that one who knows the nature of the  
er near to watch the symptoms, and succour  
ed."

alt regulate the whole," said Varney; "thy  
be princely, if thou keep'st time and touch,  
t not the due proportion, to the prejudice  
h—otherwise thy punishment shall be as

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being commanded down to yonder Kenilworth revels ; and it is most expedient—most needful—most necessary, that she fly not thither. Of these necessities and their causes, it is not needful that she should know aught, and it is to be thought that her own wish may lead her to combat all ordinary reasons which can be urged for her remaining a housekeeper."

" That is but natural," said the alchemist, with a strange smile, which yet bore a greater reference to the human character, than the uninterested and abstracted gaze which his physiognomy had hitherto expressed, where all seemed to refer to some world distant from that which was existing around him.

" It is so," answered Varney ; " you understand women well, though it may have been long since you were conversant amongst them.—Well, then, she is not to be contradicted—yet she is not to be humoured. Understand me—a slight illness, sufficient to take away the desire of removing from thence, and to make such of your wise fraternity as may be called in to aid, recommend a quiet residence at home, will, in one word, be esteemed good service, and remunerated as such."

" I am not to be asked to affect the House of Life ?" said the chemist.

" On the contrary, we will have thee hanged if thou dost," replied Varney.

" And I must," added Alasco, " have opportunity to do my turn, and all facilities for concealment or escape, should there be detection ?"

" All, all, and everything, thou infidel, in all but the impossibilities of alchemy.—Why, man, for what dost thou take me ?"

*The old man rose, and taking a light, walked towards the end of the apartment, where was a door that led the small sleeping room destined for his reception during the night.—At the door he turned round, and said*

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question ere he answered it. "For see, Richard Varney?—Why, for a worse e been myself. But I am in your toils, you till my term be out."

answered Varney, hastily, "be stirring

It may be we shall not need thy medi-  
ght till I myself come down—Michael  
all guide you to the place of your desti-

ey heard the adept's door shut and care-  
within, he stepped towards it, and with  
ition carefully locked it on the outside, and  
rom the lock, muttering to himself, "Worse  
u poisoning quacksalver and witch-monger,  
art not a bounden slave to the devil, it is  
he disdains such an apprentice! I am a  
, and seek by mortal means the gratification  
ns and advancement of my prospects—Thou  
l of hell itself.—So ho, Lambourne!" he  
other door, and Michael made his appearance  
ed cheek and an unsteady step.  
art drunk, thou villain!" said Varney to

ess, noble sir," replied the unabashed Michael,  
been drinking all even to the glories of the  
my noble Lord of Leicester, and his valiant  
ie horse.—Drunk! odds blades and poniards.  
ld refuse to swallow a dozen healths on such  
is a base besognio, and a puckfoist, and shall  
inches of my dagger!"

e, scoundrel," said Varney, "be sober on the  
command thee. I know thou canst throw off  
i folly, like a fool's coat, at pleasure; and if  
the worse for thee."

ie drooped his head, left the apartment, and  
vo or three minutes with his face composed.

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his hair adjusted, his dress in order, and a great a difference from his former self as if the had been changed.

"Art thou sober now, and dost thou ~~thee~~ me?" said Varney, sternly.

Lambourne bowed in acquiescence.

"Thou must presently down to Cumnor Place, reverend man of art, who sleeps yonder in vaulted chamber. Here is the key, that thou mayest call him betimes. Take another trusty fellow. Use him well on the journey, but let him not you—pistol him if he attempt it, and I will warrant. I will give thee letters to Foster. He is to occupy the lower apartments of the east range, with freedom to use the old elaborated implements.—He is to have no access to the such as I shall point out—only she may be allowed to see his philosophical jugglery. Thou will Cumnor Place my farther orders; and as you beware of the ale-bench and the aquavitæ for the breath drawn in Cumnor Place must be kept from common air."

"Enough, my lord—I mean my worshipper soon, I trust, to be my worshipful knightly master; I have given me my lesson and my license; I will use the one, and not abuse the other. I will be in bed by daybreak."

"Do so, and deserve favour.—Stay—here fill me a cup of wine—not out of that flask, for Lambourne was pouring out from that which was left half finished, "fetch me a fresh one."

Lambourne obeyed, and Varney, after *drinking to the liquor*, drank a full cup, and *took up a lamp*, to retreat to his sleeping chamber. "It is strange—I am as little the slave of one, yet I never speak for a few minutes without

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Alasco, but my mouth and lungs feel as if soiled with the fumes of calcined arsenic—pah!"

So saying, he left the apartment. Lambourne lingered to drink a cup of the freshly opened flask. "It is from Saint-John's-Berg," he said, as he paused in the draught to enjoy its flavour, "and has the true relish of the violet. But I must forbear it now, that I may one day drink it at my own pleasure." And he quaffed a goblet of water to quench the fumes of the Rhenish wine, retired slowly towards the door, made a pause, and then, finding the temptation irresistible, walked hasty back, and took another long pull at the wine flask without the formality of a cup.

"Were it not for this accursed custom," he said, "I might climb as high as Varney himself. But who can climb when the room turns round with him like a Parisian top? I would the distance were greater, or the road rougher, betwixt my hand and mouth!—But I will drink nothing to-morrow save water—nothing save fair water."

## CHAP. XIX.

*PISTOL.—And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,  
And happy news of price.*

*FALSTAFF.—I prithee now, deliver them like a man of the world.*

*PISTOL.—A soutra for the world, and worldlings base!  
I speak of Africa, and golden joys.—HENRY IV. Part II.*

HE public room of the Black Bear at Cumnor, to which the scene of our story now returns, boasted, on the evening which we treat of, a gay assemblage of guests. There had been a fair neighbourhood, and the cutting mercer of Abingdon, with some of the other personages whom the reader already been made acquainted with, as friend

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customers of Giles Gosling, had already formed a wonted circle around the evening fire, and were tal' over the news of the day.

A lively, bustling, arch fellow, whose pack and *ell-wand*, studded with brass points, denoted him to be of Autolycus' profession, occupied a good deal of attention, and furnished much of the amusement, of the evening. The pedlars of those days, it must be remembered, were men of far greater importance than degenerate and degraded hawkers of our modern time. It was by means of these peripatetic venders that country trade, in' the finer manufactures used in festal dress particularly, was almost entirely carried on ; if a merchant of this description arrived at the door of travelling with a pack-horse, he was a person of small consequence, and company for the most substantial yeoman or Franklin whom he might meet in his wanderings.

The pedlar of whom we speak bore, accordingly, an active and unrebuked share in the merriment to which the rafters of the bonny Black Bear of Cumnor sounded. He had his smile with pretty Mistress Cibber, his broad laugh with mine host, and his jest upon das Master Goldthred, who, though indeed without any benevolent intention on his own part, was the general jester of the evening. The pedlar and he were closely engaged in a dispute upon the preference due to the Spanish or the French stock over the black Gascoigne hose, and mine host just winked to the guests around him, as who should say, " You will have mirth presently, my masters," when the trampling of horses was heard in the courtyard, and the hostler was loudly summoned, with a few of *newest oaths then in vogue*, to add force to the invitation. Out tumbled Will Hostler, John Tapster, and the militia of the inn, who had slunk from their *order to collect some scattered crumbs of the*

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which was flying about among the customers. Out into the yard sallied mine host himself also, to do fitting salutation to his new guests ; and presently returned ushering into the apartment his own worthy nephew, Michael Lambourne, pretty tolerably drunk, and having under his escort the astrologer. Alasco, though still a 'little old man, had, by altering his gown to a riding-dress, trimming his beard and eyebrows, and so forth, struck at least a score of years from his apparent age, and might now seem an active man of sixty, or little upwards. He appeared at present exceedingly anxious, and had insisted much with Lambourne that they should not enter the inn, but go straight forward to the place of their destination. But Lambourne would not be controlled. "By Cancer and Capricorn," he vociferated, "and the whole heavenly host—besides all the stars that these blessed eyes of mine have seen sparkle in the southern heavens, to which these northern blinkers are but farthing candles, I will be unkindly for no one's humour.—I will stay and salute my worthy uncle here,—Chesu ! that good blood should ever be forgotten betwixt friends !—A gallon of your best, uncle, and let it go round to the health of the noble Earl of Leicester !—What ! shall we not colloque together, and warm the cockles of our ancient kindness ?—Shall we not colloque, / say ?"

"With all my heart, kinsman," said mine host, who obviously wished to be rid of him ; "but are you to stand shot to all this good liquor ?"

This is a question has quelled many a jovial toper, but it moved not the purpose of Lambourne's soul. "Question my means, nuncle ?" he said, producing a handful of mixed gold and silver pieces ; "Question Mexico and Peru — question the Queen's exchequer — save her Majesty !—She is my good Lord's good stress."

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"Well, kinsman," said mine host, "it is my business to sell wine to those who can buy it—So, Jack Tapster, do me thine office.—But I would I knew how to come by money as lightly as thou dost, Mike."

"Why, uncle," said Lambourne, "I will tell thee a secret—Dost see this little old fellow here? as old and withered a chip as ever the devil put into his porridge—and yet, uncle, between you and me—he hath Potosi in that brain of his—'Sblood! he can coin ducats faster than I can vent oaths."

"I will have none of his coinage in my purse though, Michael," said mine host; "I know what belongs to falsifying the Queen's coin."

"Thou art an ass, uncle, for as old as thou art—Pull me not by the skirts, doctor, thou art an ass thyself to boot—so, being both asses, I tell ye I spoke but metaphorically."

"Are you mad?" said the old man; "is the devil in you?—can you not let us begone without drawing all men's eyes on us?"

"Say'st thou?" said Lambourne; "thou art deceived now—no man shall see you an I give the word.—By heavens, masters, an any one dare to look on this old gentleman, I will slash the eyes out of his head with my poniard!—So sit down, old friend, and be merry—these are mine ingles—mine ancient inmates, and will betray no man."

"Had you not better withdraw to a private apartment, nephew?" said Giles Gosling; "you speak strange matter," he added, "and there be intelligencers everywhere."

"I care not for them," said the magnanimous Michael—"intelligencers? pshaw!—I serve the noble Earl of Leicester—Here comes the wine—Fill round, Master Skinker, a carouse to the health of the flower of England, the noble Earl of Leicester! I say, the noble

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Earl of Leicester ! He that does me not reason is a  
swine of Sussex, and I'll make him kneel to the pledge,  
if I should cut his hams, and smoke them for bacon."

None disputed a pledge given under such formidable  
penalties ; and Michael Lambourne, whose drunken  
humour was not of course diminished by this new pota-  
tion, went on in the same wild way, renewing his ac-  
quaintance with such of the guests as he had formerly  
known, and experiencing a reception in which there was  
now something of deference, mingled with a good deal of  
fear ; for the least servitor of the favourite Earl, especially  
such a man as Lambourne, was, for very sufficient  
reasons, an object both of the one and of the other.

In the meanwhile, the old man, seeing his guide in  
this uncontrollable humour, ceased to remonstrate with  
him, and sitting down in the most obscure corner of the  
room, called for a small measure of sack, over which he  
seemed, as it were, to slumber, withdrawing himself as  
much as possible from general observation, and doing  
nothing which could recall his existence to the recollec-  
tion of his fellow-traveller, who by this time had got into  
close intimacy with his ancient comrade, Goldthred of  
Abingdon.

"Never believe me, bully Mike," said the mercer,  
"if I am not as glad to see thee as ever I was to see a  
customer's money !—Why, thou canst give a friend a  
sly place at a mask or a revel now, Mike ; ay, or I warrant  
thee, thou canst say in my lord's ear, when my honour-  
able lord is down in these parts, and wants a Spanish  
or the like—thou canst say in his ear, There is mine  
friend, young Lawrence Goldthred of Abingdon, has  
good wares, lawn, tiffany, cambric, and so forth—ay,  
is as pretty a piece of man's flesh, too, as is in Berk-  
e, and will ruffle it for your lordship with any man  
inches ; and thou mayest say"—  
I can say a hundred d—d lies, besides, mercer

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answered Lambourne ; "what, one must not stand upon a good word for a friend !"

"Here is to thee, Mike, with all my heart," said the mercer ; "and thou canst tell one the reality of the new fashions too—Here was a rogue pedlar but now, was crying up the old-fashioned Spanish nether-stock over the Gascoigne hose, although thou seest how well the French hose set off the leg and knee, being adorned with parti-coloured garters and garniture in conformity."

"Excellent, excellent," replied Lambourne ; "why, thy limber bit of a thigh, thrust through that bunch of slashed buckram and tiffany, shows like a housewife's distaff, when the flax is half spun off !"

"Said I not so ?" said the mercer, whose shallow brain was now overflowed in his turn ; "where then, where be this rascal pedlar ?—there was a pedlar here but now, methinks—Mine host, where the foul fiend is this pedlar?"

"Where wise men should be, Master Goldthred," replied Giles Gosling ; "even shut up in his private chamber, telling over the sales of to-day, and preparing for the custom of to-morrow."

"Hang him, a mechanical chuff !" said the mercer ; "but for shame, it were a good deed to ease him of his wares,—a set of peddling knaves, who stroll through the land, and hurt the established trader. There are good fellows in Berkshire yet, mine host—your pedlar may be met withal on Maiden Castle."

"Ay," replied mine host, laughing, "and he who meets him may meet his match—the pedlar is a tall man."

"Is he ?" said Goldthred.

"Is he ?" replied the host ; "ay, by cock and pie is the very pedlar, he who raddled Robin Hood slyly, as the song says,—

Till he neither could see nor stand."

"Hang him, foul scroyle, let him pass," said the **mercer**; "if he be such a one, there were small worship to be won upon him.—And now tell me, Mike—my honest Mike, how wear the Hollands you won of me?"

"Why, well, as you may see, Master Goldthred," answered Mike; "I will bestow a pot on thee for the handsel. Fill the flagon, Master Tapster."

"Thou wilt win no more Hollands, I think, on such wager, friend Mike," said the mercer; "for the sulky swain, Tony Foster, rails at thee all to nought, and swears you shall ne'er darken his doors again, for that your oaths are enough to blow the roof off a Christian man's dwelling."

"Doth he say so, the mincing hypocritical miser?" vociferated Lambourne;—"Why, then, he shall come down and receive my commands here, this blessed night, under my uncle's roof! And I will ring him such a black sanctus, that he shall think the devil hath him by the skirts for a month to come, for barely hearing me."

"Nay, now the pottle-pot is uppermost, with a witness!" said the mercer. "Tony Foster obey thy whistle!—Alas! good Mike, go sleep—go sleep."

"I tell thee what, thou thin-faced gull," said Michael Lambourne, in high chafe, "I will wager thee fifty angels against the first five shelves of thy shop, numbering upward from the false light, with all that is on them, that I make Tony Foster come down to this public house before we have finished three rounds."

"I will lay no bet to that amount," said the mercer, mething sobered by an offer which intimated rather o private a knowledge, on Lambourne's part, of the yet recesses of his shop, "I will lay no such wager."

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he said ; "but I will stake five angels against thy five, if thou wilt, that Tony Foster will not leave his own roof, or come to ale-house after prayer time, for thee, or any man."

"Content," said Lambourne.—"Here, uncle, hold stakes, and let one of your young bleed-barrels there—one of your infant tapsters, trip presently up to The Place, and give this letter to Master Foster, and say that I, his ingle, Michael Lambourne, pray to speak with him at mine uncle's castle here, upon business of grave import.—Away with thee, child, for it is now sun-down, and the wretch goeth to bed with the birds to save mutton-suet—faugh!"

Shortly after this messenger was dispatched—an interval which was spent in drinking and buffoonery—he returned with the answer that Master Foster was coming presently.

"Won, won!" said Lambourne, darting on the stakes.

"Not till he comes, if you please," said the mercer, interfering.

"Why, 'sblood, he is at the threshold," replied Michael.—"What said he, boy?"

"If it please your worship," answered the messenger, "he looked out of window, with a musquetoon in his hand, and when I delivered your errand, which I did with fear and trembling, he said, with a vinegar aspect, that your worship might be gone to the infernal regions."

"Or to hell, I suppose," said Lambourne—"it is there he disposes of all that are not of the congregation."

"Even so," said the boy ; "I used the other phrase as being the more poetical."

"*An ingenious youth!*" said Michael ; "shalt have a drop to whet thy poetical whistle—And what said Foster next?"

"He called me back," answered the boy, "and bid me

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"say, you might come to him, if you had aught to say to him."

"And what next?" said Lambourne.

"He read the letter, and seemed in a fluster, and asked if your worship was in drink—and I said you were speaking a little Spanish, as one who had been in the Canaries."

"Out, you diminutive pint-pot, whelped of an overgrown reckoning!" replied Lambourne—"Out!—But what said he then?"

"Why," said the boy, "he muttered, that if he came not, your worship would bolt out what were better kept in; and so he took his old flat cap, and threadbare blue cloak, and, as I said before, he will be here incontinent."

"There is truth in what he said," replied Lambourne, as if speaking to himself—"My brain has played me its old dog's trick—but coragio—let him approach!—I have not rolled about in the world for many a day, to fear Tony Foster, be I drunk or sober.—Bring me a flagon of cold water, to christen my sack withal."

While Lambourne, whom the approach of Foster seemed to have recalled to a sense of his own condition, was busied in preparing to receive him, Giles Gosling stole up to the apartment of the pedlar, whom he found traversing the room in much agitation.

"You withdrew yourself suddenly from the company," said the landlord to the guest.

"It was time, when the devil became one among you," replied the pedlar.

"It is not courteous in you to term my nephew by such a name," said Gosling, "nor is it kindly in me to reply to it; and yet in some sort, Mike may be considered as a kind of Satan."

"Pooh—I talk not of the swaggering ruffian," replied the pedlar, "it is of the other, who, for aught I know—but when go they? or wherefore come they?"

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"Marry, these are questions I cannot answer," replied the host. "But look you, sir, you have brought me a token from worthy Master Tressilian—a pretty stone it is." He took out the ring, and looked at it, adding, as he put it into his purse again, that it was too rich a guerdon for anything he could do for the worthy donor. He was, he said, in the public line, and it ill became him to be too inquisitive into other folk's concerns; he had already said, that he could hear nothing, but that the lady lived still at Cumnor Place, in the closest seclusion, and, to such as by chance had a view of her, seemed pensive and discontented with her solitude. "But here," he said, "if you are desirous to gratify your master, is the rarest chance that hath occurred for this many a day. Tony Foster is coming down hither, and it is but letting Mike Lambourne smell another wine-flask, and the Queen's command would not move him from the ale-bench. So they are fast for an hour or so.—Now, if you will don your pack, which will be your best excuse, you may, perchance, win the ear of the old servant, being assured of the master's absence, to let you try to get some custom of the lady, and then you may learn more of her condition than I or any other can tell you."

"True—very true," answered Wayland, for he it was; "an excellent device, but methinks something dangerous—for, say Foster should return?"

"Very possible, indeed," replied the host.

"Or say," continued Wayland, "the lady should render me cold thanks for my exertions?"

"As is not unlikely," replied Giles Gosling. "I marvel Master Tressilian will take such heed of her that cares not for him."

"*In either case I were foully sped,*" said Wayland; "*and therefore I do not, on the whole, much relish your device.*"

"*Nay, but take me with you, good master serving-*

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"man," replied mine host ; " this is your master's business and not mine ; you best know the risk to be encountered, or how far you are willing to brave it. But that which you will not yourself hazard, you cannot expect others to risk."

" Hold, hold," said Wayland ; " tell me but one thing—Goes yonder old man up to Cumnor ? "

" Surely, I think so," said the landlord ; " their servant said he was to take their baggage thither, but the ale-tap has been as potent for him as the sack-spigot has been for Michael."

" It is enough," said Wayland, assuming an air of resolution—" I will thwart that old villain's projects—my affright at his baleful aspect begins to abate, and my hatred to arise. Help me on with my pack, good mine host—And look to thyself, old Albumazar—there is a malignant influence in thy horoscope, and it gleams from the constellation Ursa Major."

So saying, he assumed his burden, and, guided by the landlord through the postern gate of the Black Bear, took the most private way from thence up to Cumnor Place.

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## CHAP. XX.

CLOWN.—*You have of these pedlars, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sister.*—WINTER'S TALE, Act IV. Scene 3.

 N his anxiety to obey the Earl's repeated charges of secrecy, as well as from his own unsocial and miserly habits, Anthony Foster was more desirous, by this mode of housekeeping, to escape observation than to resist intrusive curiosity. Thus, instead of a numerous household to secure his charge, and defend his house, he used, as much as possible, to elude notice by diminishing his attendants ; so that unless when there were followers of the Earl or of Varney in the mansion, one of

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male domestic and two aged crones, who assisted in keeping the Countess's apartments in order, were the only servants of the family.

It was one of these old women who opened the door when Wayland knocked, and answered his petition, to be admitted to exhibit his wares to the ladies of the family, with a volley of vituperation, couched in what is there called the *jowring* dialect. The pedlar found the means of checking this vociferation, by slipping a silver groat into her hand, and intimating the present of some stuff for a coif, if the lady would buy of his wares.

"God ield thee, for mine is aw in littocks—Slocket with thy pack into gharn, mon—Her walks in gharn." Into the garden she ushered the pedlar accordingly, and pointing to an old ruinous garden-house, said, "Yonder be's her, mon—yonder be's her—Zhe will buy changes and zhe loikes stuffs."

"She has left me to come off as I may," thought Wayland, as he heard the hag shut the garden-door behind him. "But they shall not beat me, and they dare not murder me, for so little trespass, and by this fair twilight. Hang it, I will on—a brave general never thought of his retreat till he was defeated. I see two females in the old garden-house yonder—but how to address them?—Stay—Will Shakspeare, be my friend in need. I will give them a taste of Autolycus." He then sung, with a good voice, and becoming audacity, the popular playhouse ditty—

"Lawn as white as driven snow,  
Cypress black as e'er was crow,  
Gloves as sweet as damask roses,  
Masks for faces and for noses."

"*What hath fortune sent us here for an unwonted sight, Janet?*" said the lady.

"*One of those merchants of vanity, called pedlars,*" answered Janet demurely, "*who utters his light wares*

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inter measures—I marvel old Dorcas let him

is a lucky chance, girl," said the Countess; lead a heavy life here, and this may while off a hour."

y, my gracious lady," said Janet; "but my?"

le is not *my* father, Janet, nor, I hope, my master," red the lady—"I say, call the man hither—I want things."

lay," replied Janet, "your ladyship has just to say the next packet, and if England can furnish them will be sent.—There will come mischief on't—Pray, st lady, let me bid the man begone!"

will have thee bid him come hither," said the tess ;—"or stay, thou terrified fool, I will bid him f, and spare thee a chiding."

h! well-a-day, dearest lady, if that were the worst," Janet sadly, while the lady called to the pedlar, d fellow, step forward—undo thy pack—if thou good wares, chance has sent thee hither for my concie and thy profit."

What may your ladyship please to lack?" said Way- unstrapping his pack, and displaying its contents is much dexterity as if he had been bred to the

Indeed he had occasionally pursued it in the e of his roving life, and now commended his wares ill the volubility of a trader, and showed some skill main art of placing prices upon them.

What do I please to lack?" said the lady, "why, eering I have not for six long months bought one f lawn or cambric, or one trinket, the most incon- bble, for my own use, and at my own choice, the question is, what hast thou got to sell? Lay or me that cambric partlet and pair of sleeves— se roundells of gold fringe, drawn out with cypr

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—and that short cloak of cherry-coloured fine cloth garnished with gold buttons and loops—is it not of an absolute fancy, Janet?"

"Nay, my lady," replied Janet, "if you consult my poor judgment, it is, methinks, over gaudy for a graceful habit."

"Now, out upon my judgment, if it be no brighter, wench," said the Countess; "thou shalt wear it thyself for penance sake; and I promise thee the gold buttons, being somewhat massive, will comfort thy father, and reconcile him to the cherry-coloured body. See that he snap them not away, Janet, and send them to bear company with the imprisoned angels which he keeps captive in his strong-box."

"May I pray your ladyship to spare my poor father?" said Janet.

"Nay, but why should any one spare him that is so sparing of his own nature?" replied the lady.—"Well, but to our gear.—That head garniture for myself, and that silver bodkin, mounted with pearl;—and take off two gowns of that russet cloth for Dorcas and Alison, Janet, to keep the old wretches warm against winter comes—And stay, hast thou no perfumes and sweet bags, or any handsome casting bottles, of the newest mode?"

"Were I a pedlar in earnest, I were a made merchant," thought Wayland, as he busied himself to answer the demands which she thronged one on another, with the eagerness of a young lady who has been long secluded from such a pleasing occupation. "But how to bring her to a moment's serious reflection?" Then, as he exhibited his choicest collection of essences and perfumes, he at once arrested her attention by observing that these articles had almost risen to double value, since the magnificent preparations made by the Earl of Leicesters' to entertain the Queen and court at his princely stle of Kenilworth.

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"Ha!" said the Countess, hastily; "that rumour  
then is true, Janet."

"Surely, madam," answered Wayland; "and I marvel it hath not reached your noble ladyship's ears. The Queen of England feasts with the noble Earl for a week during the Summer's Progress; and there are many who will tell you England will have a king, and England's Elizabeth—God save her!—a husband, ere the Progress be over."

"They lie like villains!" said the Countess, bursting forth impatiently.

"For God's sake, madam, consider," said Janet, trembling with apprehension; "who would cumber themselves about pedlar's tidings?"

"Yes, Janet!" exclaimed the Countess; "right, thou hast corrected me justly. Such reports, blighting the reputation of England's brightest and noblest peer, can only find currency amongst the mean, the abject, and the infamous!"

"May I perish, lady," said Wayland Smith, observing that her violence directed itself towards him, "if I have done anything to merit this strange passion!—I have said but what many men say."

By this time the Countess had recovered her composure, and endeavoured, alarmed by the anxious hints of Janet, to suppress all appearance of displeasure. "I were loath," she said, "good fellow, that our Queen should change the virgin style, so dear to us her people—think not of it." And then, as if desirous to change the subject, she added, "And what is this paste, so carefully put up in the silver box?" as she examined the contents of a casket in which drugs and perfumes were contained in separate drawers.

"It is a remedy, madam, for a disorder of which I trust your ladyship will never have reason to complain. The amount of a small turkey-bean, swallowed daily for

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a week, fortifies the heart against those black vapours, which arise from solitude, melancholy, unrequited affection, disappointed hope" —

"Are you a fool, friend?" said the Countess, sharply; "or do you think, because I have good-naturedly purchased your trumpery goods at your roguish prices, that you may put any gallary you will on me?—who ever heard that affections of the heart were cured by medicines given to the body?"

"Under your honourable favour," said Wayland, "I am an honest man, and I have sold my goods at an honest price—As to this most precious medicine, when I told its qualities, I asked you not to purchase it, so why should I lie to you? I say not it will cure a rooted affection of the mind, which only God and time can do; but I say, that this restorative relieves the black vapours which are engendered in the body of that melancholy which broodeth on the mind. I have relieved many with it, both in court and city, and of late one Maister Edmund Tressilian, a worshipful gentleman in Cornwall, who, on some slight received, it was told me, where he had set his affections, was brought into that state of melancholy, which made his friends alarmed for his life."

He paused, and the lady remained silent for some time, and then asked, with a voice which she strove in vain to render firm and indifferent in its tone, "Is the gentleman you have mentioned perfectly recovered?"

"Passably, madam," answered Wayland, "he hath at least no bodily complaint."

"I will take some of the medicine, Janet," said the Countess. "I too have sometimes that dark melancholy which overclouds the brain."

"You shall not do so, madam," said Janet; "who shall answer that this fellow vends what is wholesome?"

"I will myself warrant my good faith," said Wayland; and, taking a part of the medicine, he swallowed it.   
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fore them. The Countess now bought what a step to which Janet, by farther objections, minded her the more obstinately. She even to dose upon the instant, and professed to feel lightened and her spirits augmented,—a condition, in all probability, existed only in her own estimation. The lady then piled the purchases she had together, flung her purse to Janet, and desired to compute the amount, and to pay the pedlar; v herself, as if tired of the amusement she had at first conversing with him, wished him good evening, walked carelessly into the house, thus depriving him of every opportunity to speak with her in private. He hastened, however, to attempt an explanation of Janet.

"Maiden," he said, "thou hast the face of one who should love her mistress. She hath much need of thy service."

"And well deserves it at my hands," replied Janet; "but what of that?"

"Maiden, I am not altogether what I seem," said the pedlar, lowering his voice.

"The less like to be an honest man," said Janet.

"The more so," answered Wayland, "since I am a pedlar."

"Get thee gone then instantly, or I will call for assistance," said Janet; "my father must ere this be turned."

"Do not be so rash," said Wayland; "you will know what you may repent of. I am one of your master's friends; and she had need of more, not that you shouldst ruin those she hath."

"How shall I know that?" said Janet.

"Look me in the face," said Wayland Smith, "if thou dost not read honesty in my looks."

"I do in truth, though by no means handsome."

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was in his physiognomy the sharp, keen expression of inventive genius and prompt intellect, which, joined to quick and brilliant eyes, a well-formed mouth, and an intelligent smile, often gives grace and interest to features which are both homely and irregular. Janet looked at him with the sly simplicity of her sect, and replied, " Notwithstanding thy boasted honesty, friend, and although I am not accustomed to read and pass judgment on such volumes as thou hast submitted to my perusal, I think I see in thy countenance something of the pedlar—something of the picaroon."

" On a small scale, perhaps," said Wayland Smith, laughing. " But this evening, or to-morrow, will an old man come hither with thy father, who has the stealthy step of the cat, the shrewd and vindictive eye of the rat, the fawning wile of the spaniel, the determined snatch of the mastiff—of him beware, for your own sake and that of your mistress. See you, fair Janet, he brings the venom of the aspic under the assumed innocence of the dove. What precise mischief he meditates towards you I cannot guess, but death and disease have ever dogged his footsteps.—Say nought of this to thy mistress—my art suggests to me that in her state the fear of evil may be as dangerous as its operation—But see that she take my specific, for "—(he lowered his voice, and spoke low but impressively in her ear)—" it is an antidote against poison—Hark, they enter the garden ! "

In effect, a sound of noisy mirth and loud talking approached the garden door, alarmed by which Wayland Smith sprung into the midst of a thicket of overgrown shrubs, while Janet withdrew to the garden-house that she might not incur observation, and that she *might at the same time* conceal, at least for the present, *the purchases made from the supposed pedlar, which lay scattered on the floor of the summer house.*

*Janet, however, had no occasion for anxiety. He*

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id attendant, Lord Leicester's domestic, and  
, entered the garden in tumult and in ex-  
. exity, endeavouring to quiet Lambourne, whose  
now become completely fired with liquor, and  
one of those unfortunate persons, who, being  
red with the vinous stimulus, do not fall asleep  
drunkards, but remain partially influenced by  
ay hours, until at length, by successive draughts,  
levated into a state of uncontrollable frenzy. Like  
n in this state also, Lambourne neither lost the  
motion, speech or expression ; but, on the con-  
oke with unwonted emphasis and readiness, and  
that at another time he would have been most  
to keep secret.

“t ! ” ejaculated Michael, at the full extent of his  
um I to have no welcome—no carouse, when I  
ight fortune to your old ruinous dog-house in the  
a devil's ally, that can change slate-shivers  
nish dollars ?—Here you, Tony Fire-the-Fagot,  
aritan, hypocrite, miser, profligate, devil, com-  
of all men's sins, bow down and reverence him  
brought into thy house the very mamonon thou  
est.”

God's sake,” said Foster, “speak low—come  
house—thou shalt have wine, or whatever thou

old puckfoist, I will have it here,” thundered  
ated ruffian—“here, *al fresco*, as the Italian hath  
no, I will not drink with that poisoning devil  
ors, to be choked with the fumes of arsenic and  
er ; I learned from villain Varney to beware of

h him wine, in the name of all the fiends ! ” said  
mist.

and thou wouldst spice it for me, old True-  
uldst thou not ? Ay, I should have copperas.

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and hellebore, and vitriol, and aquafortis, and twenty devilish materials, bubbling in my brainpan, like a charm to raise the devil in a witch's caldron. Hand me the flask thyself, old Tony Fire-the-Fagot—and let it be cool—I will have no wine mulled at the pile of the old burnt bishops—Or stay, let Leicester be king if he will—good—and Varney, villain Varney, grand vizier—why excellent!—and what shall I be, then!—why, emperor—Emperor Lambourne!—I will see this choice piece of beauty that they have walled up here for their private pleasures—I will have her this very night to serve my wine-cup, and put on my night-cap. What should a fellow do with two wives, were he twenty times an Earl?—answer me that, Tony boy, you old reprobate, hypocritical dog, whom God struck out of the book of life, but tormented with the constant wish to be restored to it—You old bishop-burning, blasphemous fanatic, answer me that!"

"I will stick my knife to the haft in him," said Foster, in a low tone, which trembled with passion.

"For the love of Heaven, no violence!" said the astrologer. "It cannot but be looked closely into.—Here, honest Lambourne, wilt thou pledge me to the health of the noble Earl of Leicester and Master Richard Varney?"

"I will, mine old Albumazar—I will, my trusty vendor of ratsbane—I would kiss thee, mine honest infractor of the Lex Julia (as they said at Leyden), didst thou not flavour so damnably of sulphur, and such fiendish apothecary's stuff.—Here goes it, up seyes—to Varney and Leicester!—two more noble mounting spirits, and more dark-seeking, deep-diving, high-flying, malicious, ambitious miscreants—well, I say no more, but I will whet my dagger on his heart-spone, that refuses to pledge me! *And so, my masters*"—

*Thus speaking, Lambourne exhausted the cup which the astrologer had handed to him, and which contained not wine, but distilled spirits. He swore half an oath,*

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opped the empty cup from his grasp, laid his hand on his sword without being able to draw it, reeled, and fell without sense or motion into the arms of the domestic, who dragged him off to his chamber and put him to bed.

In the general confusion, Janet regained her lady's chamber unobserved, trembling like an aspen leaf, but determined to keep secret from the Countess the dreadful surmises which she could not help entertaining from the drunken ravings of Lambourne. Her fears, however, though they assumed no certain shape, kept pace with the advice of the pedlar ; and she confirmed her mistress in her purpose of taking the medicine which he had recommended, from which it is probable she would otherwise have dissuaded her. Neither had these intimations escaped the ears of Wayland, who knew much better how to interpret them. He felt much compassion at beholding so lovely a creature as the Countess, and whom he had first seen in the bosom of domestic happiness, exposed to the machinations of such a gang of villains. His indignation, too, had been highly excited, by hearing the voice of his old master, against whom he felt, in equal degree, the passions of hatred and fear. He nourished also a pride in his own art and resources ; and, dangerous as the task was, he that night formed a determination to attain the bottom of the mystery, and to aid the distressed lady, if it were yet possible. From some words which Lambourne had dropped among his ravings, Wayland now, for the first time, felt inclined to doubt that Varney had acted entirely on his own account in wooing and winning the affections of this beautiful creature. Fame asserted of this zealous retainer, that he had accommodated his lord in former love intrigues ; and it occurred to Wayland Smith, that Leicester himself might be the party chiefly interested. Her marriage with the Earl he could not suspect ; but even the discovery of such passing intrigue with a lady of Mistress Amy Robs-

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rank, was a secret of the deepest importance to the stability of the favourite's power over Elizabeth. " If Leicester himself should hesitate to stifle such a rumour by very strange means," said he to himself, " he has those about him who would do him that favour without waiting for his consent. If I would meddle in this business, it must be in such guise as my old master uses when he compounds his manna of Satan, and that is with a close mask on my face. So I will quit Giles Gosling to-morrow, and change my course and place of residence as often as a hunted fox. I should like to see this little puritan, too, once more. She looks both pretty and intelligent, to have come of such a caitiff as Anthony Fire-the-Fagot."

Giles Gosling received the adieu of Wayland rather joyfully than otherwise. The honest publican saw so much peril in crossing the course of the Earl of Leicester's favourite, that his virtue was scarce able to support him in the task, and he was well pleased when it was likely to be removed from his shoulders ; still, however, professing his goodwill, and readiness, in case of need, to do Mr. Tressilian or his emissary any service, in so far as consisted with his character of a publican.

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## CHAP. XXI.

*Vaulting ambition, that o'erleaps itself,  
And falls on t'other side.—MACBETH.*



THE splendour of the approaching revels at Kenilworth was now the conversation through all England ; and every thing was collected at home, or from abroad, which could add to the gaiety or *glory of the prepared reception of Elizabeth, at the house of her most distinguished favourite.* Meantime, Leicester appeared daily to advance in the Queen's favour. *He was perpetually by her side in council, willingly lis-*

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tened to in the moments of courtly recreation—favoured with approaches even to familiar intimacy—looked up to by all who had aught to hope at court—courted by foreign ministers with the most flattering testimonies of respect from their sovereigns—the *Alter Ego*, as it seemed, of the stately Elizabeth, who was now very generally supposed to be studying the time and opportunity for associating him, by marriage, into her sovereign power.

Amid such a tide of prosperity, this minion of fortune, and of the Queen's favour, was probably the most unhappy man in the realm which seemed at his devotion. He had the Fairy King's superiority over his friends and dependants, and saw much which they could not. The character of his mistress was intimately known to him ; it was his minute and studied acquaintance with her humours, as well as her noble faculties, which joined to his powerful mental qualities, and his eminent external accomplishments, had raised him so high in her favour ; and it was that very knowledge of her disposition which led him to apprehend at every turn some sudden and overwhelming disgrace. Leicester was like a pilot possessed of a chart, which points out to him all the peculiarities of his navigation, but which exhibits so many shoals, breakers, and reefs of rocks, that his anxious eye reaps little more from observing them, than to be convinced that his final escape can be little else than miraculous.

In fact, Queen Elizabeth had a character strangely compounded of the strongest masculine sense, with those qualities which are chiefly supposed proper to the female sex. Her subjects had the full benefit of her virtues, which far predominated over her weaknesses ; but her courtiers, and those about her person, had often to sustain sudden and embarrassing turns of caprice, and the sallies of a temper which was both jealous and despotic. She was the nursing-mother of her people, but she

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also the true daughter of Henry VIII. ; and though early sufferings and an excellent education had repressed and modified, they had not altogether destroyed, the hereditary temper of that "hard-ruled King."—"Her mind," says her witty god-son, Sir John Harrington, who had experienced both the smiles and the frowns which he describes, "was ofttyme like the gentle air that cometh from the western point in a summer's morn—'twas sweet and refreshing to all around her. Her speech did win all affections. And again, she could put forth such alterations, when obedience was lacking, as left no doubting *whose* daughter she was. When she smiled, it was a pure sunshine, that every one did choose to bask in if they could ; but anon came a storm, from a sudden gathering of clouds, and the thunder fell, in a wondrous manner, on all alike."

This variability of disposition, as Leicester well knew, was chiefly formidable to those who had a share in the Queen's affections, and who depended rather on her personal regard, than on the indispensable services which they could render to her councils and her crown. The favour of Burleigh, or of Walsingham, of a description far less striking than that by which he was himself upheld, was founded, as Leicester was well aware, on Elizabeth's solid judgment, not on her partiality ; and was, therefore, free from all those principles of change and decay, necessarily incident to that which chiefly arose from personal accomplishments and female predilection. These great and sage statesmen were judged of by the Queen, only with reference to the measures they suggested, and the reasons by which they supported their opinions in council ; whereas the success of Leicester's *course depended on all those light and changeable gales of caprice and humour*, which thwart or favour the *process of a lover in the favour of his mistress, and she, o, a mistress who was ever and anon becoming fearful*

should forget the dignity, or compromise the .y, of the Queen, while she indulged the affections woman. Of the difficulties which surrounded his ., "too great to keep or to resign," Leicester was sensible ; and as he looked anxiously round for the ns of maintaining himself in his precarious situation, d sometimes contemplated those of descending from it . safety, he saw but little hope of either. At such moments, his thoughts turned to dwell upon his secret marriage, and its consequences ; and it was in bitterness against himself, if not against his unfortunate Countess, that he ascribed to that hasty measure, adopted in the ardour of what he now called inconsiderate passion, at once the impossibility of placing his power on a solid basis, and the immediate prospect of its precipitate downfall.

" Men say," thus ran his thoughts, in these anxious and repentant moments, " that I might marry Elizabeth, and become King of England. All things suggest this. The match is carolled in ballads, while the rabble throw their caps up.—It has been touched upon in the schools—whispered in the presence-chamber—recommended from the pulpit—prayed for in the Calvinistic churches abroad —touched on by statists in the very council at home—These bold insinuations have been rebutted by no rebuke, no resentment, no chiding, scarce even by the usual female protestation that she would live and die a virgin princess. Her words have been more courteous than ever, though she knows such rumours are abroad—her actions more gracious—her looks more kind—nought seems wanting to make me King of England, and place me beyond the storms of court-favour, excepting the putting forth of mine own hand to take that crown imperial, which is the glory of the universe ! And when I might stretch that hand out most boldly, it is fettered down by secret and inextricable bond ! And here I have let from Amy," he would say, catching them up wi

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movement of perverseness, " persecuting me to acknowledge her openly—to do justice to her and to myself—and I wot not what. Methinks I have done less than justice to myself already. And she speaks as if Elizabeth were to receive the knowledge of this matter with the glee of a mother bearing of the happy marriage of a hopeful son!—She, the daughter of Henry, who spared neither man in his anger, nor woman in his desire—she to find herself tricked, drawn on with toys of passion to the verge of acknowledging her love to a subject, and he discovered to be a married man! Elizabeth to learn that she had been dallied with in such fashion, as a gay courtier might trifle with a country wench—We should then see to our man *furans quid ferunt*!"

He would then pause, and call for Varney, whose advice was now more frequently resorted to than ever, because the Earl remembered the remonstrances which he had made against his secret contract. And their consultation usually terminated in anxious deliberation, how or in what manner the Countess was to be produced at Kenilworth. These communings had for some time always ended in a resolution to delay the Progress from day to day. But at length a peremptory decision became necessary.

"Elizabeth will not be satisfied without her presence," said the Earl. "whether any suspicion hath entered her mind, as my own apprehensions suggest, or whether the petition of Tressilian is kept in her memory by Sussex, or some other secret enemy, I know not, but amongst all the favourable expressions which she uses to me, she often recurs to the story of Amy Robart. I think that Amy is the slave in the chariot, who is placed there by my evil fortune to dash and to confound my triumph, *even when at the highest*. Show me thy device, Varney, for solving the inexplicable difficulty. I have thrown *every such impediment in the way of these accursed* *revels as I could propound even with a shade of decent* *show*

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terview has put all to a hazard. She said but peremptorily, ' We will give you no or preparations, my lord, lest you should yourself. On Saturday, the 9th of July, we u at Kenilworth—We pray you to forget pointed guests and suitors, and in especial ve, Amy Robsart. We would wish to see ho could postpone yonder poetical gentle- Tressilian, to your man, Richard Varney.' y, ply thine invention, whose forge hath iften ; for sure as my name is Dudley, the ed by my horoscope is now darkening

dy be by no means persuaded to bear for he obscure character which circumstances ? " said Varney, after some hesitation.

ah ! my Countess term herself *thy* wife— her stand with my honour nor with hers."

lord," answered Varney, " and yet such is which Elizabeth now holds her ; and to opinion is to discover all."

something else, Varney," said the Earl, ion ; " this invention is nought—if I could she would not ; for I tell thee, Varney, if t not, that not Elizabeth on the throne has in the daughter of this obscure gentleman he is flexible in many things, but where

honour brought in question, she hath a per as apprehensive as lightning, and as ion."

experienced that, my lord, else had we not imstanced," said Varney. " But what else now not—Methinks she whose good fortune our lordship's bride, and gives rise to the do somewhat towards parrying it."

isible," said the Earl, waving his hand :

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"I know neither authority nor entreaties would make her endure thy name for an hour."

"It is somewhat hard, though," said Varney, in a dry tone; and, without pausing on that topic, he added, "suppose some one were found to represent her? Such feats have been performed in the courts of as sharp-eyed monarchs as Queen Elizabeth."

"Utter madness, Varney," answered the Earl; "the counterfeit would be confronted with Tressilian, and discovery become inevitable."

"Tressilian might be removed from court," said the unhesitating Varney.

"And by what means?"

"There are many," said Varney, "by which a statesman in your situation, my lord, may remove from the scene one who pries into your affairs, and places himself in perilous opposition to you."

"Speak not to me of such policy, Varney," said the Earl, hastily; "which, besides, would avail nothing in the present case. Many others there be at court, to whom Amy may be known; and besides, on the absence of Tressilian, her father or some of her friends would be instantly summoned hither. Urge thine invention once more."

"My lord, I know not what to say," answered Varney; "but were I myself in such perplexity, I would ride post down to Cumnor Place, and compel my wife to give her consent to such measures as her safety and mine required."

"Varney," said Leicester, "I cannot urge her to aught so repugnant to her noble nature, as a share in this stratagem—it would be a base requital for the love *she bears me.*"

"Well, my lord," said Varney, "your lordship is a wise and an honourable man, and skilled in those high points of romantic scruple, which are current in Arcadia."

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our nephew, Philip Sidney, writes. I am  
servitor—a man of this world, and only  
my knowledge of it, and its ways, is such as  
Iip has not scorned to avail yourself of. Now  
ain know, whether the obligation lies on my  
n you, in this fortunate union; and which has  
on to show complaisance to the other, and to  
hat other's wishes, conveniences, and safety?"

"thee, Varney," said the Earl, "that all it was  
wer to bestow upon her, was not merely de-  
it a thousand times overpaid, by her own virtue  
ity; for never did greatness descend upon a  
so formed by nature to grace and adorn it."

"well, my lord, you are so satisfied," answered  
with his usual sardonic smile, which even re-  
is patron could not at all times subdue—"you  
time enough to enjoy undisturbed the society  
gracious and beautiful—that is, so soon as such  
ent in the Tower be over, as may correspond  
ime of deceiving the affections of Elizabeth  
A cheaper penalty, I presume, you do not

cious fiend!" answered Leicester, "do you  
in my misfortune?—Manage it as thou wilt."

"you are serious, my lord," said Varney, "you  
forth instantly, and post for Cumnor Place."

"hou go thyself, Varney; the devil has given thee  
of eloquence, which is most powerful in the  
use. I should stand self-convicted of villainy  
urge such a deceit—Begone, I tell thee—Must I  
lee to mine own dishonour?"

"my lord," said Varney—"but if you are serious  
ing me with the task of urging this most neces-  
ure, you must give me a letter to my lady, as  
tials, and trust to me for backing the advice it  
ith all the force in my power. And such is

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my opinion of my lady's love for your lordship, and of her willingness to do that which is at once to contribute to your pleasure and your safety, that I am sure she will condescend to bear for a few brief days the name of so humble a man as myself, especially since it is not inferior in antiquity to that of her own paternal house."

Leicester seized on writing materials, and twice or thrice commenced a letter to the Countess, which he afterwards tore into fragments. At length he finished a few distracted lines, in which he conjured her, for reasons nearly concerning his life and honour, to consent to bear the name of Varney for a few days, during the revels at Kenilworth. He added, that Varney would communicate all the reasons which rendered this deception indispensable, and having signed and sealed these credentials, he flung them over the table to Varney, with a motion that he should depart, which his adviser was not slow to comprehend and to obey.

Leicester remained like one stupified, till he heard the trampling of the horses, as Varney, who took no time even to change his dress, threw himself into the saddle, and, followed by a single servant, set off for Berkshire. At the sound, the Earl started from his seat, and ran to the window, with the momentary purpose of recalling the unworthy commission with which he had intrusted one, of whom he used to say, he knew no virtuous property save affection to his patron. But Varney was already beyond call—and the bright starry firmament, which the age considered as the Book of Fate, lying spread before Leicester when he opened the casement, diverted him from his better and more manly purpose.

"There they roll on their silent but potential course," said the Earl, looking around him, "without a voice which speaks to our ear, but not without influences which affect, at every change, the indwellers of this vale earthy planet. This, if astrologers fable not, is the very chil-

ne hour approaches of which I was taught  
 the hour, too, which I was encouraged to  
 . king was the word—but how?—the crown  
 —all hopes of that are gone—let them go.  
 etherlands have demanded me for their leader,  
 d Elizabeth consent, would yield to me *their*  
 And have I not such a claim, even in this king-  
 That of York, descending from George of Clas-  
 to the House of Huntingdon, which, this lady  
 , may have a fair chance—Huntingdon is of my  
 e.—But I will plunge no deeper in these high mys-  
 es. Let me hold my course in silence for a while, and  
 obscurity like a subterranean river—the time shall come,  
 at I will burst forth in my strength, and bear all oppo-  
 sition before me."

While Leicester was thus stupifying the remonstrances of his own conscience, by appealing to political necessity for his apology, or losing himself amidst the wild dreams of ambition, his agent left town and tower behind him, on his hasty journey to Berkshire. *He* also nourished high hope. He had brought Lord Leicester to the point which he had desired, of committing to him the most intimate recesses of his breast, and of using him as the channel of his most confidential intercourse with his lady. Henceforward it would, he foresaw, be difficult for his patron either to dispense with his services, or refuse his requests, however unreasonable. And if this disdainful dame, as he termed the Countess, should comply with the request of her husband, Varney, her pretended husband, must needs become so situated with respect to her, that there was no knowing where his audacity might be bounded—perhaps not till circumstances enabled him to obtain a triumph, which he *thought of* with a mixture of fiendish feelings, in which *revenge* for her previous scorn was foremost and predominant. Again he contemplated the possibility of her

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being totally intractable, and refusing obstinately to play the part assigned to her in the drama at Kenilworth.

"Alasco must then do his part," he said—"Sickness must serve her Majesty as an excuse for not receiving the homage of Mrs. Varney—ay, and a sore and a wasting sickness it may prove, should Elizabeth continue to cast so favourable an eye on my Lord of Leicester. I will not forego the chance of being favourite of a monarch for want of determined measures, should these be necessary.—Forward, good horse, forward—ambition, and haughty hope of power, pleasure, and revenge, strike their stings as deep through my bosom as I plunge the rowels in thy flanks—On, good horse, on—the devil urges us both forward."

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## CHAP. XXII.

*Say that my beauty was but small,  
Among court ladies all despised,  
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,  
Where, scornful Earl, 'twas dearly prized ?*

*No more thou com'st with wonted speed,  
Thy once beloved bride to see ;  
But be she alive, or be she dead,  
I fear, stern Earl, 's the same to thee.*

CUMNOR HALL, by WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.



THE ladies of fashion of the present, or of any other period, must have allowed, that the young and lovely Countess of Leicester had, besides her youth and beauty, two qualities which entitled her to a place amongst women of rank and distinction. She displayed, as we have seen in her interview with the pedlar, a liberal promptitude to make unnecessary purchases, solely for the pleasure of acquiring useless and showy trifles which ceased to please as soon as they were

unless Amy had indeed to plead, for ind  
those frivolous tastes, that the education of t  
done little or nothing for a mind naturally g  
to study. If she had not loved to colle  
to wear it, she might have woven tapestry e  
roidery, till her labours spread in gay profi  
at the walls and seats at Lidcote Hall ; or sh  
varied Minerva's labours with the task c  
a mighty pudding against the time that Si  
sart returned from the greenwood. But Amy  
inal genius either for the loom, the needle, or  
book. Her mother had died in infancy ; hei  
adicted her in nothing ; and Tressilian, the  
it approached her, who was able or desirous  
the cultivation of her mind, had much hurt  
with her, by assuming too eagerly the task  
or ; so that he was regarded by the lively in  
idle girl with a

## KENILWORTH.

when the void was filled up with letters of excuse, not always very warmly expressed, and generally extremely brief, discontent and suspicion began to haunt those splendid apartments which love had fitted up for beauty. Her answers to Leicester conveyed these feelings too bluntly, and pressed more naturally than prudently that she might be relieved from this obscure and secluded residence, by the Earl's acknowledgment of their marriage ; and in arranging her arguments, with all the skill she was mistress of, she trusted chiefly to the warmth of the entreaties with which she urged them. Sometimes she even ventured to mingle reproaches, of which Leicester conceived he had good reason to complain.

" I have made her Countess," he said to Varney ; " surely she might wait till it consisted with my pleasure that she should put on the coronet."

The Countess Amy viewed the subject in directly an opposite light.

" What signifies," she said, " that I have rank and honour in reality, if I am to live an obscure prisoner, without either society or observance, and suffering in my character, as one of dubious or disgraced réputation ? I care not for all those strings of pearl, which you fret me by warping into my tresses, Janet. I tell you, that at Lidcote Hall, if I put but a fresh rose-bud among my hair, my good father would call me to him, that he might see it more closely ; and the kind old curate would smile, and Master Mumblazen would say something about roses gules ; and now I sit here, decked out like an image with gold and gems, and no one to see my finery but you, Janet. There was the poor Tressilian, too—but it avails not speaking of him."

" *It doth not indeed, madam,*" said her prudent attendant ; " *and verily you make me sometimes wish you would not speak of him so often, or so rashly.*"

" *It signifies nothing to warn me, Janet,*" said the im-

breath—I cannot even if I would, or if he—which, George—should cease to love me. But really, I would have been happier than I remained in Lidcote Hall, even although poor Tressilian, with his melancholy head full of learning, which I cared not would read his favourite volumes, the same that I should be glad of having done now."

"ight you some books, madam," said the fellow who sold them in the Market-street. "I stared something boldly at me, I promise to see them, Janet," said the Countess not be of your own precise cast.—Howious damsel?—'A Pair of Snuffers and an Idlestick'—'A Handful of Myrrh and a Soul to Purgation'—'A Draught of the Valley of Baca'—'Foxes and Fins'—Call von this .. ."

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lore did the Countess's heart incline, and joyfully did she start up from the listless task of turning over the leaves of the pamphlets, and hastily did she scatter them through the floor, when the rapid clatter of horses' feet, heard in the courtyard, called her to the window, exclaiming, "It is Leicester!—it is my noble Earl!—It is my Dudley!—Every stroke of his horse's hoof sounds like a note of lordly music!"

There was a brief bustle in the mansion, and Foster, with his downward look and sullen manner, entered the apartment to say, "That Master Richard Varney was arrived from my lord, having ridden all night, and craved to speak with her ladyship instantly."

"Varney?" said the disappointed Countess; "and to speak with me?—pshaw! But he comes with news from Leicester—so admit him instantly."

Varney entered her dressing apartment, where she sat arrayed in her native loveliness, adorned with all that Janet's art, and a rich and tasteful undress, could bestow. But the most beautiful part of her attire was her profuse and luxuriant light-brown locks, which floated in such rich abundance around a neck that resembled a swan's, and over a bosom heaving with anxious expectation, which communicated a hurried tinge of red to her whole countenance.

Varney entered the room in the dress in which he had waited on his master that morning to court, the splendour of which made a strange contrast with the disorder arising from hasty riding during a dark night and foul ways. His brow bore an anxious and burned expression, as one who has that to say of which he doubts the reception, and who hath yet posted on from the necessity of communicating his tidings. The Countess's anxious eye at once caught the alarm, as she exclaimed, "You bring news from my lord, Master Varney—Gracious Heaven! is he ill?"

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"adam, thank Heaven!" said Varney. "Com-self, and permit me to take breath ere I com-my tidings."

"breath, sir," replied the Lady, impatiently; "I /our theatrical arts. Since your breath hath i to bring you hither, it may suffice to tell your at least briefly, and in the gross."

"Madam," answered Varney, "we are not alone, and lord's message was for your ear only."

"Leave us, Janet, and Master Foster," said the iidy; "but remain in the next apartment, and within ll."

Foster and his daughter retired, agreeably to the Lady eicester's commands, into the next apartment, which was the withdrawing-room. The door which led from the sleeping-chamber was then carefully shut and bolted, and the father and daughter remained both in a posture of alarmed attention, the first with a stern, suspicious, anxious cast of countenance, and Janet with folded hands, and looks which seemed divided betwixt her desire to know the fortunes of her mistress, and her prayers to heaven for her safety. Anthony Foster seemed himself to have some idea of what was passing through his daughter's mind, for he crossed the apartment and took her anxiously by the hand, saying, "That is right —pray, Janet, pray—we have all need of prayers, and some of us more than others. Pray, Janet—I would pray myself, but I must listen to what goes on within—evil has been brewing, love—evil has been brewing. God forgive our sins; but Varney's sudden and strange arrival bodes us no good."

Janet had never before heard her father excite or even permit her attention to anything which passed in their *mysterious family*, and now that he did so, his voice sounded in her ear—she knew not why—like that of a screech-owl denouncing some deed of terror and of woe

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Vere it possible for one of the Graces to have abated by a Fury, the countenance could not have retained such beauty with so much hatred, scorn, disdain, and resentment. The gesture and attitude responded with the voice and looks, and altogether presented a spectacle which was at once beautiful and awful ; so much of the sublime had the energy of passion united with the Countess Amy's natural loveliness. Janet, as soon as the door was open, ran to her mistress ; and more slowly, yet with more haste than he was wont, Anthony Foster went to Richard Varney.

"In the Truth's name, what ails your ladyship ?" said the former.

"What, in the name of Satan, have you done to her?" said Foster to his friend.

"Who, I?—nothing," answered Varney, but with sunken head and sullen voice ; "nothing but communicated to her her lord's commands, which, if the lady list not to obey, she knows better how to answer it than I may pretend to do."

"Now, by Heaven, Janet," said the Countess, "the false traitor lies in his throat ! He must needs lie, for he speaks to the dishonour of my noble lord—he must needs lie doubly, for he speaks to gain ends of his own, equally execrable and unattainable."

"You have misapprehended me, lady," said Varney, with a sulky species of submission and apology ; "let this matter rest till your passion be abated, and I will explain all."

"Thou shalt never have an opportunity to do so," said the Countess.—"Look at him, Janet. He is fairly dressed, hath the outside of a gentleman, and hither he came to persuade me it was my lord's pleasure—nay, more, my wedded lord's commands, that I should go with him to Kenilworth, and before the Queen and nobles, and in presence of my own wedded lord.

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I should acknowledge him—*him* there—that very cloak-brushing, shoe-cleaning fellow—*him* there, my lord's lackey, for my liege lord and husband; furnishing against myself, great God! whenever I was to vindicate my right and my rank, such weapons as would hew my just claim from the root, and destroy my character to be regarded as an honourable matron of the English nobility!"

"You hear her, Foster, and you, young maiden, hear this lady," answered Varney, taking advantage of the pause which the Countess had made in her charge, more for lack of breath than for lack of matter—"You hear that her heat only objects to me the course which our good lord, for the purpose to keep certain matters secret, suggests in the very letter which she holds in her hands."

Foster here attempted to interfere with a face of authority, which he thought became the charge intrusted to him, "Nay, lady, I must needs say you are over hasty in this—Such deceit is not utterly to be condemned when practised for a righteous end; and thus even the patriarch Abraham feigned Sarah to be his sister when they went down to Egypt."

"Ay, sir," answered the Countess; "but God rebuked that deceit even in the father of his chosen people, by the mouth of the heathen Pharaoh. Out upon you, that will read Scripture only to copy those things, which are held out to us as warnings, not as examples!"

"But Sarah disputed not the will of her husband, an it be your pleasure," said Foster, in reply; "but did as Abraham commanded, calling herself his sister, that it might be well with her husband for her sake, and that his soul might live because of her beauty."

"Now, so heaven pardon me my useless anger," answered the Countess, "thou art as daring a hypocrite 's yonder fellow is an impudent deceiver! Never will I believe that the noble Dudley gave countenance to so

## KENILWORTH.

so dishonourable a plan. Thus I tread on, if indeed it be, and thus destroy its remembrance ! ”

ying, she tore in pieces Leicester's letter, and in the extremity of impatience, as if she would annihilated the minute fragments into which she rent it.

“ Bear witness,” said Varney, collecting himself, “ she had torn my lord's letter, in order to burden me with the scheme of his devising ; and although it promises nought but danger and trouble to me, she would lay it to my charge, as if I had any purpose of mine own in it.”

“ Thou liest, thou treacherous slave ! ” said the Countess, in spite of Janet's attempts to keep her silent, in the sad foresight that her vehemence might only furnish arms against herself,—“ Thou liest,” she continued —“ Let me go, Janet—Were it the last word I have to speak, he lies—he had his own foul ends to seek ; and broader he would have displayed them, had my passion permitted me to preserve the silence which at first encouraged him to unfold his vile projects.”

“ Madam,” said Varney, overwhelmed in spite of his effrontery, “ I entreat you to believe yourself mistaken.”

“ As soon will I believe light darkness,” said the enraged Countess. “ Have I drank of oblivion ? Do I not remember former passages, which, known to Leicester, had given thee the preferment of a gallows, instead of the honour of his intimacy ?—I would I were a man but for five minutes ! It were space enough to make a craven like thee confess his villainy. But go—begone !—Tell thy master, that when I take the foul course to which such scandalous deceits as thou hast recommended on his behalf must necessarily lead me, I will give him a rival something worthy of the name. He shall not be supplanted by an ignominious lackey, whose

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best fortune is to catch a gift of his master's last suit of clothes ere it is threadbare, and who is only fit to seduce a suburb-wench by the bravery of new roses in his master's old pantofles. Go, begone, sir—I scorn thee so much, that I am ashamed to have been angry with thee."

Varney left the room with a mute expression of rage, and was followed by Foster, whose apprehension, naturally slow, was overpowered by the eager and abundant discharge of indignation, which, for the first time, he had heard burst from the lips of a being, who had seemed till that moment too languid, and too gentle, to nurse an angry thought, or utter an intemperate expression. Foster, therefore, pursued Varney from place to place, persecuting him with interrogatories, to which the other replied not, until they were in the opposite side of the quadrangle, and in the old library, with which the reader has already been made acquainted. Here he turned round on his persevering follower, and thus addressed him, in a tone tolerably equal; that brief walk having been sufficient to give one so habituated to command his temper, time to rally and recover his presence of mind.

"Tony," he said, with his usual sneering laugh, "it avails not to deny it. The Woman and the Devil, who, as thine oracle Holdforth will confirm to thee, cheated man at the beginning, have this day proved more powerful than my discretion. Yon termagant looked so tempting, and had the art to preserve her countenance so naturally, while I communicated my lord's message, that, by my faith, I thought I might say some little thing for myself. She thinks she hath my head under her *girdle* now, but she is deceived.—Where is Doctor Alasco?"

"*In his laboratory,*" answered Foster; "it is the *hour* *is spoken not withal*—we must wait till noon is past,

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important—What said I, important?—I left his divine studies."

"Is the devil's divinity," said Varney,—"it him, one hour must suffice as well as the way to his pandemonium."

say, and with hasty and perturbed steps who conducted him through private flights which were well nigh ruinous, to the great quadrangle, where, in a subterranean vault occupied by the chemist Alasco, one of England, who had a turn for the occult, which led to the scandal of his convent, estuary, in which, like other fools of the much precious time, and money besides, the grand arcanum.

He paused before the door, which was closed within, and again showed a marked turb in the sage in his operations. But impulsive, roused him, by knocking and strength, slowly and reluctantly, the instrument undid the door. The chemist his eyes bleared with the heat and over or alembic over which he brooded, of his cell displayed the confused asrogeneous substances and extraordinary clinging to his profession. The old man with spiteful impatience, "Am I forced to the affairs of earth from those of

s of hell," answered Varney, "for that blement.—Foster, we need thee at our

entered the room. Varney, following, and they betook themselves to secret

le, the Countess traversed the apart

## KENILWORTH.

ment with shame and anger contending on her lovely cheek.

"The villain," she said, "the cold-blooded calculating slave!—But I unmasked him, Janet—I made the snake uncoil all his folds before me, and crawl abroad in his native deformity—I suspended my resentment, at the danger of suffocating under the effort, until he had let me see the very bottom of a heart more foul than hell's darkest corner.—And thou, Leicester, is it possible thou couldst bid me for a moment deny my wedded right in thee, or thyself yield it to another!—But it is impossible—the villain has lied in all.—Janet, I will not remain here longer—I fear him—I fear thy father—I grieve to say it, Janet—but I fear thy father, and worst of all, this odious Varney. I will escape from Cumnor."

"Alas! madam, whither would you fly, or by what means will you escape from these walls?"

"I know not, Janet," said the unfortunate young lady, looking upwards, and clasping her hands together "I know not where I shall fly, or by what means; but I am certain the God I have served will not abandon me in this dreadful crisis, for I am in the hands of wicked men."

"Do not think so, dear lady," said Janet; "my father is stern and strict in his temper, and severely true to his trust—but yet"—

At this moment Anthony Foster entered the apartment, bearing in his hand a glass cup, and a small flask. His manner was singular; for, while approaching the Countess with the respect due to her rank, he had till this time suffered to become visible, or had been unable to suppress, the obdurate sulkiness of his natural disposition, which, as is usual with those of his unhappy master, was chiefly exerted towards those over whom circumstances gave him control. But at present

hing of that sullen consciousness of authority was wont to conceal under a clumsy affectation and deference, as a ruffian hides his pistols and iu under his ill-fashioned gaberdine. And yet it as if his smile was more in fear than courtesy, if, while he pressed the Countess to taste of the cordial, which should refresh her spirits after her alarm, he was conscious of meditating some farther iu. His hand trembled also, his voice faltered, and hole outward behaviour exhibited so much that was icious, that his daughter Janet, after she had stood king at him in astonishment for some seconds, seemed once to collect herself to execute some hardy resolution, raised her head, assumed an attitude and gait of determination and authority, and walking slowly betwixt her father and her mistress, took the salver from the hand of the former, and said in a low, but marked and decided tone, "Father, *I* will fill for my noble mistress, when such is her pleasure."

"Thou, my child?" said Foster, eagerly and apprehensively; "no, my child—it is not *thou* shalt render the lady this service."

"And why, I pray you," said Janet, "if it be fitting that the noble lady should partake of the cup at all?"

"Why—why?" said the seneschal, hesitating, and then bursting into passion as the readiest mode of supplying the lack of all other reason—"Why, because it is my pleasure, minion, that you should not!—Get you gone to the evening lecture."

"Now, as I hope to hear lecture again," replied Janet, "I will not go thither this night, unless I am better assured of my mistress's safety. Give me that flask, father;"—and she took it from his reluctant hand, while he resigned it as if conscience-struck—"And now," she said, "father, that which shall benefit my mistress cannot do *me* prejudice. Father, I drink to you."

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Foster, without speaking a word, rushed on his daughter, and wrested the flask from her hand ; then, as if embarrassed by what he had done, and totally unable to resolve what he should do next, he stood with it in his hand, one foot advanced and the other drawn back, glaring on his daughter with a countenance, in which rage, fear, and convicted villainy, formed a hideous combination.

"This is strange, my father," said Janet, keeping her eye fixed on his, in the manner in which those who have the charge of lunatics are said to overawe their unhappy patients ; "will you neither let me serve my lady, nor drink to her myself?"

The courage of the Countess sustained her through this dreadful scene, of which the import was not the less obvious that it was not even hinted at. She preserved even the rash carelessness of her temper, and though her cheek had grown pale at the first alarm, her eye was calm, and almost scornful. "Will you taste this rare cordial, Master Foster? Perhaps you will not yourself refuse to pledge us, though you permit not Janet to do so—Drink, sir, I pray you."

"I will not," answered Foster.

"And for whom, then, is the precious beverage reserved, sir?" said the Countess.

"For the devil, who brewed it!" answered Foster ; and, turning on his heel, he left the chamber.

Janet looked at her mistress with a countenance expressive in the highest degree of shame, dismay, and sorrow.

"Do not weep for me, Janet," said the Countess, kindly.

"No, madam," replied her attendant, in a voice broken by sobs, "it is not for you I weep, it is for myself—it is for that unhappy man. Those who are dismoured before man—those who are condemned by

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me to mourn—not those who are innocent!  
madam!" she said, hastily assuming the  
ch she was wont to go abroad.

ave me, Janet?" said her mistress—"desert  
evil strait?"

ou, madam!" exclaimed Janet; and run-  
> her mistress, she imprinted a thousand  
· hand—"desert you!—may the Hope of  
rt me when I do so!—No, madam; well  
God you serve will open you a path for  
There is a way of escape; I have prayed  
y for light, that I might see how to act  
duty to yonder unhappy man, and that  
to you. Sternly and fearfully that light  
med, and I must not shut the door which  
-Ask me no more. I will return in brief

g, she wrapped herself in her mantle, and  
old woman whom she passed in the outer  
he was going to evening prayer, she left

her father had reached once more the  
where he found the accomplices of his in-

sweet bird sipped?" said Varney, with half  
le the astrologer put the same question with  
spoke not a word

by Heaven  
would not  
teacher—I  
things too  
carnal and  
by St. Job  
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It's blessing, I have advanced so far, that I call the wisest of living artists my better or my I say, howsoever yonder reprobate may scoff at so holy to be apprehended by men merely of and evil thoughts, yet believe, that the city beheld John, in that bright vision of the Christian Apoca-, that New Jerusalem, of which all Christian men to partake, sets forth typically the discovery of GRAND SECRET, whereby the most precious and act of nature's works are elicited out of her basest most crude productions; just as the light and ly butterfly, the most beautiful child of the sum- s breeze, breaks forth from the dungeon of a sordid salis."

Master Holdforth said nought of this exposition," Foster, doubtfully; "and moreover, Doctor Alasco, Holy Writ says, that the gold and precious stones of Holy City are in no sort for those who work abomi- n, or who frame lies."

Well, my son," said the Doctor, "and what is your ence from thence?"

That those," said Foster, "who distil poisons, and inister them in secrecy, can have no portion in those eakable riches."

You are to distinguish, my son," replied the alchemist, twixt that which is necessarily evil in its progress and send also, and that which, being evil, is, nevertheless capable of working forth good. If, by the death of person, the happy period shall be brought nearer to n which all that is good shall be attained, by wishing presence—all that is evil escaped, by desiring its nce—in which sickness, and pain, and sorrow, shall be obedient servants of human wisdom,—and made y at the slightest signal of a sage,—in which that is now richest and rarest shall be within the iss of every one who shall be obedient to the voic

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of wisdom,—when the art of healing shall be lost and absorbed in the one universal medicine,—when sages shall become monarchs of the earth, and death itself retreat before their frown,—if this blessed consummation of all things can be hastened by the slight circumstance, that a frail earthly body, which must needs partake corruption, shall be consigned to the grave a short space earlier than in the course of nature, what is such a sacrifice to the advancement of the holy Millennium?"

"Millennium is the reign of the Saints," said Foster, somewhat doubtfully.

"Say it is the reign of the Sages, my son," answered Alasco; "or rather the reign of Wisdom itself."

"I touched on the question with Master Holdforth last exercising night," said Foster; "but he says your doctrine is heterodox, and a damnable and false exposition."

"He is in the bonds of ignorance, my son," answered Alasco, "and as yet burning bricks in Egypt; or, at best, wandering in the dry desert of Sinai. Thou didst ill to speak to such a man of such matters. I will, however, give thee proof, and that shortly, which I will defy that peevish divine to confute, though he should strive with me as the magicians strove with Moses before King Pharaoh. I will do projection in thy presence, my son,—in thy very presence, and thine eyes shall witness the truth."

"Stick to that, learned sage," said Varney, who at this moment entered the apartment; "if he refuse the testimony of thy tongue, yet how shall he deny that of his own eyes?"

"Varney!" said the adept—"Varney already returned! Hast thou"—he stopped short.

"Have I done mine errand, thou wouldest say," replied Varney—"I have!—And thou," he added, showing

## KENILWORTH.

more symptoms of interest than he had exhibited, "art thou sure thou hast poured for more nor less than the just measure?"

"Ay," replied the alchemist, "as sure as be in these nice proportions; for there is c constitutions."

"Nay, then," said Varney, "I fear nothing thou wilt not go a step farther to the devil than justly considered for. Thou wert paid to create and wouldest esteem it thrifless prodigality to do at the same price. Come, let us each to our bed. We shall see the event to-morrow."

"What didst thou do to make her swallow Foster, shuddering.

"Nothing," answered Varney, "but look with that aspect which governs madmen, we children. They told me, in Saint Luke's Hospital, I have the right look for overpowering a patient. The keepers made me their companion, so I know how to win my bread, when my coat fails me."

"And art thou not afraid," said Foster, "dose be disproportioned?"

"If so," replied Varney, "she will but sounder, and the fear of that shall not break me. Good night, my masters."

Anthony Foster groaned heavily, and lifted his hands and eyes. The alchemist intimated he would continue some experiment of high import for the greater part of the night, and the others selected places of repose.

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### CHAP. XXIII.

*Now God be good to me in this wild pilgrimage !  
All hope in human aid I cast behind me.  
Oh, who would be a woman ?—who that fool,  
A weeping, pining, faithful, loving woman ?  
She hath hard measure still where she hopes kindest,  
And all her bounties only make ingrates.*

#### LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.

**I**HE summer evening was closed, and Janet, just when her longer stay might have occasioned suspicion and inquiry in that jealous household, returned to Cumnor Place, and hastened to the apartment in which she had left her lady. She found her with her head resting on her arms, and these crossed upon a table which stood before her. As Janet came in, she neither looked up nor stirred.

Her faithful attendant ran to her mistress with the speed of lightning, and rousing her at the same time with her hand, conjured the Countess, in the most earnest manner, to look up, and say what thus affected her. The unhappy lady raised her head accordingly, and looking on her attendant with a ghastly eye, and cheek as pale as clay, "Janet," she said, "I have drunk it."

"God be praised!" said Janet, hastily—"I mean, God be praised that it is no worse—the potion will not harm you.—Rise, shake this lethargy from your limbs, and this despair from your mind."

"Janet," repeated the Countess again, "disturb me not—leave me at peace—let life pass quietly,—I am poisoned."

"You are not, my dearest lady," answered the maiden, eagerly—"What you have swallowed cannot injure you, for the antidote has been taken before it, and I hastened hither to tell you that the means of escape are open to you."

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"Escape!" exclaimed the lady, as she raised herself hastily in her chair, while light returned to her eye and life to her cheek; "but ah! Janet, it comes too late."

"Not so, dearest lady—Rise, take mine arm, walk through the apartment—Let not fancy do the work of poison!—So; feel you not now that you are possessed of the full use of your limbs?"

"The torpor seems to diminish," said the Countess as, supported by Janet, she walked to and fro in the apartment; "but is it then so, and have I not swallowed a deadly draught? Varney was here since thou wert gone, and commanded me, with eyes in which I read my fate, to swallow yon horrible drug. Oh, Janet! it must be fatal; never was harmless draught served by such a cup-bearer!"

"He did not deem it harmless, I fear," replied the maiden; "but God confounds the devices of the wicked. Believe me, as I swear by the dear Gospel in which we trust, your life is safe from his practice. Did you not debate with him?"

"The house was silent," answered the lady—"thou gone—no other but he in the chamber—and he capable of every crime. I did but stipulate he would remove his hateful presence, and I drank whatever he offered.—But you spoke of escape, Janet; can I be so happy?"

"Are you strong enough to bear the tidings, and make the effort?" said the maiden.

"Strong!" answered the Countess—"Ask the hind when the fangs of the deer-hound are stretched to gripe her, if she is strong enough to spring over a chasm. An equal to every effort that may relieve me from this place."

"Hear me, then," said Janet. "One, whom I ~~am~~ ~~assured~~ friend of yours, has shown himself to me in various disguises, and sought speech of me, which ~~for~~ my mind was not clear on the matter until this

## KENILWORTH.

ing,—I have ever declined. He was the pedlar who brought you goods—the itinerant hawker who sold me books—whenever I stirred abroad I was sure to see him. The event of this night determined me to speak with him. He waits even now at the postern-gate of the park with means for your flight.—But have you strength of body?—Have you courage of mind?—Can you undertake the enterprise?"

"She that flies from death," said the lady, "finds strength of body—she that would escape from shame, lacks no strength of mind. The thoughts of leaving behind me the villain who menaces both my life and honour, would give me strength to rise from my death-bed."

"In God's name, then, lady," said Janet, "I must bid you adieu, and to God's charge I must commit you!"

"Will you not fly with me, then, Janet?" said the Countess, anxiously—"Am I to lose thee? Is this thy faithful service?"

"Lady, I would fly with you as willingly as bird ever fled from cage, but my doing so would occasion instant discovery and pursuit. I must remain, and use means to disguise the truth for some time—May Heaven pardon the falsehood, because of the necessity!"

"And am I then to travel alone with this stranger?" said the lady—"Bethink thee, Janet, may not this prove some deeper and darker scheme to separate me perhaps from you, who are my only friend?"

"No, madam, do not suppose it," answered Janet, readily; "the youth is an honest youth in his purpose to you; and a friend to Mr. Tressilian, under whose direction he has come hither."

"If he be a friend of Tressilian," said the Countess, "I will commit myself to his charge, as to that of an angel sent from heaven; for than Tressilian, never



The fugitive Countess, with her guide, traversed with hasty steps the broken and interrupted path, which had once been an avenue, now totally darkened by the boughs of spreading trees which met above their head, and now receiving a doubtful and deceiving light from the beams of the moon, which penetrated where the axe had made openings in the wood. Their path was repeatedly interrupted by felled trees, or the large boughs which had been left on the ground till time served to make them into fagots and billets. The inconvenience and difficulty attending these interruptions, the breathless haste of the first part of their route, the exhausting sensations of hope and fear, so much affected the Countess's strength, that Janet was forced to propose that they should pause for a few minutes to recover breath and spirits. Both therefore stood still beneath the shadow of a huge old gnarled oak-tree, and both naturally looked back to the mansion which they had left behind them, whose long dark front was seen in the gloomy distance, with its huge stacks of chimneys, turrets, and clock-house, rising above the line of the roof, and definedly visible against the pure azure blue of the summer sky.

*One light only twinkled from the extended and shadowy pass, and it was placed so low, that it rather seemed to shimmer from the ground in front of the mansion, than one of the windows. The Countess's terror w*

## KENILWORTH.

awakened.—“They follow us!” she said, p  
Janet the light which thus alarmed her.

Less agitated than her mistress, Janet p  
the gleam was stationary, and informed the  
a whisper, that the light proceeded from th  
in which the alchemist pursued his occult e:  
“He is of those,” she added, “who sit up  
night that they may commit iniquity.  
chance which sent hither a man, whose mi  
earthly wealth and unearthly or superhuma  
hath in it what doth so especially captiv  
father. Well spoke the good Master Hol  
methought, not without meaning that those  
hold should find therein a practical use  
those,’ he said, ‘and their number is legi  
rather, like the wicked Ahab, listen to the  
false prophet Zedekiah, than to the wor  
whom the Lord has spoken.’ And he furt  
‘Ah, my brethren, there be many Zede  
you—men that promise you the light of  
knowledge, so you will surrender to them  
heavenly understanding. What are they b  
tyrant Naas, who demanded the right eye  
were subjected to him?’ And farther he i

It is uncertain how long the fair puri  
night have supported her in the recapitulati  
Holdforth’s discourse; but the Countess in  
and assured her she was so much recov  
ould now reach the postern without the  
second delay.

They set out accordingly, and performe  
part of their journey with more deliber  
more easily, than the first hasty co  
lis gave them leisure for reflection; and  
first time, ventured to ask her lady,  
posed to direct her flight. Receivi

## KENILWORTH.

answer—for, perhaps, in the confusion of her mind, this very obvious subject of deliberation had not occurred to the Countess—Janet ventured to add, “Probably to your father’s house, where you are sure of safety and protection?”

“No, Janet,” said the lady, mournfully, “I left Lodeote Hall while my heart was light and my name was honourable, and I will not return thither till my lord’s permission and public acknowledgment of our marriage restore me to my native home, with all the rank and honour which he has bestowed on me.”

“And whither will you, then, madam?” said Janet.

“To Kenilworth, girl,” said the Countess, boldly and freely. “I will see these revels—these princely revels—the preparation for which makes the land ring from side to side. Methinks, when the Queen of England feasts within my husband’s halls, the Countess of Leicester should be no unbeseeming guest.”

“I pray God you may be a welcome one!” said Janet, hastily.

“You abuse my situation, Janet,” said the Countess, angrily, “and you forget your own.”

“I do neither, dearest madam,” said the sorrowful maiden; “but have you forgotten that the noble Earl has given such strict charges to keep your marriage secret, that he may preserve his court favour? and can you think that your sudden appearance at his castle, at such a juncture, and in such a presence, will be acceptable to him?”

“Thou thinkest I would disgrace him,” said the Countess, “nay, let go my arm, I can walk without aid, and work without counsel.”

“Be not angry with me, lady,” said Janet, meekly “and let me still support you; the road is rough, and you are little accustomed to walk in darkness.”

“If you deem me not so mean as to disgrace my

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," said the Countess, in the same resentful tone, appose my Lord of Leicester capable of abetting, of giving aim and authority, to the base pro- of your father and Varney, whose errand I will good Earl."

God's sake, madam, spare my father in your said Janet ; " let my services, however poor, be nement for his errors ! "

ere most unjust, dearest Janet, were it other-  
id the Countess, resuming at once the fondness fidence of her manner towards her faithful at-

" No, Janet, not a word of mine shall do your  
rejudice. But thou seest, my love, I have no  
it to throw myself on my husband's protection.  
st the abode he assigned for me because of the  
f the persons by whom I was surrounded—but  
obey his commands in no other particular. I  
eal to him alone—I will be protected by him  
o no other, than at his pleasure, have I or will  
unicate the secret union which combines our  
nd our destinies. I will see him, and receive  
own lips the directions for my future conduct.  
rgue against my resolution, Janet ; you will only  
me in it, and, to own the truth, I am resolved to  
y fate at once, and from my husband's own  
nd to seek him at Kenilworth is the surest way  
my purpose."

Janet hastily revolved in her mind the difficulties  
certainties attendant on the unfortunate lady's  
, she was inclined to alter her first opinion, and  
, upon the whole, that since the Countess had  
wn herself from the retreat in which she had been  
y her husband, it was her first duty to repair  
resence, and possess him with the reasons of  
duct. She knew what importance the Earl at  
the concealment of their marriage, and cou

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net but own, that by taking any step to make it public without his permission, the Countess would incur, in a high degree, the indignation of her husband. If she retired to her father's house without an explicit avowal of her rank, her situation was likely greatly to prejudice her character ; and if she made such an avowal, it might occasion an irreconcilable breach with her husband. At Kenilworth, again, she might plead her cause with her husband himself, whom Janet, though distrusting him more than the Countess did, believed incapable of being accessory to the base and desperate means which his dependants, from whose power the lady was now escaping, might resort to, in order to stifle her complaints of the treatment she had received at their hands. But at the worst, and were the Earl himself to deny her justice and protection, still at Kenilworth, if she chose to make her wrongs public, the Countess might have Tressilian for her advocate, and the Queen for her judge ; for so much Janet had learned in her short conference with Wayland. She was, therefore, on the whole, reconciled to her lady's proposal of going towards Kenilworth, and so expressed herself ; recommending, however, to the Countess the utmost caution in making her arrival known to her husband.

"Hast thou thyself been cautious, Janet?" said the Countess ; "this guide, in whom I must put my confidence, hast thou not intrusted to him the secret of my condition?"

"From me he has learned nothing," said Janet ; "nor do I think that he knows more than what the public in general believe of your situation."

"And what is that?" said the lady.

"*That you left your father's house—but I shall offend you again if I go on,*" said Janet, interrupting herself.

"Nay, go on," said the Countess ; "I must learn to endure the evil report which my folly has brought upon

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me. They think, I suppose, that I have a house to follow lawless pleasure—It is a will soon be removed—indeed it shall, for spotless fame, or I shall cease to live.—I then, the paramour of my Leicester?"

"Most men say of Varney," said Jane call him only the convenient cloak of pleasures ; for reports of the profuse experiencing yonder apartments have secretly gone such doings far surpass the means of Varney. latter opinion is little prevalent ; for me even hint suspicion when so high a name lest the Star-chamber should punish them the nobility."

"They do well to speak low," said "who would mention the illustrious Duke complice of such a wretch as Varney!—With the postern—Ah! Janet, I must bid thee Weep not, my good girl," said she, eradicating her own reluctance to part with her attendant under an attempt at playfulness, we meet again, reform me, Janet, that thine for an open rabatine of lace and will let men see thou hast a fair neck ; of Philippine chency, with that bugle lace only a chamber-maid, into three-piled veils of gold—thou wilt find plenty of stuffs in hand I freely bestow them on you. Thou Janet ; for though thou art now but the distressed and errant lady, who is both ameless, yet when we meet again, thou mayst becomes the gentlewoman nearest in ~~value~~ to the first Countess in England."

"Now, may God grant it, dear lady ! for that I may go with gayer apparel both wear our kirtles over lighter !

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By this time the lock of the postern-door had, after some hard wrenching, yielded to the master-key ; and the Countess, not without internal shuddering, saw herself beyond the walls which her husband's strict commands had assigned to her as the boundary of her walks. Waiting with much anxiety for their appearance, Wayland Smith stood at some distance, shrouding himself behind a hedge which bordered the high-road.

"Is all safe?" said Janet to him, anxiously, as he approached them with caution.

"All," he replied ; "but I have been unable to procure a horse for the lady. Giles Gosling, the cowardly hilding, refused me one on any terms whatever ; lest, forsooth, he should suffer—but no matter. She must ride on my palfrey, and I must walk by her side until I come by another horse. There will be no pursuit, if you, pretty Mistress Janet, forget not thy lesson."

"No more than the wise widow of Tekoa forgot the words which Joab put into her mouth," answered Janet. "To-morrow, I say that my lady is unable to rise."

"Ay, and that she hath aching and heaviness of the head—a throbbing at the heart, and lists not to be disturbed.—Fear not ; they will take the hint, and trouble thee with few questions—they understand the disease."

"But," said the Lady, "my absence must be soon discovered, and they will murder her in revenge.—I will rather return than expose her to such danger."

"Be at ease on my account, madam," said Janet ; "I would you were as sure of receiving the favour you desire from those to whom you must make appeal, as I am that my father, however angry, will suffer no harm to befall me."

*The Countess was now placed by Wayland upon his*  
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horse, around the saddle of which he had placed his cloak, so folded as to make her a commodious seat.

"Adieu, and may the blessing of God wend with you!" said Janet, again kissing her mistress's hand, who returned her benediction with a mute caress. They then tore themselves asunder, and Janet, addressing Wayland, exclaimed, "May Heaven deal with you at your need, as you are true or false to this most injured and most helpless lady!"

"Amen! dearest Janet," replied Wayland;—"and believe me, I will so acquit myself of my trust, as may tempt even your pretty eyes, saint-like as they are, to look less scornfully on me when we next meet."

The latter part of this adieu was whispered into Janet's ear; and, although she made no reply to it directly, yet her manner, influenced no doubt by her desire to leave every motive in force which could operate towards her mistress's safety, did not discourage the hope which Wayland's words expressed. She re-entered the postern-door, and locked it behind her, while Wayland, taking the horse's bridle in his hand, and walking close by its head, they began in silence their dubious and moonlight journey.

Although Wayland Smith used the utmost despatch which he could make, yet this mode of travelling was so slow, that when morning began to dawn through the eastern mist, he found himself no farther than about ten miles distant from Cumnor. "Now a plague upon all smooth-spoken hosts!" said Wayland, unable longer to suppress his mortification and uneasiness. "Had the ~~fa~~ ~~se~~ loon, Giles Gosling, but told me plainly two days ~~sin~~ce, that I was to reckon nought upon him, I had ~~h~~isted better for myself. But your hosts have such a ~~u~~sto~~n~~ of promising whatever is called for, that it is ~~u~~til the steed is to be shod you find they are out of ~~u~~n. Had I but known, I could have made twenty

## KENILWORTH.

shifts ; nay, for that matter, and in so good a cause, I would have thought little to have prigged a prancer from the next common — it had but been sending back the brute to the head borough. The farcy and the founders confound every horse in the stables of the Black Bear !”

The lady endeavoured to comfort her guide, observing, that the dawn would enable him to make more speed.

“ True, madam,” he replied ; “ but then it will enable other folk to take note of us, and that may prove an ill beginning of our journey. I had not cared a spark from anvil about the matter, had we been farther advanced on our way. But this Berkshire has been notoriously haunted ever since I knew the country, with that sort of malicious elves, who sit up late and rise early, for no other purpose than to pry into other folk’s affairs. I have been endangered by them ere now. But do not fear,” he added, “ good madam ; for wit meeting with opportunity, will not miss to find a salve for every sore.”

The alarms of her guide made more impression on the Countess’s mind than the comfort which he judged fit to administer along with it. She looked anxiously around her, and as the shadows withdrew from the landscape, and the heightening glow of the eastern sky promised the speedy rise of the sun, expected at every turn that the increasing light would expose them to the view of the vengeful pursuers, or present some dangerous and insurmountable obstacle to the prosecution of their journey. Wayland Smith perceived her uneasiness, and, displeased with himself for having given her cause of alarm, strode on with affected alacrity, now talking to the horse as one expert in the language of the stable, now whistling to himself low and interrupted snatches of tunes, and now assuring the lady there was no danger ; while at the same time he looked sharply around.

## KENILWORTH.

to see that there was nothing in sight, which might give the lie to his words while they were issuing from his mouth. Thus did they journey on, until an unexpected incident gave them the means of continuing their pilgrimage with more speed and convenience.

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## CHAP. XXIV.

RICHARD. *A horse!—a horse!—my kingdom for a horse!*  
CATESBY. — *My lord, I'll help you to a horse.*

RICHARD III.

 UR travellers were in the act of passing a small thicket of trees close by the road side, when the first living being presented himself whom they had seen since their departure from Cumnor Place. This was a stupid lout, seemingly a farmer's boy, in a grey jerkin, with his head bare, his hose about his heels, and huge startups upon his feet. He held by the bridle what of all things they most wanted, a palfrey, namely, with a side-saddle, and all other garniture for a woman's mounting ; and he hailed Wayland Smith with, "Zur, be ye zure the party?"

"Ay, that I be, my lad," answered Wayland, without an instant's hesitation ; and it must be owned that consciences, trained in a stricter school of morality, might have given way to an occasion so tempting. While he spoke, he caught the rein out of the boy's hand, and almost at the same time helped down the Countess from ~~his~~ own horse, and aided her to mount on that which chance had thus presented for her acceptance. Indeed ~~so~~ naturally did the whole take place, that the Countess, ~~as~~ it afterwards appeared, never suspected but that the ~~horse~~ had been placed there to meet them by the ~~introduction~~ of the guide, or some of his friends.

The lad, however, who was thus hastily dispossess-

## KENILWORTH.

of his charge, began to stare hard, and scratch his head, as if seized with some qualms of conscience for delivering up the animal on such brief explanation.—“I be right zure thou be’st the party,” said he muttering to himself, “but thou shouldst ha zaid *Beans*, thou knaw’st.”

“Ay, ay,” said Wayland, speaking at a venture; “and thou *Bacon*, thou know’st.”

“Noa, noa,” said the lad; “bide ye—bide ye—it was *Peas a* should ha said.”

“Well, well,” answered Wayland, “peas be it, a God’s name! though bacon were the better pass-word.”

And being by this time mounted on his own horse, he caught the rein of the palfrey from the uncertain hold of the hesitating young boor, flung him a small piece of money, and made amends for lost time by riding briskly off without farther parley. The lad was still visible from the hill up which they were riding, and Wayland, as he looked back, beheld him standing with his fingers in his hair as immovable as a guide-post, and his head turned in the direction in which they were escaping from him. At length, just as they topped the hill, he saw the clown stoop to lift up the silver groat which his benevolence had imparted.—“Now this is what I call a God-send,” said Wayland; “this is a bonny well-ridden bit of a going thing, and it will carry us so far till we get you as well mounted, and then we will send it back time enough to satisfy the *Hue and Cry*.”

But he was deceived in his expectations; and fate, which seemed at first to promise so fairly, soon threatened to turn the incident, which he thus gloried in, into the cause of their utter ruin.

*They had not ridden a short mile from the place where they left the lad, before they heard a man’s voice shouting on the wind behind them, “Robbery! robbery!—Stop thief!” and similar exclamations, which Wayland’s*

Vaylau, v. v. —

beach would be the death of thee. we  
mong the horse-courser in Smithfield, or I  
, they should have leave to hang me as hi  
, if I e'er meddled more with nobles, kn  
women."

idst these dismal reflections he turned his  
dly to see by whom he was chased, and w  
orted when he could only discover a sir  
was, however, well mounted, and came a  
speed which left them no chance of esca  
the lady's strength permitted her to ride  
palfrey might have been able to gallop.

There may be fair play betwixt us, sure  
yland, " where there is but one man on eac  
der fellow sits on his horse more like a m  
valier. Pshaw ! if it come to the worst  
unhorsing him. Nay, 'snails ! I think hi  
the matter in his own hand, for he has  
what care I for

## KENILWORTH.

egard his own palfrey, than what seamen call "the chase." With the same involuntary speed, he shot ahead (to use another nautical phrase) about a furlong, ere he was able to stop and turn his horse, and then rode back towards our travellers, adjusting, as well as he could, his disordered dress, resettling himself in the saddle, and endeavouring to substitute a bold and martial frown, for the confusion and dismay which sate upon his visage during his involuntary career.

Wayland had just time to caution the lady not to be alarmed, adding, "This fellow is a gull, and I will use him as such."

When the mercer had recovered breath and audacity enough to confront them, he ordered Wayland, in a menacing tone, to deliver up his palfrey.

"How?" said the smith, in King Cambyses' vein, "are we commanded to stand and deliver on the King's highway? Then out, Excalibar, and tell this knight of prowess that dire blows must decide between us!"

"Haro and help, and hue and cry, every true man!" said the mercer; "I am withstood in seeking to recover mine own!"

"Thou swearest thy gods in vain, foul paynim," said Wayland, "for I will through with my purpose were death at the end on't. Nevertheless, know, thou false man of frail cambric and ferrateen, that I am he, even the pedlar, whom thou didst boast to meet on Maiden-castle moor, and despoil of his pack; wherefore betake thee to thy weapons presently."

"I spoke but in jest, man," said Goldthred; "I am an honest shopkeeper and citizen, who scorns to leap forth on any man from behind a hedge."

"Then, by my faith, most puissant mercer," answered Wayland, "I am sorry for my vow, which was, that wherever I met thee I would despoil thee of thy palfrey, and bestow it upon my leman, unless thou couldst defend

## KENILWORTH

it by blows of force. But the vow  
tered, and all I can do for thee, is  
Donnington, in the nearest hosteli-

"But I tell thee, friend," said  
very horse on which I was thi:  
Thackham of Shottesbrok as far  
yonder, to become Dame Goldthre  
out of the shot-window of oak  
grange ; and lo ye, yonder she sta  
she should have met the palfrey,  
cloak, and ivory-handled whip, li  
wife. I pray you, in good terms  
palfrey."

"Grieved am I," said Wayland  
fair damsel as for thee, most nobl  
vows must have their course—th  
at the Angel yonder at Donningt  
for thee with a safe conscience."

"To the devil with thy conse  
mayed mercer—"Wouldst thou  
church on foot?"

"Thou mayest take her on t  
thred," answered Wayland ; "i  
steed's mettle "

## KENILWORTH.

"As you list for that, good Master Goldthred—and so good-morrow to you—and well parted," he added, riding on cheerfully with the lady, while the discomfited mercer rode back much slower than he came, pondering what excuse he should make to the disappointed bride, who stood waiting for her gallant groom in the midst of the king's highway.

"Methought," said the lady, as they rode on, "yonder fool stared at me as if he had some remembrance of me; yet I kept my muffler as high as I might."

"If I thought so," said Wayland, "I would ride back, and cut him over the pate—there would be no fear of harming his brains, for he never had so much as would make pap to a sucking gosling. We must now push on, however, and at Donnington we will leave the oaf's horse, that he may have no farther temptation to pursue us, and endeavour to assume such a change of shape as may baffle his pursuit, if he should persevere in it."

The travellers reached Donnington without farther alarm, where it became matter of necessity that the Countess should enjoy two or three hours' repose, during which Wayland disposed himself, with equal address and alacrity, to carry through those measures on which the safety of their future journey seemed to depend.

Exchanging his pedlar's gaberdine for a smock-frock, he carried the palfrey of Goldthred to the Angel Inn, which was at the other end of the village from that where our travellers had taken up their quarters. In the progress of the morning, as he travelled about his other business, he saw the steed brought forth and delivered to the cutting mercer himself, who, at the head of a valorous posse of the Hue and Cry, came to rescue, by force of arms, what was delivered to him without any other ransom than the price of a huge quantity of ale.

..... this act of prudent, as well as  
Wayland procured such change of appa-  
ratus as himself, as gave them both the  
of country people of the better class ;  
resolved, that in order to attract the less  
he should pass upon the road for the siste

A good, but not a gay horse, fit to kee-  
p his own, and gentle enough for a lady's use  
the preparations for the journey ; for it  
and for other expenses, he had been fur-  
sufficient funds by Tressilian. And thus,  
after the Countess had been refreshed by  
a sleep of several hours, they resumed their  
h the purpose of making the best of their w-  
ith, by Coventry and Warwick. They were  
destined to travel far, without meeting  
apprehension.

It was necessary to premise, that the landl-  
ied them that a

### WAYLAND.

in which this was to be accomplished. They pressed forward their horses, therefore, with the purpose of overtaking the party of intended revellers, and making the journey in their company, and had just seen the little party, consisting partly of riders, partly of people on foot, crossing the summit of a gentle hill, at about half-a-mile's distance, and disappearing on the other side, when Wayland, who maintained the most circumspect observation of all that met his eye in every direction, was aware that a rider was coming up behind them on a horse of uncommon action, accompanied by a serving-man, whose utmost efforts were unable to keep up with his master's trotting hackney, and who, therefore, was fain to follow him at a hand gallop. Wayland looked anxiously back at these horsemen, became considerably disturbed in his manner, looked back again, and became pale, as he said to the lady—“That is Richard Varney's trotting gelding—I would know him among a thousand nags—this is a worse business than meeting the mercer.”

“Draw your sword,” answered the lady, “and pierce my bosom with it, rather than I should fall into his hands!”

“I would rather by a thousand times,” answered Wayland, “pass it through his body, or even mine own. But, to say truth, fighting is not my best point, though I can look on cold iron, like another, when needs must be. And indeed, as for my sword—(put on, I pray you). It is a poor provant rapier, and I warrant you he has a special Toledo. He has a serving-man, too, and I think it is the drunken ruffian Lambourne, upon the horse on which men say—(I pray you heartily to put on)—he did the great robbery of the west country grazier. It is not that I fear either Varney or Lambourne in a good cause—(your palfrey will go yet faster if you urge him)—But yet—(say, I pray you let him not break off into the gallop, lest they should see we fear them, and you

## KENILWORTH.

chase—keep him only at the full trot)—But yet, though I fear them not, I would we were well rid of them, and that rather by policy than by violence. Could we once reach the party before us, we may herd among them, and pass unobserved, unless Varney be really come in express pursuit of us, and then, happy man be his dole!"

While he thus spoke, he alternately urged and restrained his horse, desirous to maintain the fleetest pace that was consistent with the idea of an ordinary journey on the road, but to avoid such rapidity of movement as might give rise to suspicion that they were flying.

At such a pace they ascended the gentle hill we have mentioned, and, looking from the top, had the pleasure to see that the party which had left Donnington before them, were in the little valley or bottom on the other side, where the road was traversed by a rivulet, beside which was a cottage or two. In this place they seemed to have made a pause, which gave Wayland the hope of joining them, and becoming a part of their company, ere Varney should overtake them. He was the more anxious, as his companion, though she made no complaints, and expressed no fear, began to look so deadly pale, that he was afraid she might drop from her horse. Notwithstanding this symptom of decaying strength, she pushed on her palfrey so briskly, that they joined the party in the bottom of the valley, ere Varney appeared on the top of the gentle eminence which they descended.

They found the company to which they meant to associate themselves, in great disorder. The women with dishevelled locks, and looks of great importance, ran in and out of one of the cottages, and the men stood around holding the horses, and looking silly enough, as is usual in cases where their assistance is not wanted.

## KENILWORTH.

Wayland and his charge paused, as if out of curiosity, and then gradually, without making any inquiries, or being asked any questions, they mingled with the group, as if they had always made part of it.

They had not stood there above five minutes, anxiously keeping as much to the side of the road as possible, so as to place the other travellers betwixt them and Varney, when Lord Leicester's master of the horse, followed by Lambourne, came riding fiercely down the hill, their horses' flanks and the rowels of their spurs showing bloody tokens of the rate at which they travelled. The appearance of the stationary group around the cottages, wearing their buckram suits in order to protect their masquing dresses, having their light cart for transporting their scenery, and carrying various fantastic properties in their hands for the more easy conveyance, let the riders at once into the character and purpose of the company.

"You are revellers," said Varney, "designing for Kenilworth."

"*Recte quidem, Domine spectatissime,*" answered one of the party.

"And why the devil stand you here," said Varney, "when your utmost despatch will but bring you to Kenilworth in time? The Queen dines at Warwick to-morrow, and you loiter here, ye knaves."

"In very truth, sir," said a little diminutive urchin, wearing a vizard with a couple of sprouting horns of an elegant scarlet hue, having moreover a black serge jerkin drawn close to his body by lacing, garnished with red stockings, and shoes so shaped as to resemble cloven feet,—"in very truth, sir, and you are in the right on't.

—It is my father the Devil, who, being taken in labour, *has delayed our present purpose, by increasing our company with an imp too many.*"

"The devil he has!" answered Varney, whose laugh, however, never exceeded a sarcastic smile.

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Even as the juvenal hath said," added the ho spoke first ; "our major devil, for this is minor one, is even now at *Lucina fer opem*, at very *tugurium*."

Saint George, or rather by the Dragon, who may insman of the fiend in the straw, a most comical e ! " said Varney. " How sayest thou, Lambourne, thou stand godfather for the nonce?—if the devil a to choose a gossip, I know no one more fit for the ce."

Saving always when my betters are in presence," aid Lambourne, with the civil impudence of a servant who knows his services to be so indispensable, that his jest will be permitted to pass muster.

" And what is the name of this devil or devil's dam, who has timed her turns so strangely?" said Varney. " We can ill afford to spare any of our actors."

" *Gaudet nomine Sibyllæ*," said the first speaker, " she is called Sibyl Laneham, wife of Master Richard Laneham."

" Clerk to the Council-Chamber door," said Varney ; " why, she is inexcusable, having had experience how to have ordered her matters better. But who were those, a man and a woman, I think, who rode so hastily up the hill before me even now?—do they belong to your company?"

Wayland was about to hazard a reply to this alarming inquiry, when the little diablotin again thrust in his oar.

" So please you," he said, coming close up to Varney, and speaking so as not to be overheard by his companions, " the man was our devil major, who has tricks enough to supply the lack of a hundred such as Dame Laneham ; and the woman—if you please, is the sage person whose assistance is most particularly necessary to our distressed comrade."

" Oh, what, you have got the wise woman, then?"

## KENILWORTH.

said Varney. "Why, truly, she rode like one bound to a place where she was needed—And you have a spare limb of Satan, besides, to supply the place of Mistress Laneham!"

"Ay, sir," said the boy, "they are not so scarce in this world as your honour's virtuous eminence would suppose.—This master-fiend shall spit a few flashes of fire, and eruct a volume or two of smoke on the spot, if it will do you pleasure—you would think he had *Ætna* in his abdomen."

"I lack time just now, most hopeful imp of darkness, to witness his performance," said Varney; "but here is something for you all to drink the lucky hour—and so, as the play says, 'God be with your labour!'"

Thus speaking, he struck his horse with the spurs, and rode on his way,

Lambourne tarried a moment or two behind his master, and rummaged his pouch for a piece of silver, which he bestowed on the communicative imp, as he said, for his encouragement on his path to the infernal regions, some sparks of whose fire, he said, he could discover flashing from him already. Then having received the boy's thanks for his generosity, he also spurred his horse, and rode after his master as fast as the fire flashes from flint.

"And now," said the wily imp, sideling close up to Wayland's horse, and cutting a gambol in the air, which seemed to vindicate his title to relationship with the prince of that element, "I have told them who *you* are, do you in return tell me who *I* am?"

"Either Flibbertigibbet," answered Wayland Smith, "or else an imp of the devil in good earnest."

"*Thou hast hit it,*" answered Dickie Sludge; "I am *thine own Flibbertigibbet, man;* and I have broken *sorth of bounds, along with my learned preceptor, as I told thee I would do, whether he would or not.*—Bu

Thou shalt know me, —

Wayland ; "but a truce to thine inc' ; and since you are bound for Kenilwo I too, even for the love of thy sweet waggish company."

"Thou shouldst have said my waggish company," said Dickie ; "but how wilt thou—I mean in what character?"

"E'en in that thou hast assigned me, ' a juggler ; thou know'st I am used to iswered Wayland.

"Ay, but the lady?" answered Flil credit me, I think she is one, and thou a'oubles about her at this moment, as I can'ly fidgeting."

"O, she, man?—she is a poor sister o' Wayland—"she can sing and play o' th' in the fish out o' the stream."

"Let me hear her instantly," said the "—<sup>as</sup> all things, t

*364* ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> *anniversaries of revels, from the days of King*  
*Harry downwards, with the reception given them by*

## KENILWORTH.

the great folk, and all the names of those who played the principal characters ; but ever concluding with, "they would be nothing to the princely pleasures of Kenilworth."

"And when shall we reach Kenilworth?" said the Countess, with an agitation which she in vain attempted to conceal.

"We that have horses may, with late riding, get to Warwick to-night, and Kenilworth may be distant some four or five miles,—but then we must wait till the foot-people come up ; although it is like my good Lord of Leicester will have horses or light carriages to meet them, and bring them up without being travel-toiled, which last is no good preparation, as you may suppose, for dancing before your betters—And yet, Lord help me, I have seen the day I would have tramped five leagues of lea-land, and turned on my toe the whole evening after, as a juggler spins a pewter platter on the point of a needle. But age has clawed me somewhat in his clutch, as the song says ; though, if I like the tune and like my partner, I'll dance the hays yet with any merry lass in Warwickshire, that writes that unhappy figure four with a round O after it."

If the Countess was overwhelmed with the garrulity of this good dame, Wayland Smith ; on his part, had enough to do to sustain and parry the constant attacks made upon him by the indefatigable curiosity of his old acquaintance Richard Sludge. Nature had given that arch youngster a prying cast of disposition, which matched admirably with his sharp wit ; the former inducing him to plant himself as a spy on other people's affairs, and the latter quality leading him perpetually to interfere, after he had made himself master of that which concerned him not. He spent the live-long day in attempting to peer under the Countess's muffler, and apparently whether could there discern greatly sharpened his curiosity.

## KENILWORTH.

"That sister of thine, Wayland," he said, "has a fair neck to have been born in a smithy, and a pretty taper hand to have been used for twirling a spindle—faith, I'll believe in your relationship when the crow's egg is hatched into a cygnet."

"Go to," said Wayland, "thou art a prating boy, and should be breeched for thine assurance."

"Well," said the imp, drawing off, "all I say is—remember you have kept a secret from me, and if I give thee not a Rowland for thine Oliver, my name is not Dickon Sludge!"

This threat, and the distance at which Hobgoblin kept from him for the rest of the way, alarmed Wayland very much, and he suggested to his pretended sister, that, on pretext of weariness, she should express a desire to stop two or three miles short of the fair town of Warwick, promising to rejoin the troop in the morning. A small village inn afforded them a resting-place; and it was with secret pleasure that Wayland saw the whole party, including Dickon, pass on, after a courteous farewell, and leave them behind.

"To-morrow, madam," he said to his charge, "we will, with your leave, again start early, and reach Kenilworth before the rout which are to assemble there."

The Countess gave assent to the proposal of her faithful guide; but, somewhat to his surprise, said nothing farther on the subject, which left Wayland under the disagreeable uncertainty whether or no she had formed any plan for her own future proceedings, as he knew her situation demanded circumspection, although he was but imperfectly acquainted with all its peculiarities. Concluding, however, that she must have friends within the castle, whose advice and assistance she could safely trust, he supposed his task would be best accomplished by conducting her thither in safety, agreeably to her repeated commands.

## CHAP. XXV.

*Hark, the bells summon, and the bugle calls,  
But she the fairest answers not—the tide  
Of nobles and of ladies throngs the halls,  
But she the loveliest must in secret hide.  
What eyes were thine, proud Prince, which in the gleam  
Of yon gay meteors lost that better sense,  
That o'er the glow-worm doth the star esteem,  
And merit's modest blush o'er courtly insolence?*

## THE GLASS SLIPPER.

 HE unfortunate Countess of Leicester had, from her infancy upwards, been treated by those around her with indulgence as unbounded as injudicious. The natural sweetness of her disposition had saved her from becoming insolent and ill-humoured ; but the caprice which preferred the handsome and insinuating Leicester before Tressilian, of whose high honour and unalterable affection she herself entertained so firm an opinion—that fatal error, which ruined the happiness of her life, had its origin in the mistaken kindness that had spared her childhood the painful but most necessary lesson of submission and self-command. From the same indulgence, it followed that she had only been accustomed to form and to express her wishes, leaving to others the task of fulfilling them ; and thus, at the most momentous period of her life, she was alike destitute of presence of mind and of ability to form for herself ~~an~~ y reasonable or prudent plan of conduct.

These difficulties pressed on the unfortunate lady with overwhelming force on the morning which seemed to be the crisis of her fate. Overlooking every intermediate consideration, she had only desired to be at Kenilworth, ~~in~~ d to approach her husband's presence ; and now, when ~~she~~ was in the vicinity of both, a thousand considerations rose at once upon her mind, startling her with accumu-

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ted doubts and dangers, some real, some imaginary, and all exalted and exaggerated by a situation alike helpless and destitute of aid and counsel.

A sleepless night rendered her so weak in the morning, that she was altogether unable to attend Wayland's early summons. The trusty guide became extremely distressed on the lady's account, and somewhat alarmed on his own, and was on the point of going alone to Kenilworth, in the hope of discovering Tressilian, and intimating to him the lady's approach, when about nine in the morning he was summoned to attend her. He found her dressed, and ready for resuming her journey, but with a paleness of countenance which alarmed him for her health. She intimated her desire that the horses might be got instantly ready, and resisted with impatience her guide's request, that she would take some refreshment before setting forward. "I have had," she said, "a cup of water—the wretch who is dragged to execution needs no stronger cordial, and that may serve me which suffices for him—do as I command you." Wayland Smith still hesitated. "What would you have?" said she—"Have I not spoken plainly?"

"Yes, madam," answered Wayland; "but may I ask what is your farther purpose?—I only wish to know, that I may guide myself by your wishes. The whole country is afloat, and streaming towards the Castle of Kenilworth. It will be difficult travelling thither even if we had the necessary passports for safe-conduct and free admittance—Unknown and unfriended, we may come by mishap.—Your ladyship will forgive my speaking my poor mind—Were we not better try to find out the masquers, and again join ourselves with them?"—The Countess shook her head, and her guide proceeded "Then I see but one other remedy."

"Speak out, then," said the lady, not displeased, perhaps, that he should thus offer the advice which she

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ashamed to ask ; "I believe thee faithful—what wouldst thou counsel?"

" That I should warn Master Tressilian," said Wayland, " that you are in this place. I am right certain he would get to horse with a few of Lord Sussex's followers, and ensure your personal safety."

" And is it to *me* you advise," said the Countess, " to put myself under the protection of Sussex, the unworthy rival of the noble Leicester?" Then, seeing the surprise with which Wayland stared upon her, and afraid of having too strongly intimated her interest in Leicester, she added, " And for Tressilian, it must not be—mention not to him, I charge *you*, my unhappy name ; it would but double *my* misfortunes, and involve *him* in dangers beyond the power of rescue." She paused ; but when she observed that Wayland continued to look on her with that troubled and uncertain gaze, which indicated a doubt whether her brain was settled, she assumed an air of composure, and added, " Do thou but guide me to Kenilworth Castle, good fellow, and thy task is ended, since I will then judge what farther is to be done. Thou hast yet been true to me—here is something that will make thee rich amends."

She offered the artist a ring, containing a valuable stone. Wayland looked at it, hesitated a moment, and then returned it. " Not," he said, " that I am above your kindness, madam, being but a poor fellow, who have been forced, God help me! to live by worse shifts than the bounty of such a person as you. But, as my old master the farrier used to say to his customers, ' No cure, no pay.' We are not yet in Kenilworth Castle, and it is time enough to discharge your guide, as they say, when you take your boots off. I trust in God your ladyship is well assured of fitting reception when you arrive, as you may hold yourself certain of my best endeavours to conduct you thither safely. I go to get the horses

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meantime, let me pray you once more, as your poor physician as well as guide, to take some sustenance."

"I will—I will," said the lady, hastily. "Begone begone, instantly!—It is in vain I assume audacity," said she, when he left the room; "even this poor groon sees through my affectation of courage, and fathoms the ground of my fears."

She then attempted to follow her guide's advice by taking some food, but was compelled to desist, as the effort to swallow even a single morsel gave her so much uneasiness as amounted well-nigh to suffocation. A moment afterwards the horses appeared at the latticed window—the lady mounted, and found that relief from the free air and change of place which is frequently experienced in similar circumstances.

It chanced well for the Countess's purpose, that Wayland Smith, whose previous wandering and unsettled life had made him acquainted with almost all England, was intimate with all the by-roads, as well as direct communications, through the beautiful county of Warwick. For such and so great was the throng which flocked in all directions towards Kenilworth, to see the entry of Elizabeth into that splendid mansion of her prime favourite, that the principal roads were actually blocked up and interrupted, and it was only by circuitous by-paths that the travellers could proceed on their journey.

The Queen's purveyors had been abroad, sweeping the farms and villages of those articles usually exacted during a royal Progress, and for which the owners were afterwards to obtain a tardy payment from the Board of Green Cloth. The Earl of Leicester's household officers had been scouring the country for the same purpose; and many of his friends and allies, both near and remote, took this opportunity of ingratiating themselves by sending large quantities of provisions and delicacies of all kinds, with game in huge numbers, and who

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of the best liquors, foreign and domestic. Thus high roads were filled with droves of bullocks, sheep, and hogs, and choked with loaded wains, whose trees cracked under their burdens of wine-casks and heads of ale, and huge hampers of grocery goods, slaughtered game, and salted provisions, and sacks sur. Perpetual stoppages took place, as these wains me entangled ; and their rude drivers, swearing and ling, till their wild passions were fully raised, began ebate precedence with their waggon-whips and quartaves, which occasional riots were usually quieted by rveyer, deputy-marshall's man, or some other person uthority, breaking the heads of both parties.

ere were, besides, players and mummers, jugglers showmen, of every description, traversing in joyous ls the paths which led to the Palace of Princely sure ; for so the travelling minstrels had termed ilworth in the songs which already had come forth, ticipation of the revels which were there expected. le midst of this motley show, mendicants were ex- ing their real or pretended miseries, forming a ge, though common, contrast betwixt the vanities the sorrows of human existence. All these floated g with the immense tide of population, whom mere isity had drawn together ; and where the mechanic, s leathern apron, elbowed the dink and dainty dame, ity mistress ; where clowns, with hobnailed shoes, treading on the kibes of substantial burghers and lemen of worship ; and where Joan of the dairy, robust pace, and red sturdy arms, rowed her way ard, amongst those prim and pretty moppets, whose were knights and squires.

ie throng and confusion was, however, of a gay and ful character. All came forth to see and to enjoy. ill laughed at the trifling inconveniences which at r time might have chafed their temper. Excepting

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It was thus he avoided Warwick, within whose Ca-  
(that fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous sp-  
dour which yet remains uninjured by time) Eliza  
had passed the previous night, and where she w-  
tarry until past noon, at that time the general  
throughout England, after which repas

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to proceed to Kenilworth. In the meanwhile, each passing group had something to say in the Sovereign's praise, though not absolutely without the usual mixture of satire which qualifies more or less our estimate of our neighbours, especially if they chance to be also our betters.

"Heard you," said one, "how graciously she spoke to Master Bailiff and the Recorder, and to good Master Griffin the preacher, as they kneeled down at her coach-window?"

"Ay, and how she said to little Aglionby, 'Master Recorder, men would have persuaded me that you were afraid of me, but truly I think, so well did you reckon up to me the virtues of a sovereign, that I have more reason to be afraid of you'—And then with what grace she took the fair-wrought purse with the twenty gold sovereigns, seeming as though she would not willingly handle it, and yet taking it withal."

"Ay, ay," said another, "her fingers closed on it pretty willingly methought, when all was done; and methought, too, she weighed them for a second in her hand, as she would say, I hope they be avoirdupois."

"She needed not, neighbour," said a third; "it is only when the corporation pay the accounts of a poor handicraft like me, that they put him off with clipt coin.—Well, there is a God above all—Little Master Recorder, since that is the word, will be greater now than ever."

"Come, good neighbour," said the first speaker, "be not envious—She is a good Queen, and a generous—She gave the purse to the Earl of Leicester."

"I envious?—beshrew thy heart for the word!" replied the handicraft—"But she will give all to the Earl of Leicester anon, methinks."

"You are turning ill, lady," said Wayland Smith to the Countess of Leicester, and proposed that she should

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draw off from the road, and halt till she recovered. But subduing her feelings at this, and different speeches to the same purpose which caught her ear as they passed on, she insisted that her guide should proceed to Kenilworth with all the haste which the numerous impediments of their journey permitted. Meanwhile, Wayland's anxiety at her repeated fits of indisposition, and her obvious distraction of mind, was hourly increasing, and he became extremely desirous, that, according to her reiterated requests, she should be safely introduced into the Castle, where, he doubted not, she was secure of a kind reception, though she seemed unwilling to reveal on whom she reposed her hopes.

"An I were once rid of this peril," thought he, "and if any man shall find me playing squire of the body to a damosel-errant, he shall have leave to beat my brains out with my own sledge-hammer!"

At length the princely Castle appeared, upon improving which, and the domains around, the Earl of Leicester had, it is said, expended sixty thousand pounds sterling, a sum equal to half a million of our present money.

The outer wall of this splendid and gigantic structure enclosed seven acres, a part of which was occupied by extensive stables, and by a pleasure-garden, with its trim arbours and parterres, and the rest formed the large base-court, or outer yard, of the noble Castle. The lordly structure itself, which rose near the centre of this spacious enclosure, was composed of a huge pile of magnificent castellated buildings, apparently of different ages, surrounding an inner court, and bearing in the names attached to each portion of the magnificent mass, and in the armorial bearings which were there blazoned, *the emblems of mighty chiefs who had long passed away, and whose history, could Ambition have lent ear to it, might have read a lesson to the haughty favourite, who had now acquired and was augmenting the fair domai*

had its name, a Saxon  
and others to an early era after the 1  
st. On the exterior walls frowned the sc  
laintons, by whom they were founded in th  
y I., and of the yet more redoubted Sir  
it, by whom, during the Barons' wars, Ken  
g held out against Henry III. Here Mo  
March, famous alike for his rise and his fa  
ily revelled in Kenilworth, while his deth  
i, Edward II., languished in its dungeons.  
Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," had v  
the Castle, erecting that noble and massiv  
bears the name of Lancaster's Buildings ;  
himself had outdone the former posses  
nd powerful as they were, by erecting an  
structure, which now lies crushed under its  
monument of its owner's ambition.

all of this royal Castle was, on the south  
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mass which

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that of this lordly palace, where princes feasted and heroes fought, now in the bloody earnest of storm and siege, and now in the games of chivalry, where beauty dealt the prize which valour won, all is now desolate. The bed of the lake is but a rushy swamp ; and the massive ruins of the Castle only serve to show what their splendour once was, and to impress on the musing visitor the transitory value of human possessions, and the happiness of those who enjoy a humble lot in virtuous contentment.

It was with far different feelings that the unfortunate Countess of Leicester viewed those grey and massive towers, when she first beheld them rise above the embowering and richly shaded woods, over which they seemed to preside. She, the undoubted wife of the great Earl, of Elizabeth's minion, and England's mighty favourite, was approaching the presence of her husband, and that husband's sovereign, under the protection, rather than the guidance, of a poor juggler ; and though unquestioned Mistress of that proud Castle, whose lightest word ought to have had force sufficient to make its gates leap from their massive hinges to receive her, yet she could not conceal from herself the difficulty and peril which she must experience in gaining admission into her own halls.

The risk and difficulty, indeed, seemed to increase every moment, and at length threatened altogether to put a stop to her farther progress, at the great gate leading to a broad and fair road, which, traversing the breadth of the chase for the space of two miles, and commanding several most beautiful views of the Castle and lake, terminated at the newly-constructed bridge, to which it was an appendage, and which was destined to form the Queen's approach to the Castle on that memorable occasion.

Here the Countess and Wayland found the gate at the end of this avenue, which opened on the Warwick road.

... Queen went in person, w<sup>e</sup>d under the direction of a pursuivant, Bear and Ragged Staff on his arm, as be Earl of Leicester, and peremptorily ref<sup>t</sup>ance, excepting to such as were guests in<sup>val</sup>, or persons who were to perform som<sup>irthful</sup> exhibitions which were proposed.

Press was of consequence great around t<sup>is</sup> and persons of all kinds presented every admittance; to which the guards turned a deaf ear, pleading, in return to fair words, and others, the strictness of their orders, founded on<sup>t</sup>s well-known dislike to the rude pressing.

With those whom such reasons did not<sup>t</sup> y dealt more rudely, repelling them with the pressure of their powerful barbed ho

round blows from the stock of their carab  
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## KENILWORTH.

could not imagine was applied to him, the yeomen speedily made a free passage for him, while, only cautioning his companion to keep the muffler close around her face, he entered the gate leading her palfrey, but with such a drooping crest, and such a look of conscious fear and anxiety, that the crowd, not greatly pleased at any rate with the preference bestowed upon them, accompanied their admission with hooting, and a loud laugh of derision.

Admitted thus within the chase, though with no very flattering notice or distinction, Wayland and his charge rode forward, musing what difficulties it would be next their lot to encounter, through the broad avenue, which was sentinelled on either side by a long line of retainers, armed with swords and partisans, richly dressed in the Earl of Leicester's liveries, and bearing his cognisance of the Bear and Ragged Staff, each placed within three paces of the other, so as to line the whole road from the entrance into the park to the bridge. And indeed, when the lady obtained the first commanding view of the castle, with its stately towers rising from within a long sweeping line of outward walls, ornamented with battlements, and turrets, and platforms, at every point of defence, with many a banner streaming from its walls, and such a bustle of gay crests and waving plumes, disposed on the terraces and battlements, and all the gay and gorgeous scene, her heart, unaccustomed to such splendour, sank as if it died within her, and for a moment she asked herself, what she had offered up to Leicester to deserve to become the partner of this princely splendour. But her pride and generous spirit resisted the whisper which bade her despair.

"I have given him," she said, "all that woman has to give. *Name and fame, heart and hand, have I given the Lord of all this magnificence, at the altar, an England's Queen could give him no more. He is my husband—I am his wife—Whom God hath joined,*"

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cannot sunder. I will be bold in claiming my right ; even the bolder, that I come thus unexpected, and thus forlorn. I know my noble Dudley well ! He will be something impatient at my disobeying him, but Amy will weep, and Dudley will forgive her."

These meditations were interrupted by a cry of surprise from her guide Wayland, who suddenly felt himself grasped firmly round the body by a pair of long thin black arms, belonging to some one who had dropped himself out of an oak-tree upon the croup of his horse, amidst the shouts of laughter which burst from the sentinels.

" This must be the devil, or Flibbertigibbet again !" said Wayland, after a vain struggle to disengage himself, and unhorse the urchin who clung to him ; " Do Kenilworth oaks bear such acorns ? "

" In sooth do they, Master Wayland," said his unexpected adjunct, " and many others, too hard for you to crack, for as old as you are, without my teaching you. How would you have passed the pursuivant at the upper gate yonder, had not I warned him our principal juggler was to follow us ? and here have I waited for you, having lumbered up into the tree from the top of our wain, and suppose they are all mad for want of me by this time."

" Nay, then, thou art a limb of the devil in good earnest," said Wayland. " I give thee way, good imp, and will walk by thy counsel ; only, as thou art powerful, be merciful."

As he spoke, they approached a strong tower, at the ~~out~~ extremity of the long bridge we have mentioned, ~~which~~ served to protect the outer gateway of the Castle Kenilworth.

Under such disastrous circumstances, and in such ~~singular~~ company, did the unfortunate Countess ~~of~~ Leicester approach, for the first time, the magnifice~~de~~ of her almost princely husband.

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### CHAP. XXVI.

SNUG.—*Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.*

QUINCE.—*You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.*

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

**W**HEN the Countess of Leicester arrived at the outer gate of the Castle of Kenilworth, she found the tower, beneath which its ample portal arch opened, guarded in a singular manner. Upon the battlements were placed gigantic warders, with clubs, battle-axes, and other implements of ancient warfare, designed to represent the soldiers of King Arthur; those primitive Britons, by whom, according to romantic tradition, the Castle had been first tenanted, though history carried back its antiquity only to the times of the Heptarchy. Some of these tremendous figures were real men, dressed up with vizards and buskins; others were mere pageants composed of pasteboard and buckram, which, viewed from beneath, and mingled with those that were real, formed a sufficiently striking representation of what was intended. But the gigantic porter who waited at the gate beneath, and actually discharged the duties of warden, owed none of his terrors to fictitious means. He was a man whose huge stature, thewes, sinews, and bulk in proportion, would have enabled him to enact Colbrand, Ascapart, or any other giant of romance, without raising himself nearer to heaven even by the altitude of a chopin. The legs and knees of this son of Anak were bare, as were his arms from a span below the shoulder; but his feet were defended with sandals, fastened with cross straps of scarlet leather, studded with brazen knobs. A close jerkin of scarlet velvet, looped with gold, with short breeches of the same, covered his body and a part of his limbs; and he wore on his shoulders, instead of a cloak,

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a black bear. The head of this formidable s uncovered, except by his shaggy black hair, scended on either side around features of that npish, and heavy cast, which are often annexed of very uncommon size, and which, notwithstanding some distinguished exceptions, have created a al prejudice against giants, as being a dull and n kind of persons. This tremendous warder was propriately armed with a heavy club spiked with steel. fine, he represented excellently one of those giants of popular romance, who figure in every fairy tale, or legend of knight-errantry.

The demeanour of this modern Titan, when Wayland Smith bent his attention to him, had in it something arguing much mental embarrassment and vexation ; for sometimes he sat down for an instant on a massive stone bench, which seemed placed for his accommodation beside the gateway, and then ever and anon he started up scratching his huge head, and striding to and fro on his post, like one under a fit of impatience and anxiety. It was while the porter was pacing before the gate in this agitated manner, that Wayland, modestly, yet as a matter of course (not, however, without some mental misgiving), was about to pass him, and enter the portal arch. The porter, however, stopped his progress, bidding him, in a thundering voice, "Stand back!" and enforcing his injunction by heaving up his steel-shod mace, and dashing it on the ground before Wayland's horse's nose with such vehemence, that the pavement flashed fire, and the arch-way rang to the clamour. Wayland, availing himself of Dickie's hints, began to state that he belonged to a band of performers to which his presence was indispensable,— that he had been accidentally detained behind,—and *much to the same purpose.* But the warder was inex- orable, and kep muttering and murmuring something betwixt his teeth which Wayland could make little

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and addressing betwixt whilsts a refusal of admittance, couched in language which was but too intelligible. A specimen of his speech might run thus :—" What, how now, my masters ? " (to himself)—" Here's a stir—here's a coil."—(Then to Wayland)—You are a loitering knave, and shall have no entrance."—(Again to himself)—" Here's a throng—here's a thrusting.—I shall ne'er get through with it—Here's a—hump—ha"—(To Wayland)—" Back from the gate, or I'll break the pate of thee"—(Once more to himself)—" Here's a—no—I shall never get through it."

" Stand still," whispered Flibbertigibbet into Wayland's ear, " I know where the shoe pinches, and will tame him in an instant."

He dropped down from the horse, and skipping up to the porter, plucked him by the tail of the bear-skin so as to induce him to decline his huge head, and whispered something in his ear. Not at the command of the lord of some Eastern talisman did ever Afrite change his horrid frown into a look of smooth submission, more suddenly than the gigantic porter of Kenilworth relaxed the terrors of his look, at the instant Flibbertigibbet's whisper reached his ears. He flung his club upon the ground, and caught up Dickie Sludge, raising him to such a distance from the earth, as might have proved perilous had he chanced to let him slip.

" It is even so," he said, with a thundering sound of exultation—" it is even so, my little dandieprat—But who the devil could teach it thee ? "

" Do not thou care about that," said Flibbertigibbet ; " but,"—he looked at Wayland and the lady, and then sunk what he had to say in a whisper, which needed not be a *loud one*, as the giant held him for his convenience close to his ear. The porter then gave Dickie a *warm caress*, and set him on the ground with the same care which a careful housewife uses in replacing a cracked

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cup upon her mantelpiece, calling out at the same o Wayland and the lady, "In with you—in with and take heed how you come too late another day I chance to be porter."

"Ay, ay, in with you," added Flibbertigibbet; "I stay a short space with mine honest Philistine, my iath of Gath here; but I will be with you anon, and he bottom of all your secrets, were they as deep and black as the castle dungeon."

"I do believe thou wouldest," said Wayland; "but I st the secret will be soon out of my keeping, and then I all care the less whether thou or any one knows it."

They now crossed the entrance-tower, which obtained the name of the Gallery Tower from the following circumstance:—The whole bridge, extending from the entrance to another tower on the opposite side of the lake, called Mortimer's Tower, was so disposed as to make a spacious tilt-yard about one hundred and thirty yards in length, and ten in breadth, strewed with the finest sand, and defended on either side by strong and high palisades. The broad and fair gallery, destined for the ladies who were to witness the feats of chivalry presented on this sea, was erected on the northern side of the outer tower, o which it gave name. Our travellers passed slowly along the bridge or tilt-yard, and arrived at Mortimer's Tower, at its farthest extremity, through which the approach led into the outer, or base court of the Castle. Mortimer's Tower bore on its front the scutcheon of the Earl of March, whose daring ambition overthrew the throne of Edward II. and aspired to share his power with the "She-wolf of France," to whom the unhappy monarch was wedded. The gate, which opened under his ominous memorial, was guarded by many warders in black liveries; but they offered no opposition to the entrance of the Countess and her guide, who, having passed by license of the principal porter at the Gallery

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Tower, were not, it may be supposed, liable to interruption from his deputies. They entered accordingly in silence, the great outward court of the Castle, having then full before them that vast and lordly pile, with all its stately towers, each gate open, as if in sign of unlimited hospitality, and the apartments filled with noble guests of every degree, besides dependants, retainers, domestics of every description, and all the appendages and promoters of mirth and revelry.

Amid this stately and busy scene, Wayland halted his horse, and looked upon the lady, as if waiting her commands what was next to be done, since they had safely reached the place of destination. As she remained silent, Wayland, after waiting a minute or two, ventured to ask her, in direct terms, what were her next commands. She raised her hand to her forehead, as if in the act of collecting her thoughts and resolution, while she answered him in a low and suppressed voice, like the murmurs of one who speaks in a dream—"Commands? I may indeed claim right to command, but who is there will obey me?"

Then suddenly raising her head, like one who had formed a decisive resolution, she addressed a gaily dressed domestic, who was crossing the court with importance and bustle in his countenance.—"Stop, sir," she said, "I desire to speak with the Earl of Leicester."

"With whom, an it please you?" said the man, surprised at the demand; and then, looking upon the mean equipage of her who used towards him such a tone of authority, he added, with insolence, "Why, what Bess of Bedlam is this, would ask to see my lord on such a day as the present?"

"Friend," said the Countess, "be not insolent—my business with the Earl is most urgent."

"You must get some one else to do it, were it thrice as urgent," said the fellow.—"I should summon my

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which the serving-man expressed himself  
alarmed both for himself and the lady,  
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ing a piece of money into his hand,  
s counsel with him, on the subject of a  
temporary retreat for the lady. The per-  
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part of this tower was occupied by some of the household officers of Leicester, owing to its convenient vicinity to the places where their duty lay ; but in the upper story, which was reached by a narrow winding stair, was a small octangular chamber, which, in the great demand for lodgings, had been on the present occasion fitted up for the reception of guests, though generally said to have been used as a place of confinement for some unhappy person who had been there murdered. Tradition called this prisoner Mervyn, and transferred his name to the tower. That it had been used as a prison was not improbable ; for the floor of each storey was arched, the walls of tremendous thickness, while the space of the chamber did not exceed fifteen feet in diameter. The window, however, was pleasant, though narrow, and commanded a delightful view of what was called the *Pleasance* ; a space of ground enclosed and decorated with arches, trophies, statues, fountains, and other architectural monuments, which formed one access from the castle itself into the garden. There was a bed in the apartment, and other preparations for the reception of a guest, to which the Countess paid but slight attention, her notice being instantly arrested by the sight of writing materials placed on the table (not very commonly to be found in the bed-rooms of those days), which instantly suggested the idea of writing to Leicester, and remaining private until she had received his answer.

The deputy-usher having introduced them into this commodious apartment, courteously asked Wayland, whose generosity he had experienced; whether he could do anything farther for his service. Upon receiving a gentle hint, that some refreshment would not be unacceptable, he presently conveyed the smith to the buttery-hatch, where dressed provisions of all sorts were distributed, with hospitable profusion, to all who asked for them. Wayland was readily supplied with some light

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is, such as he thought would best suit the faded of the lady, and did not omit the opportunity of making a hasty but hearty meal on more substantial fare. He then returned to the apartment in the ~~it~~, where he found the Countess, who had finished letter to Leicester; and, in lieu of a seal and silken ead, had secured it with a braid of her own beautiful esses, fastened by what is called a true-love knot.

"Good friend," said she to Wayland, "whom God hath sent to aid me 'at my utmost need, I do beseech thee, as the last trouble you shall take for an unfortunate lady, to deliver this letter to the noble Earl of Leicester. Be it received as it may," she said, with features agitated betwixt hope and fear, "thou, good fellow, shalt have no more cumber with me. But I hope the best; and if ever lady made a poor man rich, thou hast surely deserved it at my hand, should my happy days ever come round again. Give it, I pray you, into Lord Leicester's own hand, and mark how he looks on receiving it."

Wayland, on his part, readily undertook the commission, but anxiously prayed the lady, in his turn, to partake of some refreshment; in which he at length prevailed, more through importunity, and her desire to see him begone on his errand, than from any inclination the Countess felt to comply with his request. He then left her, advising her to lock her door on the inside, and not to stir from her little apartment—and went to seek an opportunity of discharging her errand, as well as of carrying into effect a purpose of his own, which circumstances had induced him to form.

In fact, from the conduct of the lady during the journey—her long fits of profound silence—the irresolution and uncertainty which seemed to attend all her movements, and the obvious incapacity of thinking and acting for herself, under which she seemed to labo

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Wayland had formed the not improbable opinion, that the difficulties of her situation had in some degree affected her understanding.

When she had escaped from the seclusion of Cumnor Place, and the dangers to which she was there exposed, it would have seemed her most rational course to retire to her father's, or elsewhere, at a distance from the power of those by whom these dangers had been created. When, instead of doing so, she demanded to be conveyed to Kenilworth, Wayland had been only able to account for her conduct, by supposing that she meant to put herself under the tutelage of Tressilian, and to appeal to the protection of the Queen. But now, instead of following this natural course, she intrusted him with a letter to Leicester, the patron of Varney, and within whose jurisdiction at least, if not under his express authority, all the evils she had already suffered were inflicted upon her. This seemed an unsafe and even a desperate measure, and Wayland felt anxiety for his own safety, as well as that of the lady, should he execute her commission before he had secured the advice and countenance of a protector. He therefore resolved, before delivering the letter to Leicester, that he would seek out Tressilian, and communicate to him the arrival of the lady at Kenilworth, and thus at once rid himself of all farther responsibility, and devolve the task of guiding and protecting this unfortunate lady upon the patron who had at first employed him in her service.

"He will be a better judge than I am," said Wayland, "whether she is to be gratified in this humour of appeal to my Lord of Leicester, which seems like an act of insanity; and, therefore, I will turn the matter over on his hands, deliver him the letter, receive what they list to give me by way of guerdon, and then show the Castle of Kenilworth a pair of light heels; for after the work I've been engaged in, it will be, I fear, neither a safe

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nor wholesome place of residence ; and I would rather shoe colts on the coldest common in England than share in their gayest revels."

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## CHAP. XXVII.

*In my time I have seen a boy do wonders,  
Robin, the red tinker, had a boy,  
Would ha' run through a cat-hole.—THE COXCOMB.*

**A**MID the universal bustle which filled the Castle and its environs, it was no easy matter to find out any individual ; and Wayland was still less likely to light upon Tressilian, whom he sought so anxiously, because, sensible of the danger of attracting attention, in the circumstances in which he was placed, he dared not make general inquiries among the retainers or domestics of Leicester. He learned, however, by indirect questions, that in all probability, Tressilian must have been one of a large party of gentlemen in attendance on the Earl of Sussex, who had accompanied their patron that morning to Kenilworth, when Leicester had received them with marks of the most formal respect and distinction. He farther learned, that both Earls, with their followers, and many other nobles, knights, and gentlemen, had taken horse, and gone towards Warwick several hours since, for the purpose of escorting the Queen to Kenilworth.

Her Majesty's arrival, like other great events, was delayed from hour to hour ; and it was now announced by a breathless post, that her Majesty being detained by her ~~des~~acious desire to receive the homage of her lieges who ~~ad~~ fronged to wait upon her at Warwick, it would be ~~le~~h out of twilight ere she entered the Castle. The ~~in~~elligence released for a time those who were upon duty ~~the~~ immediate expectation of the Queen's appearan~~t~~ ready to play their part in the solemnities with w

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it was to be accompanied ; and Wayland, seeing several horsemen enter the Castle, was not without hopes that Tressilian might be of the number. That he might not lose an opportunity of meeting his patron in the event of this being the case, Wayland placed himself in the base-court of the Castle, near Mortimer's Tower, and watched every one who went or came by the bridge, the extremity of which was protected by that building. Thus stationed, nobody could enter or leave the Castle without his observation, and most anxiously did he study the garb and countenance of every horseman, as, passing from under the opposite Gallery Tower, they paced slowly, or curveted, along the tilt-yard, and approached the entrance of the base-court.

But while Wayland gazed thus eagerly to discover him whom he saw not, he was pulled by the sleeve by one by whom he himself would not willingly have been seen.

This was Dickie Sludge, or Flibbertigibbet, who, like the imp whose name he bore, and whom he had been accoutred in order to resemble, seemed to be ever at the ear of those who thought least of him. Whatever were Wayland's internal feelings, he judged it necessary to express pleasure at their unexpected meeting.

" Ha ! is it thou, my minikin—my miller's thumb—my prince of Cacodemons—my little mouse?"

" Ay," said Dickie, " the mouse which gnawed asunder the toils, just when the lion who was caught in them began to look wonderfully like an ass."

" Why, thou little hop-the-gutter, thou art as sharp as vinegar this afternoon ! But tell me, how didst thou *come off with* yonder jolterheaded giant, whom I left *thee with*?—I was afraid he would have stripped thy clothes, and so swallowed thee, as men peel and eat a *roasted chestnut*."

" Had he done so," replied the boy, " he would have

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more brains in his guts than ever he had in his  
cile. But the giant is a courteous monster, and more  
useful than many other folk whom I have helped at a  
ch, Master Wayland Smith."

"Beshrew me, Flibbertigibbet," replied Wayland,  
ut thou art sharper than a Sheffield whittle! I would  
new by what charm you muzzled yonder old bear."

"Ay, that is in your own manner," answered Dickie;  
ou think fine speeches will pass muster instead of  
d-will. However, as to this honest porter, you must  
w, that when we presented ourselves at the gate  
der, his brain was overburdened with a speech that  
been penned for him, and which proved rather an  
rmatch for his gigantic faculties. Now this same  
ly oration had been indited, like sundry others, by  
learned magister, Erasmus Holiday, so I had heard  
ften enough to remember every line. As soon as I  
rd him blundering and floundering like a fish upon  
land, through the first verse, and perceived him at a  
id, I knew where the shoe pinched, and helped him  
the next word, when he caught me up in an ecstasy,  
n as you saw but now. I promised, as the price of  
r admission, to hide me under his bearish gaberdine,  
prompt him in the hour of need. I have just now  
n getting some food in the Castle, and am about to  
urn to him."

"That's right—that's right, my dear Dickie," replied  
ayland; "haste thee, for Heaven's sake! else the poor  
nt will be utterly disconsolate for want of his dwarfish  
iliary—Away with thee, Dickie!"

"Ay, ay!" answered the boy—"Away with Dickie,  
n we have got what good of him we can.—You will  
let me know the story of this lady, then, who is as  
h sister of thine as I am?"

"Why, what good would it do thee, thou silly elf  
Wayland.

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"Oh, stand ye on these terms?" said the boy; "well I care not greatly about the matter,—only, I never smell out a secret, but I try to be either at the right or the wrong end of it, and so good evening to ye."

"Nay, but, Dickie," said Wayland, who knew the boy's restless and intriguing disposition too well not to fear his enmity—"stay, my dear Dickie—part not with old friends so shortly!—thou shalt know all I know of the lady one day."

"Ay!" said Dickie, "and that one day may prove a nigh one. Fare-thee-well, Wayland—I will to my large-limbed friend, who, if he have not so sharp a wit as some folk, is at least more grateful for the service which other folk render him. And so again, good evening to ye."

So saying, he cast a somerset through the gateway, and, lighting on the bridge, ran with the extraordinary agility, which was one of his distinguishing attributes, towards the Gallery Tower, and was out of sight in an instant.

"I would to God I were safe out of this Castle again!" prayed Wayland, internally; "for now that this mischievous imp has put his finger in the pie, it cannot but prove a mess fit for the devil's eating. I would to Heaven Master Tressilian would appear!"

Tressilian, whom he was thus anxiously expecting in one direction, had returned to Kenilworth by another access. It was indeed true, as Wayland had conjectured, that, in the earlier part of the day, he had accompanied the Earl on their cavalcade towards Warwick, not without hope that he might in that town hear some tidings of his emissary. Being disappointed in this expectation, and observing Varney amongst Leicester's attendants, ~~knowing as if he had some purpose of advancing to and~~ addressing him, he conceived, in the present circumstances, it was wisest to avoid the interview. He, there-

mote and circuitous road, and entered  
small sally-port in the western-wall, at  
duly admitted, as one of the followers of  
sex, towards whom Leicester had com-  
most courtesy to be exercised. It was  
met not Wayland, who was impatiently  
arrival, and whom he himself would have  
st, equally desirous to see.

Delivered his horse to the charge of his attend-  
alked for a space in the Pleasance and in the  
ather to indulge in comparative solitude his own  
as than to admire those singular beauties of nature  
t which the magnificence of Leicester had there  
oled. The greater part of the persons of condition  
eft the Castle for the present, to form part of the  
s cavalcade ; others, who remained behind, were on  
battlements, outer walls, and towers, eager to view  
a splendid spectacle of the royal entry. The garden,  
erefore, while every other part of the Castle resounded  
with the human voice, was silent, but for the whispering  
of the leaves, the emulous warbling of the tenants of a  
large aviary, with their happier companions who re-  
mained denizens of the free air, and the plashing of the  
fountains, which, forced into the air from sculptures of  
fantastic and grotesque forms, fell down with ceaseless  
sound into the great basins of Italian marble.

The melancholy thoughts of Tressilian cast a gloomy  
shade on all the objects with which he was surrounded.  
He compared the magnificent scenes which he here  
traversed, with the deep woodland and wild moorland  
which surrounded Lidcote Hall, and the image of Amy  
*Robsart glided like a phantom through every landscape*  
which his imagination summoned up. Nothing is per-  
haps more dangerous to the future happiness of men

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deep thought and retired habits, than the entertaining an early, long, and unfortunate attachment. It frequently sinks so deep into the mind, that it becomes their dream by night and their vision by day—mixes itself with every source of interest and enjoyment, and when blighted and withered by final disappointment, it seems as if the springs of the spirit were dried up along with it. This aching of the heart, this languishing after a shadow which has lost all the gaiety of its colouring, this dwelling on the remembrance of a dream from which we have been long roughly awakened, is the weakness of a gentle and generous heart, and it was that of Tressilian.

He himself at length became sensible of the necessity of forcing other objects upon his mind, and for this purpose he left the Pleasance, in order to mingle with the noisy crowd upon the walls, and view the preparation for the pageants. But as he left the garden, and heard the busy hum mixed with music and laughter which floated around him, he felt an uncontrollable reluctance to mix with society, whose feelings were in a tone so different from his own, and resolved, instead of doing so, to retire to the chamber assigned him, and employ himself in study until the tolling of the great castle-bell should announce the arrival of Elizabeth.

Tressilian crossed accordingly by the passage betwixt the immense range of kitchens and the great hall, and ascended to the third storey of Mervyn's Tower, and applying himself to the door of the small apartment which had been allotted to him, was surprised to find it was locked. He then recollects that the deputy-chamberlain had given him a master-key, advising him,

*In the present confused state of the Castle, to keep his door as much shut as possible.* He applied this key to the lock, the bolt revolved, he entered, and in the same instant saw a female form seated in the apartment, and recognized that form.

was, that a heated imagination had raised the image which it doted into visible existence ; his second, that he beheld an apparition—the third, and abiding conviction, that it was Amy herself, paler, indeed, and thinner than in the days of heedless happiness, when she possessed the form and hue of a wood-nymph, with the beauty of a sylph ; but still Amy, unequalled in loveliness, aught which had ever visited his eyes.

The astonishment of the Countess was scarce less than that of Tressilian, although it was of shorter duration, because she had heard from Wayland that he was in Castle. She had started up at his first entrance, now stood facing him, the paleness of her cheeks giving way to a deep blush.

"Tressilian," she said at length, "why come here?"

"Nay, why come *you* here, Amy," returned Tressilian, "unless it be at length to claim that aid, which, as far as one man's heart and arm can extend, shall instantly be rendered to you?"

She was silent a moment, and then answered sorrowful, rather than an angry tone,—“I require no Tressilian, and would rather be injured than benefited by any which your kindness can offer me. Believe *I am* near one whom law and love oblige to protect me.

"The villain, then, hath done you the poor judgment which remained in his power," said Tressilian; "and behold before me the wife of Varney!"

"The wife of Varney!" she replied, with all the ~~phasi~~s of scorn; "with what base name, sir, does ~~bold~~ness stigmatise the—the—the"—She hesitated, ~~dropped~~ her tone of scorn, looked down, and was ~~fus~~ and silent, for she recollects what fatal ~~ences~~ might attend her completing the sentence ~~he~~ Countess of Leicester," which were the words naturally suggested themselves. It would

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a betrayal of the secret, on which her husband had assured her that his fortunes depended, to Tressilian, to Sussex, to the Queen, and to the whole assembled court. "Never," she thought, "will I break my promised silence. I will submit to any suspicion rather than that."

The tears rose to her eyes, as she stood silent before Tressilian ; while, looking on her with mingled grief and pity, he said "Alas ! Amy, your eyes contradict your tongue. That speaks of a protector, willing and able to watch over you ; but these tell me you are ruined, and deserted by the wretch to whom you have attached yourself."

She looked on him with eyes in which anger sparkled through her tears, but only repeated the word "wretch !" with a scornful emphasis.

"Yes, *wretch !*" said Tressilian ; "for were he aught better, why are you here, and alone in my apartment ? why was not fitting provision made for your honourable reception ?"

"In your apartment ?" repeated Amy ; "in *your* apartment ? It shall instantly be relieved of my presence." She hastened towards the door ; but the sad recollection of her deserted state at once pressed on her mind, and, pausing on the threshold, she added, in a tone unutterably pathetic, "Alas ! I had forgot—I know not where to go"—

"I see—I see it all," said Tressilian, springing to her side, and leading her back to the seat, on which she sunk down—"You *do* need aid—you *do* need protection, though you will not own it ; and you shall not need it long. Leaning on my arm, as the representative of your *excellent and broken-hearted* father, on the very threshold of the Castle-gate, you shall meet Elizabeth ; and the first deed she shall do in the halls of Kenilworth shall be an act of justice to her sex and her subjects. *Strong in my good cause, and in the Queen's justice, the*

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power of her minion shall not shake my resolution. I will instantly seek Sussex."

"Not for all that is under heaven!" said the Countess, much alarmed, and feeling the absolute necessity of obtaining time, at least, for consideration. "Tressilian, you were wont to be generous—Grant me one request, and believe, if it be your wish to save me from misery, and from madness, you will do more by making me the promise I ask of you, than Elizabeth can do for me with all her power."

"Ask me anything for which you can allege reason," said Tressilian; "but demand not of me"—

"Oh, limit not your boon, dear Edmund!" exclaimed the Countess—"you once loved that I should call you so—Limit not your boon to reason! for my case is all madness, and frenzy must guide the counsels which alone can aid me."

"If you speak thus wildly," said Tressilian, astonishment again overpowering both his grief and his resolution, "I must believe you indeed incapable of thinking or acting for yourself."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, sinking on one knee before him, "I am not mad—I am but a creature unutterably miserable, and, from circumstances the most singular, dragged on to a precipice by the arm of him who thinks he is keeping me from it—even by yours, Tressilian—by yours, whom I have honoured, respected—all but loved and yet loved, too—loved too, Tressilian—though not as you wished."

There was an energy—a self-possession—an abandonment in her voice and manner—a total resignation of ~~her~~ self to his generosity, which, together with the kindness of her expressions to himself, moved him deeply. ~~He~~ remained her, and in broken accents entreated her to be comforted.

"I cannot," she said, "I will not be comforted, till

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you grant me my request ! I will speak as plainly as I dare—I am now awaiting the commands of one who has a right to issue them—The interference of a third person—of you in especial, Tressilian, will be ruin—utter ruin to me. Wait but four-and-twenty hours, and it may be that the poor Amy may have the means to show that she values, and can reward, your disinterested friendship—that she is happy herself, and has the means to make you so—It is surely worth your patience, for so short a space?"

Tressilian paused, and weighing in his mind the various probabilities which might render a violent interference on his part more prejudicial than advantageous, both to the happiness and reputation of Amy, considering also that she was within the walls of Kenilworth, and could suffer no injury in a castle honoured with the Queen's residence, and filled with her guards and attendants,—he conceived, upon the whole, that he might render her more evil than good service, by intruding upon her his appeal to Elizabeth in her behalf. He expressed his resolution cautiously, however, doubting naturally whether Amy's hopes of extricating herself from her difficulties rested on anything stronger than a blinded attachment to Varney, whom he supposed to be her seducer.

"Amy," he said, while he fixed his sad and expressive eyes on hers, which, in her ecstasy of doubt, terror, and perplexity, she cast up towards him, "I have ever remarked, that when others called thee girlish and wilful, there lay under that external semblance of youthful and self-willed folly, deep feeling and strong sense. In this I will confide, trusting your own fate in your own hands *for the space of twenty-four hours*, without my interference by word or act."

"Do you promise me this, Tressilian?" said the Countess. "Is it possible you can yet repose so much

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“Is in me? Do you promise, as you are a gentleman a man of honour, to intrude in my matters, by speech nor action, whatever you may see or what seems to you to demand your interference?—you so far trust me?”

“will, upon my honour,” said Tressilian; “but when space is expired”—

“When that space is expired,” she said, interrupting “you are free to act as your judgment shall determine.”

“Is there naught besides which I can do for you, my?” said Tressilian.

“Nothing,” said she, “save to leave me,—that is, if—I blush to acknowledge my helplessness by asking it—if you can spare me the use of this apartment for the next twenty-four hours.”

“This is most wonderful!” said Tressilian; “what hope or interest can you have in a castle, where you cannot command even an apartment?”

“Argue not, but leave me,” she said; and added, as he slowly and unwillingly retired, “Generous Edmund! the time may come when Amy may show she deserved thy noble attachment.”

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## CHAP. XXVIII.

*What, man, ne'er lack a draught, when the full can  
Stands at thine elbow, and craves emptying!—*

*Nay, fear not me, for I have no delight  
To watch men's vices, since I have myself  
Of virtue nought to boast of.—I'm a striker,  
Would have the world strike with me, pell-mell, all.*

PANDÆMONIUM.

 TRESSILIAN, in strange agitation of mind, had hardly stepped down the first two or three steps of the winding staircase, when, greatly to his surprise and displeasure, he met Michael Lambourne.

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wearing an impudent familiarity of visage, for which Tressilian felt much disposed to throw him down stairs ; until he remembered the prejudice which Amy, the only object of his solicitude, was likely to receive from his engaging in any act of violence at that time, and in that place.

He therefore contented himself with looking sternly upon Lambourne, as upon one whom he deemed unworthy of notice, and attempted to pass him in his way down stairs, without any symptom of recognition. But Lambourne, who, amidst the profusion of that day's hospitality, had not failed to take a deep, though not an overpowering cup of sack, was not in the humour of humbling himself before any man's looks. He stopped Tressilian upon the staircase without the least bashfulness or embarrassment, and addressed him as if they had been on kind and intimate terms :—“ What, no grudge between us, I hope, upon old scores, Master Tressilian ? —nay, I am one who remember former kindness rather than later feud—I'll convince you that I meant honestly and kindly, ay, and comfortably by you.”

“ I desire none of your intimacy,” said Tressilian—“ keep company with your mates.”

“ Now, see how hasty he is ! ” said Lambourne : “ and how these gentiles, that are made questionless out of the porcelain clay of the earth, look down upon poor Michael Lambourne ! You would take Master Tressilian now for the most maid-like, modest, simpering squire of dames, that ever made love when candles were long i' the stuff—snuff, call you it ? —Why, you would play the saint on us, Master Tressilian, and forget that even now thou hast a commodity in thy very bedchamber, to the shame of my lord's castle, ha ! ha ! ha ! Have I touched you, Master Tressilian ? ”

“ I know not what you mean,” said Tressilian, *inferring, however, too surely, that this licentious ruffian*  
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been sensible of Amy's presence in his apartment if," he continued, "thou art varlet of the *s*, and lackest a fee, there is one to leave mine sted."

Lambourne looked at the piece of gold, and put it in cket, saying—"Now, I know not but you might done more with me by a kind word, than by this ing rogue. But after all he pays well that pays with —and Mike Lambourne was never a make-bate, or oil-sport, or the like. E'en live and let others live, is my motto—only, I would not let some folks cock r beaver at me neither, as if they were made of silver ;, and I of Dutch pewter. So if I keep your secret, Master Tressilian, you may look sweet on me at least ; and were I to want a little backing or countenance, being caught, as you see the best of us may be, in a sort of peccadillo—why, you owe it me—and so e'en make your chamber serve you and that same bird in bower beside—it's all one to Mike Lambourne."

"Make way, sir," said Tressilian, unable to bridle his indignation, "you have had your fee."

"Um!" said Lambourne, giving place, however, while he sulkily muttered between his teeth, repeating Tressilian's words, "Make way—and you have had your fee—but it matters not, I will spoil no sport, as I said before ; I am no dog in the manger—mind that."

He spoke louder and louder, as Tressilian, by whom he felt himself overawed, got farther and farther out of hearing.

"I am no dog in the manger—but I will not carry coals neither—mind that, Master Tressilian ; and I will have a peep at this wench, whom you have quartered so commodiously in your old haunted room—afraid of ghosts, belike, and not too willing to sleep alone. If I had done this, now, in a strange lord's castle, the word had been,—The porter's lodge for the knave! and—

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•Have him flogged—trundle him down stairs like a turnip! —Ay, but your virtuous gentlemen take strange privileges over us, who are downright servants of our senses. Well—I have my Master Tressilian's head under my belt by this lucky discovery, that is one thing certain; and I will try to get a sight of this Lindabrides of his, that is another."

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## CHAP. XXIX.

*Now fare-thee-well, my master—if true service  
Be guerdon'd with hard looks, e'en cut the tow-line,  
And let our barks across the pathless flood  
Hold different courses—*

SHIPWRECK.

 TRESSILIAN walked into the outer yard of the Castle, scarce knowing what to think of his late strange and most unexpected interview with Amy Robsart, and dubious if he had done well, being intrusted with the delegated authority of her father, to pass his word so solemnly to leave her to her own guidance for so many hours. Yet how could he have denied her request,—dependent as she had too probably rendered herself upon Varney? Such was his natural reasoning. The happiness of her future life might depend upon his not driving her to extremities, and since no authority of Tressilian's could extricate her from the power of Varney, supposing he was to acknowledge Amy to be his wife, what title had he to destroy the hope of domestic peace, which might yet remain to her, by setting enmity betwixt them? Tressilian resolved, therefore, scrupulously to observe his word pledged to Amy, both because it had been given, and because, as he still thought, while he considered and reconsidered that extraordinary interview, it could not with justice or propriety have been refused.

*In one respect, he had gained much towards securing*

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protection for this unhappy and still beloved his early affection. Amy was no longer mewed distant and solitary retreat, under the charge of of doubtful reputation. She was in the Castle of Kenilworth, within the verge of the Royal Court for he, free from all risk of violence, and liable to be ed before Elizabeth on the first summons. These circumstances which could not but assist greatly the which he might have occasion to use in her behalf.

While he was thus balancing the advantages and perils which attended her unexpected presence in Kenilworth, Tressilian was hastily and anxiously accosted by Wayland, who, after ejaculating, "Thank God, your worship found at last!" proceeded, with breathless caution, to our into his ear the intelligence that the lady had escaped from Cumnor Place.

"And is at present in this Castle," said Tressilian; "I know it, and I have seen her—Was it by her own choice she found refuge in my apartment?"

"No," answered Wayland; "but I could think of no other way of safely bestowing her, and was but too happy to find a deputy-usher who knew where you were quartered;—in jolly society truly, the hall on the one hand and the kitchen on the other!"

"Peace, this is no time for jesting," answered Tressilian, sternly.

"I wot that but too well," said the artist, "for I have felt these three days as if I had a halter round my neck. This lady knows not her own mind—she will have none of your aid—commands you not to be named to her—and is about to put herself into the hands of my Lord Leicester. I had never got her safe into your chamber, had she known the owner of it."

"Is it possible?" said Tressilian. "But she may have hopes the Earl will exert his influence in her favour over his villainous dependant."

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"I know nothing of that," said Wayland—"but I believe, if she is to reconcile herself with either Leicester or Varney, the side of the Castle of Kenilworth which will be safest for us will be the outside, from which we can fastest fly away. It is not my purpose to abide an instant after delivery of the letter to Leicester, which waits but your commands to find its way to him. See, here it is—but no—a plague on it—I must have left it in my dog-hole, in the hay-loft yonder, where I am to sleep."

"Death and fury!" said Tressilian, transported beyond his usual patience; "thou hast not lost that on which may depend a stake more important than a thousand such lives as thine?"

"Lost it!" answered Wayland, readily; "that were a jest indeed! No, sir, I have it carefully put up with my night-sack, and some matters I have occasion to use—I will fetch it in an instant."

"Do so," said Tressilian; "be faithful, and thou shalt be well rewarded. But if I have reason to suspect thee, a dead dog were in better case than thou!"

Wayland bowed, and took his leave with seeming confidence and alacrity; but, in fact, filled with the utmost dread and confusion. The letter was lost, that was certain, notwithstanding the apology which he had made to appease the impatient displeasure of Tressilian. It was lost—it might fall into wrong hands—it would then, certainly, occasion a discovery of the whole intrigue in which he had been engaged; nor, indeed, did Wayland see much prospect of its remaining concealed, in any event. He felt much hurt, besides, at Tressilian's *burst of impatience*.

"Nay, if I am to be paid in this coin for services where my neck is concerned, it is time I should look to myself. Here have I offended, for aught I know, to the *ath, the lord of this stately castle, whose word were as*

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"I will to take away my life, as the breath which speak, blow out a farthing candle. And all this for a mad and a melancholy gallant ; who, on the loss of a nooked bit of paper, has his hand on his poignado, swears death and fury !—Then there is the Doctor Varney—I will save myself from the whole mess of—Life is dearer than gold—I will fly this instant, ough I leave my reward behind me."

These reflections naturally enough occurred to a mind like Wayland's, who found himself engaged far deeper than he had expected in a train of mysterious and unintelligible intrigues, in which the actors seemed hardly to know their own course. And yet, to do him justice, his personal fears were, in some degree, counterbalanced by his compassion for the deserted state of the lady.

"I care not a groat for Master Tressilian," he said ; "I have done more than I bargained by him, and I have brought his errant-damozel within his reach, so that he may look after her himself ; but I fear the poor thing is in much danger among these stormy spirits. I will to her chamber, and tell her the fate which has befallen her letter, that she may write another if she list. She cannot lack a messenger, I trow, where there are so many lackeys that can carry a letter to their lord. And I will tell her also, that I leave the Castle, trusting her to God, her own guidance, and Master Tressilian's care and looking after.—Perhaps she may remember the ring she offered me—it was well earned, I trow ; but she is a lovely creature, and—marry hang the ring ! I will not bear a base spirit for the matter. If I fare ill in this world for my good nature, I shall have better chance in the next.—So now for the lady, and then for the road."

*With the stealthy step and jealous eye of the cat that steals on her prey, Wayland resumed the way to the Countess's chamber, sliding along by the side of the*

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ourts and passages, alike observant of all around him, and studious himself to escape observation. In this manner he crossed the outward and inward castle-yard, and the great arched passage, which, running betwixt the range of kitchen offices and the hall, led to the bottom of the little winding-stair that gave access to the chambers of Mervyn's Tower.

The artist congratulated himself on having escaped the various perils of his journey, and was in the act of ascending by two steps at once, when he observed that the shadow of a man, thrown from a door which stood ajar, darkened the opposite wall of the staircase. Wayland drew back cautiously, went down to the inner courtyard, spent about a quarter of an hour, which seemed at least quadruple its usual duration, in walking from place to place, and then returned to the tower, in hopes to find that the lurker had disappeared. He ascended as high as the suspicious spot—there was no shadow on the wall—he ascended a few yards farther—the door was still ajar, and he was doubtful whether to advance or retreat, when it was suddenly thrown wide open, and Michael Lambourne bolted out upon the astonished Wayland. "Who the devil art thou? and what seek'st thou in this part of the Castle? March into that chamber, and be hanged to thee!"

"I am no dog to go at every man's whistle," said the artist, affecting a confidence which was belied by a timid shake in his voice.

"Say'st thou me so?—Come hither, Lawrence Staples."

A huge ill-made and ill-looked fellow, upwards of six feet high, appeared at the door, and Lambourne proceeded: "If thou be'st so fond of this tower, my friend, thou shalt see its foundations, good twelve feet below the bed of the lake, and tenanted by certain jolly rads, snakes, and so forth, which thou wilt find might

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pany. Therefore once more I ask you, in fair  
, thou art, and what thou seek'st here?"

"The dungeon-grate once clashes behind me,"  
Wayland, "I am a gone man." He therefore  
red submissively, "He was the poor juggler whom  
honour had met yesterday in Weatherly-bottom."  
And what juggling trick art thou playing in this  
? Thy gang," said Lambourne, "lie over against  
ton's buildings."

I came here to see my sister," said the juggler,  
who is in Master Tressilian's chamber, just above."

"Aha!" said Lambourne, smiling, "here be truths!  
Upon my honour, for a stranger, this same Master Tres-  
silian makes himself at home among us, and furnishes  
out his cell handsomely, with all sorts of commodities.  
This will be a precious tale of the sainted Master Tres-  
silian, and will be welcome to some folks, as a purse of  
broad pieces to me.—Hark ye, fellow," he continued,  
addressing Wayland, "thou shalt not give Puss a hint  
to steal away—we must catch her in her form. So, back  
with that pitiful sheep-biting visage of thine, or I will  
fling thee from the window of the tower, and try if thy  
juggling skill can save thy bones."

"Your worship will not be so hard-hearted, I trust,"  
said Wayland; "poor folk must live. I trust your  
honour will allow me to speak with my sister?"

"Sister on Adam's side, I warrant," said Lambourne;  
"or, if otherwise, the more knave thou. But, sister or  
no sister, thou diest on point of fox, if thou comest  
a-prying to this tower once more. And now I think of  
it—uds daggers and death!—I will see thee out of the  
Castle, for this is a more main concern than thy  
jugglery."

"But, please your worship," said Wayland, "I am  
to enact Arion in the pageant upon the lake this very  
evening."

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"I will act it myself, by Saint Christopher!" said Lambourne—"Orion, call'st thou him?—I will act Orion, his belt, and his seven stars to boot. Come along, for a rascal knave as thou art—follow me!—Or stay—Lawrence, do thou bring him along."

Lawrence seized by the collar of the cloak the unresisting juggler, while Lambourne, with hasty steps, led the way to that same sallyport, or secret postern, by which Tressilian had returned to the Castle, and which opened in the western wall, at no great distance from Mervyn's Tower.

While traversing with a rapid foot the space betwixt the tower and the sallyport, Wayland in vain racked his brain for some device which might avail the poor lady, for whom, notwithstanding his own imminent danger, he felt deep interest. But when he was thrust out of the Castle, and informed by Lambourne, with a tremendous oath, that instant death would be the consequence of his again approaching it, he cast up his hands and eyes to heaven, as if to call God to witness he had stood to the uttermost in defence of the oppressed; then turned his back on the proud towers of Kenilworth, and went his way to seek a humbler and safer place of refuge.

Lawrence and Lambourne gazed a little while after Wayland, and then turned to go back to their tower, when the former thus addressed his companion: "Never credit me, Master Lambourne, if I can guess why thou hast driven this poor caitiff from the Castle, just when he was to bear a part in the show that was beginning, and all this about a wench."

"Ah, Lawrence," replied Lambourne, "thou art thinking of *Black Joan Jugges* of Slingdon, and hast sympathy with human frailty. But courage, most *Duke of the Dungeon and Lord of Limbo*, for art as dark in this matter as thine own dominions

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of Little-ease. My most reverend Signior of the Lov  
Countries of Kenilworth, know that our most notable  
master, Richard Varney, would give as much to have  
hole in this same Tressilian's coat, as would make u  
some fifty midnight carousals, with the full leave o  
bidding the steward go snick up, if he came to startle u  
too soon from our goblets."

"Nay, an that be the case, thou hast right," sai  
Lawrence Staples, the upper-warder, or, in commo  
phrase, the first jailor, of Kenilworth Castle, and of the  
Liberty and Honour belonging thereto; "but how wi  
you manage when you are absent at the Queen's en  
trance, Master Lambourne; for methinks thou must  
attend thy master there?"

"Why thou, mine honest prince of prisons, must kee  
ward in my absence—Let Tressilian enter if he will  
but see thou let no one come out. If the damsel he  
self would make a break, as 'tis not unlike she may  
scare her back with rough words—she is but a paltr  
player's wench after all."

"Nay, for that matter," said Lawrence, "I might shu  
the iron wicket upon her, that stands without the doubl  
door, and so force per force she will be bound to he  
answer without more trouble."

"Then Tressilian will not get access to her," sai  
Lambourne, reflecting a moment. "But 'tis no matte  
s she will be detected in his chamber, and that is a  
one—But confess, thou old bat's-eyed dungeon-keepere  
ha you fear to keep awake by thyself in that Mervyn  
lower of thine."

"Why, as to fear, Master Lambourne," said th  
allow.—"I mind it not the turning of a key; but stra  
hings ha ve been heard and seen in that tower.—Y  
i have heard, for as short a time as you have bee  
ilworth, that it is haunted by the spirit of Arth  
wyn, a wild chief taken by fierce Lord Mor

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when he was one of the Lords Marchers of Wales, and murdered, as they say, in that same tower which bears his name?"

"Oh, I have heard the tale five hundred times," said Lambourne, "and how the ghost is always most vociferous when they boil leeks and stirabout, or fry toasted cheese, in the culinary regions. Santo Diavolo, man, hold thy tongue, I know all about it!"

"Ay, but thou dost not, though," said the turnkey, "for as wise as thou wouldest make thyself. Ah, it is an awful thing to murder a prisoner in his ward!—You, that may have given a man a stab in a dark street, know nothing of it. To give a mutinous fellow a knock on the head with the keys, and bid him be quiet, that's what I call keeping order in the ward; but to draw weapon and slay him, as was done to this Welsh lord, *that* raises you a ghost that will render your prison-house untenantable by any decent captive for some hundred years. And I have that regard for my prisoners, poor things, that I have put good squires and men of worship, that have taken a ride on the highway, or slandered my Lord of Leicester, or the like, fifty feet under ground, rather than I would put them into that upper chamber yonder that they call Mervyn's Bower. Indeed, by good Saint Peter of the Fetter, I marvel, my noble lord, or Master Varney, could think of lodging guests there; and if this Master Tressilian could get any one to keep him company, and in especial a pretty wench, why, truly, I think he was in the right on't."

"I tell thee," said Lambourne, leading the way into the turnkey's apartment, "thou art an ass—Go bolt the ~~wicket~~ <sup>door</sup> on the stair, and trouble not thy noodle about ~~house~~—Give me the wine-soup, man; I am somewhat ~~troubled~~ <sup>infused</sup> with chafing with yonder rascal."

While Lambourne drew a long draught from a pitcher ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup>

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warder went on vindicating his own belief in supernatural.

"Thou hast been few hours in this Castle, and been for the whole space so drunk, Lambourne, thou art deaf, dumb, and blind. But we should less of your bragging, were you to pass a night with me at full moon, for then the ghost is busiest ; and more especially when a rattling wind sets in from the north-west, with some sprinkling of rain, and now and then a growl of thunder. Body o' me, what crackings, clashings, what groanings and what howlings, will there be at such times in Mervyn's Bower, right as it were overheads, till the matter of two quarts of distilled water has not been enough to keep my lads and me in some health."

"Pshaw, man !" replied Lambourne, on whom the last draught, joined to repeated visitations of the pit upon former occasions, began to make some impression, "thou speak'st thou know'st not what about spirits? No one knows justly what to say about them ; and short, least said may be soon amended. Some men believe in one thing, some in another—it is all matter of fancy. I have known t

of all sorts, my dear Lawrence Lock-the-door, sensible men too. There's a great lord—we'll pass

the same, Lawrence—he believes in the stars and

the moon, the planets and their courses, and so forth, and that they twinkle exclusively for his benefit ; when

they sober, or rather in drunken truth, Lawrence, they

are only shining to keep honest fellows like me out of

hell. Well, sir, let his humour pass, he is good enough

to indulge it. Then look ye, there is another

a very learned man, I promise you, and can

Greek and Hebrew as fast as I can Thieves'-Latin

and humour of sympathies and antipathies

going lead into gold, and the like—why,

Pass too, and let him pay those in trans-

is, besides, a great man—that is a great little man, or a little great man, my dear Lawrence—and his name begins with V, and what believes he? Why, nothing, honest Lawrence—nothing in earth, heaven, or hell; and for my part, if I believe there is a devil, it is only because I think there must be some one to catch our aforesaid friend by the back ‘when soul and body sever,’ as the ballad says—for your antecedent will have a consequent—*raro antecedentem*, as Doctor Bircham was wont to say—But this is Greek to you now, honest Lawrence, and in sooth learning is dry work—Hand ~~me~~ the pitcher once more.”

“In faith, if you drink more, Michael,” said the warder, “you will be in sorry case either to play Arion or to wait on your master on such a solemn night; and I expect each moment to hear the great bell toll for the muster at Mortimer’s Tower to receive the Queen.”

While Staples remonstrated, Lambourne drank; and then setting down the pitcher, which was nearly emptied,

Master Varney!—and for me, that can turn them all round his fingers, he walked down stairs, and across the

ard looked after him, shook his head drew close and locked a wicket, which, crease, rendered it impossible for any one to a an the storey immediately beneath Mer s Tressilian's chamber was named, he ed with himself—“It's a good thing to -I well-nigh lost mine office, because rning Master Varney thought I smelle and this fellow can appear before him din, and yet meet no rebuke. But then I clever fellow withal, and no one can un- a one-half of what he says.”

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to their wont, very eagerly disputing together. Tressilian had no great desire for their society in the present state of his feelings, but there was no possibility of avoiding them, and indeed he felt that, bound by his promise not to approach Amy, or take any step in her behalf, it would be his best course at once to mix with general society, and to exhibit on his brow as little as he could of the anguish and uncertainty which sat heavy at his heart. He therefore made a virtue of necessity, and bailed his comrades with, "All mirth to you, gentlemen. Whence come ye?"

"From Warwick, to be sure," said Blount; "we must needs home to change our habits, like poor players, who are fain to multiply their persons to outward appearance by change of suits, and you had better do the like, Tressilian."

"Blount is right," said Raleigh; "the Queen loves such marks of deference, and notices, as wanting in respect, those who, not arriving in her immediate attendance, may appear in their soiled and ruffled riding-dress. But look at Blount himself, Tressilian, for the love of laughter, and see how his villainous tailor hath appareled him—in blue, green, and crimson, with carnation ribbons, and yellow roses in his shoes!"

"Why, what wouldst thou have?" said Blount. "I told the cross-legged thief to do his best, and spare no coat; and methinks these things are gay enough—gayer than thine own. I'll be judged by Tressilian."

"I agree—I agree," said Walter Raleigh. "Judge betwixt us, Tressilian, for the love of heaven!"

Tressilian, thus appealed to, looked at them both, and was immediately sensible, at a single glance, that honest Blount had taken upon the tailor's warrant the pied garments which he had chosen to make, and was as much embarrassed by the quantity of points and ribbons, which garnished his dress, as a clown is in his holiday

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clothes ; while the dress of Raleigh was a well-fancied and rich suit, which the wearer bore as a garb too well adapted to his elegant person to attract particular attention. Tressilian said, therefore, "that Blount's dress was finest, but Raleigh's the best fancied."

Blount was satisfied with his decision. "I knew mine was finest," he said ; "if that knave Double-stitch had wrought me home such a simple doublet as that of Raleigh's, I would have beat his brains out with his own dressing-iron. Nay, if we must be fools, ever let us be tools of the first head, say I."

"But why gettest thou not on thy braveries, Tressilian ?" said Raleigh.

"I am excluded from my apartment by a silly mistake," said Tressilian, "and separated for the time from my baggage. I was about to seek thee, to beseech a share of thy lodging."

"And welcome," said Raleigh ; "it is a noble one. My Lord of Leicester has done us that kindness, and odged us in princely fashion. If his courtesy be extorted reluctantly, it is at least extended far. I would advise you to tell your strait to the Earl's chamberlain—you will have instant redress."

"Nay, it is not worth while, since you can spare me room," replied Tressilian—"I would not be troublesome.—Has any one come hither with you?"

"Oh, ay," said Blount ; "Varney and a whole tribe of Leicesters, besides about a score of us honest sussex folk. We are all, it seems, to receive the Queen what they call the Gallery Tower, and witness some entries there ; and then we're to remain in attendance on the Queen in the Great Hall—God bless the mark while those who are now waiting upon her Grace get of their slough, and doff their riding-suits. Heaven be, if her Grace should speak to me, I shall never what to answer !"

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"And what has detained them so long at Warwick?" said Tressilian, unwilling that their conversation should return to his own affairs.

"Such a succession of fooleries," said Blount, "as were never seen at Bartholomew fair. We have had speeches and players, and dogs and bears, and men making monkeys, and women moppets, of themselves—I marvel the Queen could endure it. But ever and anon came in something of 'the lovely light of her gracious countenance,' or some such trash. Ah! vanity makes a fool of the wisest. But come, let us on to this same Gallery Tower—though I see not what thou, Tressilian, canst do with thy riding-dress and boots."

"I will take my station behind thee, Blount," said Tressilian, who saw that his friend's unusual finery had taken a strong hold of his imagination; "thy goodly size and gay dress will cover my defects."

"And so thou shalt, Edmund," said Blount. "In faith, I am glad thou think'st my garb well-fancied, for all Mr. Wittypate here; for, when one does a foolish thing, it is right to do it handsomely."

So saying, Blount cocked his beaver, threw out his leg, and marched manfully forward, as if at the head of his brigade of pikemen, ever and anon looking with complaisance on his crimson stockings, and the huge yellow roses which blossomed on his shoes. Tressilian followed, wrapt in his own sad thoughts, and scarce minding Raleigh, whose quick fancy, amused by the awkward vanity of his respectable friend, vented itself in jests, which he whispered into Tressilian's ear.

In this manner they crossed the long bridge or *tiltyard*, and took their station, with other gentlemen of *quality*, before the outer gate of the Gallery or Entrance Tower. The whole amounted to about forty persons, all selected as of the first rank under that of knighthood, and were disposed in double rows on either side of the

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gate, like a guard of honour, within the close hedge of pikes and partisans, which was formed by Leicester's retainers, wearing his liveries. The gentlemen carried no arms save their swords and daggers. These gallants were as gaily dressed as imagination could devise, and as the garb of the time permitted a great display of expensive magnificence, nought was to be seen but velvet, and cloth of gold and silver, ribands, feathers, gems, and golden chains. In spite of his more serious subjects of distress, Tressilian could not help feeling that he, with his riding-suit, however handsome it might be, made rather an unworthy figure among these "fierce vanities," and the rather because he saw that his disabbile was the subject of wonder among his own friends, and of scorn among the partisans of Leicester.

We could not suppress this fact, though it may seem something at variance with the gravity of Tressilian's character, but the truth is, that a regard for personal appearance is a species of self-love from which the wisest are not exempt, and to which the mind clings so instinctively, that not only the soldier advancing to almost inevitable death, but even the doomed criminal who goes to certain execution, shows an anxiety to array his person to the best advantage. But this is a digression.

It was the twilight of a summer night (9th July 1575), the sun having for some time set, and all were in anxious expectation of the Queen's immediate approach. The multitude had remained assembled for many hours, and their numbers were still rather on the increase. A profuse distribution of refreshments, together with roasted oxen, and barrels of ale set abroad in different places of the road, had kept the populace in perfect ~~love and~~ loyalty towards the Queen and her favourite, which might have somewhat abated had fasting been ~~allowed~~ ~~watching~~. They passed away the time, therefore, ~~in~~ ~~the usual~~ popular amusements of whooing, halloing,

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shrieking, and playing rude tricks upon each other, forming the chorus of discordant sounds usual on such occasions. These prevailed all through the crowded roads and fields, and especially beyond the gate of the Chase, where the greater number of the common sort were stationed; when, all of a sudden, a single rocket was seen to shoot into the atmosphere, and at the instant, far heard over flood and field, the great bell of the Castle tolled.

Immediately there was a pause of dead silence, succeeded by a deep hum of expectation, the united voice of many thousands, none of whom spoke above their breath; or, to use a singular expression, the whisper of an immense multitude.

"They come now for certain," said Raleigh. "Tressilian, that sound is grand. We hear it from this distance as mariners, after a long voyage, hear, upon their night-watch, the tide rush upon some distant and unknown shore."

"Mass I!" answered Blouat, "I hear it rather as I used to hear mine own kine lowing from the close of Witters-westlowe."

"He will assuredly graze presently," said Raleigh to Tressilian; "his thought is all of fat oxen and fertile meadows—he grows little better than one of his own beefes, and only becomes grand when he is provoked to pushing and goring."

"We shall have him at that presently," said Tressilian, "if you spare not your wit."

"Tush, I care not," answered Raleigh; "but thou, ~~soe~~, Tressilian, hast turned a kind of owl, that flies only by night; hast exchanged thy songs for screechings, and ~~good~~ company for an ivy-tod."

"But what manner of animal art thou thyself, ~~thou~~?" said Tressilian, "that thou holdest us all to ~~the~~ ~~end~~?"

it, good Master Eagle, utwau ...  
fowler. Many birds have flown as high,  
I stuffed with straw, and hung up to  
hark, what a dead silence hath fallen  
e!"

"The procession pauses," said Raleigh, "the Chase, where a sibyl, one of the fates, Queen to tell her fortune. I saw the verie savour in them, and her Grace has tammed full with such poetical complaisance to me during the Recorder's speech at

Ford Mill, as she entered the liberties now she was '*peritæsa barbaræ loquelæ.*'"

"The Queen whispered to *him*!" said end of soliloquy; "Good God, to what wome!"

His farther meditations were interrupted applause from the multitude, so tremendous the country echoed for miles round.

read by whi

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along the open and fair avenue that led towards the  
Gallery Tower ; which, as we have already noticed,  
was lined on either hand by the retainers of the Earl of  
Leicester. The word was passed along the line, " The  
Queen ! The Queen ! Silence, and stand fast !" On-  
ward came the cavalcade, illuminated by two hundred  
thick waxen torches, in the hands of as many horsemen  
which cast a light like that of broad day all around the  
procession, but especially on the principal group, of  
which the Queen herself, arrayed in the most splendid  
manner, and blazing with jewels, formed the central  
figure. She was mounted on a milk-white horse, which  
she reined with peculiar grace and dignity ; and in the  
whole of her stately and noble carriage you saw the  
daughter of an hundred kings.

The ladies of the court who rode beside her Majesty  
had taken especial care that their own external appearance  
should not be more glorious than their rank and the  
occasion altogether demanded, so that no inferior lum-  
inary might appear to approach the orbit of royalty.  
But their personal charms, and the magnificence by which  
under every prudential restraint, they were necessarily  
distinguished, exhibited them as the very flower of  
realm so far famed for splendour and beauty. The  
magnificence of the courtiers, free from such restraint  
as prudence imposed on the ladies, was yet more un-  
bounded,

Leicester, who glittered like a golden image with  
jewels and cloth of gold, rode on her Majesty's right  
hand, as well in quality of her host as of her Master of  
the Horse. The black steed which he mounted had  
*a single white hair on his body, and was one of the most*  
*renowned chargers in Europe, having been purchased by*  
*the Earl at large expense for this royal occasion. As the*  
*noble animal chafed at the slow pace of the procession*  
*and, arching his stately neck, champed on the silver*  
*20*

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I restrained him, the foam flew from his mouth, specked his well-formed limbs as if with spots of . The rider well became the high place which he and the proud steed which he bestrode ; for no in England, or perhaps in Europe, was more perfect Dudley in horsemanship, and all other exercises ging to his quality. He was bare-headed, as were ie courtiers in the train ; and the red torchlight upon his long curled tresses of dark hair, and on noble features, to the beauty of which even the est criticism could only object the lordly fault, as it be termed, of a forehead somewhat too high. On proud evening, those features wore all the grateful tude of a subject, to show himself sensible of the honour which the Queen was conferring on him, all the pride and satisfaction which became so us a moment. Yet, though neither eye nor feature yed aught but feelings which suited the occasion, of the Earl's personal attendants remarked, that he unusually pale, and they expressed to each other their hat he was taking more fatigue than consisted with ealth.

rney followed close behind his master, as the prin- esquire in waiting, and had charge of his lordship's velvet bonnet, garnished with a clasp of diamonds, surmounted by a white plume. He kept his eye antly on his master ; and, for reasons with which eader is not unacquainted, was, among Leicester's -ous dependants, the one who was most anxious is lord's strength and resolution should carry him sfully through a day so agitating. For although y w-as one of the few—the very few moral monsters, n-tive to lull to sleep the remorse of their own and are drugged into moral insensibility by as men in extreme agony are lulled by opium, knew that in the breast of his patron there w-

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already awakened the fire that is never quenched, and that his lord felt, amid all the pomp and magnificence we have described, the gnawing of the worm that dieth not. Still, however, assured as Lord Leicester stood, by Varney's own intelligence, that his Countess laboured under an indisposition which formed an unanswerable apology to the Queen for her not appearing at Kenilworth, there was little danger, his wily retainer thought, that a man so ambitious would betray himself by giving way to any external weakness.

The train, male and female, who attended immediately upon the Queen's person, were of course of the bravest and the fairest,—the highest born nobles, and the wisest counsellors, of that distinguished reign, to repeat whose names were but to weary the reader. Behind came a long crowd of knights and gentlemen, whose rank and birth, however distinguished, were thrown into shade, as their persons into the rear of a procession, whose front was of such august majesty.

Thus marshalled, the cavalcade approached the Gallery Tower, which formed, as we have often observed, the extreme barrier of the Castle.

It was now the part of the huge porter to step forward; but the hubbard was so overwhelmed with confusion of spirit,—the contents of one immense black jack of double ale which he had just drank to quicken his memory, having treacherously confused the brain it was intended to clear,—that he only groaned pitifully, and remained sitting on his stone-seat; and the Queen would have passed on without greeting, had not the gigantic warden's secret ally, Flibbertigibbet, who lay perdu behind him, thrust a pin into the rear of the short femoral girdle which we elsewhere described.

*The porter uttered a sort of yell, which came not unius. The port. started up with his club, and dealt a sound blow or two on each side of him; and then, like a*

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coach-horse pricked by the spur, started of the full career of his address, and by prompting on the part of Dickie Sludge, sounds of gigantic intonation, a speech thus abridged ;—the reader being to suppose first lines were addressed to the throng who were gathered at the gateway ; the conclusion, at the approach of the Queen, upon sight of whom, as struck by her vision, the gigantic warder dropped his keys, and gave open way to the Goddess and all her magnificent train.

“ What stir, what turmoil, have we for the none :  
Stand back, my masters, or beware your bones !  
Sirs, I’m a warder, and no man of straw,  
My voice keeps order, and my club gives law.  
Yet soft—nay, stay—what vision have we here !  
What dainty darling’s this ?—what peerless peer !  
What loveliest face, that loving ranks enfold,  
Like brightest diamond chased in purest gold !  
Dazzled and blind, mine office I forsake,  
My club, my key. My knee, my homage take !  
Bright paragon ; pass on in joy and bliss ;—  
Beshrew the gate that opes not wide at such a

Elizabeth received most graciously the huge Herculean porter, and, bending her head to requital, passed through his guarded tower, of which was poured a clamorous blast, which was replied to by other blasts, closely placed at different points on the tower, by others again stationed in the Chamber of the one, as they yet vibrated on, caught up and answered by new helpers in different quarters.

Amidst these bursts of music, which, a charm of enchantment, seemed now close at hand, distant space, now wailing so low and mournfully, were gradually prolonged un-

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lingerings strains could reach the ear, Queen Elizabeth crossed the Gallery Tower, and came upon the long bridge, which extended from thence to Mortimer's Tower, and which was already as light as day, so many torches had been fastened to the palisades on either side. Most of the nobles here alighted, and sent their horses to the neighbouring village of Kenilworth, following the Queen on foot, as did the gentlemen who had stood in array to receive her at the Gallery Tower.

On this occasion, as at different times during the evening, Raleigh addressed himself to Tressilian, and was not a little surprised at his vague and unsatisfactory answers ; which, joined to his leaving his apartment without any assigned reason, appearing in an undress when it was likely to be offensive to the Queen, and some other symptoms of irregularity which he thought he discovered, led him to doubt whether his friend did not labour under some temporary derangement.

Meanwhile, the Queen had no sooner stepped on the bridge than a new spectacle was provided ; for as soon as the music gave signal that she was so far advanced, a raft, so disposed as to resemble a small floating island, illuminated by a great variety of torches, and surrounded by floating pageants formed to represent sea-horses, on which sat Tritons, Nereids, and other fabulous deities of the seas and rivers, made its appearance upon the lake, and issuing from behind a small heronry where it had been concealed, floated gently towards the farther end of the bridge.

On the islet appeared a beautiful woman, clad in a watchet-coloured silken mantle, bound with a broad girdle, inscribed with characters like the phylacteries of the Hebrews. Her feet and arms were bare, but her wrists and ankles were adorned with gold bracelets of uncommon size. Amidst her long silky black hair wore a crown or chaplet of artificial mistletoe, and

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in her hand a rod of ebony tipped with silver. Two damsels attended on her, dressed in the same antique and mystical guise.

The pageant was so well managed, that this Lady of Floating Island, having performed her voyage with such picturesque effect, landed at Mortimer's Tower with her two attendants, just as Elizabeth presented herself before that outwork. The stranger then, in a well-jenned speech, announced herself as that famous Lady of the Lake, renowned in the stories of King Arthur, who had nursed the youth of the redoubted Sir Lancelot, and whose beauty had proved too powerful both for the wisdom and the spells of the mighty Merlin. Since that early period she had remained possessed of her crystal dominions, she said, despite the various men of fame and might by whom Kenilworth had been successively tenanted. The Saxons, the Danes, the Normans, the Saintlowes, the Clintons, the Mountfords, the Mortimers, the Plantagenets, great though they were in arms and magnificence, had never, she said, caused her to raise her head from the waters which hid her crystal palace. But a greater than all these great names had now appeared, and she came in homage and duty to welcome the peerless Elizabeth to all sport, which the castle and its environs, which lake or land, could afford.

The Queen received this address also with great courtesy, and made answer in raillery, "We thought this lake had belonged to our own dominions, fair dame; but since so famed a lady claims it for hers, we will be glad at some other time to have further communing with you touching our joint interests."

With this gracious answer the Lady of the Lake vanished, and Arion, who was amongst the maritime deities, appeared upon his dolphin. But Lambourne, who had taken upon him the part in the absence of

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Wayland, being chilled with remaining immersed in an element to which he was not friendly, having never got his speech by heart, and not having, like the porter, the advantage of a prompter, paid it off with impudence, tearing off his vizard, and swearing, "Cogs bones ! he was none of Arion or Orion either, but honest Mike Lambourne, that had been drinking her Majesty's health from morning till midnight, and was come to bid her heartily welcome to Kenilworth Castle."

This unpremeditated buffoonery answered the purpose probably better than the set speech would have done. The Queen laughed heartily, and swore (in her turn) that he had made the best speech she had heard that day. Lambourne, who instantly saw his jest had saved his bones, jumped on shore, gave his dolphin a kick, and declared he would never meddle with fish again, except at dinner.

At the same time that the Queen was about to enter the Castle, that memorable discharge of fireworks, by water and land, took place, which Master Laneham, formerly introduced to the reader, has strained all his eloquence to describe.

"Such," says the Clerk of the Council-chamber door, "was the blaze of burning darts, the gleams of stars coruscant, the streams and hail of fiery sparks, lightnings of wildfire, and flight-shot of thunder-bolts, with continuance, terror, and vehemency, that the heavens thundered, the waters surged, and the earth shook ; and, for my part, hardy as I am, it made me very vengeably afraid."

**T**is by no means our purpose to detail all the princely festivities of Kenilworth the fashion of Master Robert Laneham noted in the conclusion of the last chapter to say, that, under discharge of the rks, which we have borrowed Laneham's e cribe, the Queen entered the base-court through Mortimer's Tower, and moving on its of heathen gods and heroes of antiquity gifts and compliments on the bended knee found her way to the great hall of the isly hung for her reception with the riches, misty with perfumes, and sounding to still delicious music. From the highly-carved ceiling a superb chandelier of gilt bronze, formed like an eagle, whose outstretched wings supported three female figures, grasping a pair of hand. The hall .....

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in terms of the deepest gratitude, for the highest honour which a sovereign could render to a subject. So handsome did he look when kneeling before her, that Elizabeth was tempted to prolong the scene a little longer than there was, strictly speaking, necessity for ; and ere she raised him, she passed her hand over his head, so near as almost to touch his long curled and perfumed hair, and with a movement of fondness, that seemed to intimate she would, if she dared, have made the motion a slight caress.

She at length raised him, and, standing beside the throne, he explained to her the various preparations which had been made for her amusement and accommodation, all of which received her prompt and gracious approbation. The Earl then prayed her Majesty for permission, that he himself, and the nobles who had been in attendance upon her during the journey, might retire for a few minutes, and put themselves into a guise more fitting for dutiful attendance, during which space, those gentlemen of worship (pointing to Varney, Blount, Tressilian, and others), who had already put on themselves fresh attire, would have the honour of keeping her presence-chamber.

"Be it so, my lord," answered the Queen ; "you could manage a theatre well, who can thus command a double set of actors. For ourselves, we will receive your courtesies this evening but clownishly, since it is not our purpose to change our riding attire, being in effect something fatigued with a journey which the concourse of our good people hath rendered slow, though the love they have shown our person hath, at the same time, made it delightful."

*Leicester, having received this permission, retired accordingly, and was followed by those nobles who had attended the Queen to Kenilworth in person. The gentlemen who had preceded them, and were of course*

the solemnity, remained in attendance. But most of them of rather inferior rank, they remained at a respectful distance from the throne which Elizabeth occupied. The Queen's sharp eye soon distinguished him amongst them, with one or two others who were personally known to her, and she instantly made them a signal to approach, and accosted them very graciously.

Elizabeth, in particular, the adventure of whose cloak, as well as the incident of the verses, remained on her mind, was very graciously received; and to him she most frequently applied for information concerning the names and rank of those who were in presence. These he communicated concisely, and not without some traits of humorous satire, by which Elizabeth seemed much amused. "And who is yonder clownish fellow?" she said, looking at Tressilian, whose soiled dress on this occasion greatly obscured his good mien.

"A poet, if it please your Grace," replied Raleigh.

"I might have guessed that from his careless garb," said Elizabeth. "I have known some poets so thoughtless as to throw their cloaks into gutters."

"It must have been when the sun dazzled both their eyes and their judgment," answered Raleigh.

Elizabeth smiled and proceeded, "I asked that slovenly fellow's name, and you only told me his profession."

"Tressilian is his name," said Raleigh, with internal reluctance, for he foresaw nothing favourable to his friend from the manner in which she took notice of him.

"Tressilian!" answered Elizabeth, "Oh, the Menelaus of our romance! Why, he has dressed himself in a guise that will go far to exculpate his fair and false Helen. And where is Farnham, or whatever his name is—my Lord of Leicester's man, I mean—the Paris of this Devonshire tale?"

With still greater reluctance Raleigh named him, pointing out to her Varney, for whom the tailor had

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all that art could perform in making his exterior agreeable ; and who, if he had not grace, had a sort of tact and habitual knowledge of breeding, which came in place of it.

The Queen turned her eye from the one to the other — “I doubt,” she said, “this same poetical Master Tressilian, who is too learned, I warrant me, to remember what presence he was to appear in, may be one of those of whom Geoffrey Chaucer says wittily, the wisest clerks are not the wisest men. I remember that Varney is a smooth-tongued varlet. I doubt this fair run-away hath had reasons for breaking her faith.”

To this Raleigh durst make no answer, aware how little he should benefit Tressilian by contradicting the Queen’s sentiments, and not at all certain on the whole, whether the best thing that could befall him, would not be that she should put an end at once by her authority to this affair, upon which it seemed to him Tressilian’s thoughts were fixed with unavailing and distressing pertinacity. As these reflections passed through his active brain, the lower door of the hall was opened, and Leicester, accompanied by several of his kinsmen, and of the nobles who had embraced his faction, re-entered the Castle-hall.

The favourite Earl was now apparelled all in white, his shoes being of white velvet ; his understocks (or stockings) of knit silk ; his upper stocks of white velvet, lined with cloth of silver, which was shown at the slashed part of the middle thigh ; his doublet of cloth of silver, the close jerkin of white velvet, embroidered with silver and seed-pearl, his girdle and the scabbard of his sword of white velvet with golden buckles ; his poniard and ~~word~~ hilted and mounted with gold ; and over all a loose robe of white satin, with a border of golden embroidery a foot in breadth. The collar of the Garter, the azure Garter itself around his knee, completed

far exceeded them all.

Elizabeth received him with great complacency. "We have one piece of royal justice," she said, "to attend to. It is a piece of justice, too, which interests us as woman, as well as in the character of mother and guardian of the English people."

An involuntary shudder came over Leicester, as he bowed low, expressive of his readiness to receive her royal commands; and a similar cold fit came over Varney whose eyes (seldom during that evening removed from his patron) instantly perceived, from the change in his looks, slight as that was, of what the Queen was speaking. But Leicester had wrought his resolution up to the point which, in his crooked policy, he judged necessary and when Elizabeth added—"It is of the matter of Varney and Tressilian we speak—is the lady present, my lord?" his answer was ready;—"Gracious madam, she is not."

Elizabeth bent her brows and compressed her lips.  
"Our orders were strict and positive, my lord," was her

~~answer~~

"And should have been obeyed, good my liege," replied Leicester, "had they been expressed in the form of the lightest wish. But—Varney, step forward—this gentleman will inform your Grace of the cause why the lady" (he could not force his rebellious tongue to utter the words—his wife) "cannot attend on your presence."

Varney advanced, and pleaded with readiness

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indeed he firmly believed, the absolute incapacity of the party (for neither did he dare, in Leicester's presence, term her his wife) to wait on her Grace.

"Here," said he, "are attestations from a most learned physician, whose skill and honour are well known to my good Lord of Leicester; and from an honest and devout Protestant, a man of credit and substance, one Anthony Foster, the gentleman in whose house she is at present bestowed, that she now labours under an illness which altogether unfits her for such a journey as betwixt this Castle and the neighbourhood of Oxford."

"This alters the matter," said the Queen, taking the certificates in her hand, and glancing at their contents—"Let Tressilian come forward.—Master Tressilian, we have much sympathy for your situation, the rather that you seem to have set your heart deeply on this Amy Robsart, or Varney. Our power, thanks to God, and the willing obedience of a loving people, is worth much, but there are some things which it cannot compass. We cannot, for example, command the affections of a giddy young girl, or make her love sense and learning better than a courtier's fine doublet; and we cannot control sickness, with which it seems this lady is afflicted, who may not, by reason of such infirmity, attend our court here, as we had required her to do. Here are the testimonials of the physician who hath her under his charge, and the gentleman in whose house she resides, so setting forth."

"Under your Majesty's favour," said Tressilian, hastily, and, in his alarm for the consequence of the imposition practised on the Queen, forgetting, in part at ~~last, his own promise to Amy,~~ ~~not the truth.~~ "these certificates speak

"How, sir!" said the Queen—"Impeach my Lord of ~~Leicester's veracity!~~ But you shall have a fair hearing.

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sence the meanest of our subjects shall be  
.nst the proudest, and the least known against  
favoured ; therefore you shall be heard fairly,  
are you speak not without a warrant ! Take  
rtificates in your own hand ; look at them care-  
nd say manfully if you impugn the truth of them,  
pon what evidence."

the Queen spoke, his promise and all its conse-  
es rushed on the mind of the unfortunate Tres-  
, and while it controlled his natural inclination to  
ounce that a falsehood which he knew from the  
ence of his senses to be untrue, gave an indecision  
irresolution to his appearance and utterance, which  
ade strongly against him in the mind of Elizabeth, as  
well as of all who beheld him. He turned the papers  
over and over, as if he had been an idiot, incapable of  
comprehending their contents. The Queen's impatience  
began to become visible.—" You are a scholar, sir," she  
said, " and of some note, as I have heard ; yet you seem  
wondrous slow in reading text hand. How say you, are  
these certificates true or no ? "

" Madam," said Tressilian, with obvious embarrass-  
ment and hesitation, anxious to avoid admitting evi-  
dence which he might afterwards have reason to  
confute, yet equally desirous to keep his word to Amy,  
and to give her, as he had promised, space to plead  
her own cause in her own way—" Madam—Madam,  
your Grace calls on me to admit evidence which ought  
to be proved valid by those who found their defence upon  
it."

" Why, Tressilian, thou art critical as well as poetical,"  
said the Queen, bending on him a brow of displeasure :  
" methinks these writings, being produced in the pre-  
sence of the noble Earl to whom this Castle pertains, and  
his honour being appealed to as the guarantee of their  
authenticity, might be evidence enough for thee. But

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since thou lists to be so formal—Varney, or rather my Lord of Leicester, for the affair becomes yours" (these words, though spoken at random, thrilled through the Earl's marrow and bones), "what evidence have you as touching these certificates?"

Varney hastened to reply, preventing Leicester,—"So please your Majesty, my young Lord of Oxford, who is here in presence, knows Master Anthony Foster's hand and his character."

The Earl of Oxford, a young unthrift, whom Foster had more than once accommodated with loans on usurious interest, acknowledged, on this appeal, that he knew him as a wealthy and independent franklin, supposed to be worth much money, and verified the certificate produced to be his handwriting.

"And who speaks to the Doctor's certificate?" said the Queen. "Alasco, methinks, is his name."

Masters, her Majesty's physician (not the less willingly that he remembered his repulse from Say's Court, and thought that his present testimony might gratify Leicester, and mortify the Earl of Sussex and his faction), acknowledged he had more than once consulted with Doctor Alasco, and spoke of him as a man of extraordinary learning and hidden acquirements, though not altogether in the regular course of practice. The Earl of Huntingdon, Lord Leicester's brother-in-law, and the old Countess of Rutland, next sang his praises, and both remembered the thin beautiful Italian hand in which he was wont to write his receipts, and which corresponded to the certificate produced as his.

"And now, I trust, Master Tressilian, this matter is ended," said the Queen. "We will do something ere *the night is older* to reconcile old Sir Hugh Robsart to *the match*. You have done your duty something more *than boldly*; but we were no woman had we not compassion for the wounds which true love deals; so we

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Give your audacity, and your uncleansed boots withal, which have well-nigh overpowered my Lord of Leicester's fumes."

so spoke Elizabeth, whose nicety of scent was one of characteristics of her organization, as appeared long towards when she expelled Essex from her presence, a charge against his boots similar to that which she expressed against those of Tressilian.

But Tressilian had by this time collected himself, unshamed as he had at first been by the audacity of falsehood so feasibly supported, and placed in array inst the evidence of his own eyes. He rushed forward, kneeled down, and caught the Queen by the t of the robe. "As you are Christian woman," he said, "madam, as you are crowned Queen, to do equal justice among your subjects—as you hope yourself to have a fair hearing (which God grant you) at that last court at which we must all plead, grant me one small respite! Decide not this matter so hastily. Give me twenty-four hours' interval, and I will, at the end of a brief space, produce evidence which will show to your satisfaction, that these certificates, which state this happy lady to be now ill at ease in Oxfordshire, are as false as hell!"

"Let go my train, sir!" said Elizabeth, who was stilled at his vehemence, though she had too much of the lion in her to fear; "the fellow must be distraught. That witty knave, my godson Harrington, must have got into his rhymes of Orlando Furioso!—And yet, this light, there is something strange in the vehemence of his demand.—Speak, Tressilian; what wilt thou do if, at the end of these four-and-twenty hours, I canst not confute a fact so solemnly proved as this—this illness?"

"I will lay down my head on the block," answered Tressilian.

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"Pshaw!" replied the Queen. "God's light! thou speak'st like a fool. What head falls in England but by just sentence of English law?—I ask thee, man—if thou hast sense to understand me—wilt thou, if thou shalt fail in this improbable attempt of thine, render me a good and sufficient reason why thou dost undertake it?"

Tressilian paused, and again hesitated; because he felt convinced that if, within the interval demanded, Amy should become reconciled to her husband, he would in that case do her the worst offices by again ripping up the whole circumstances before Elizabeth, and showing how that wise and jealous princess had been imposed upon by false testimonials. The consciousness of this dilemma renewed his extreme embarrassment of look, voice, and manner; he hesitated, looked down, and on the Queen repeating her question with a stern voice and flashing eye, he admitted with faltering words, "That it might be—he could not positively—that is, in certain events—explain the reasons and grounds on which he acted."

"Now, by the soul of King Henry," said the Queen, "this is either moonstruck madness, or very knavery!—Seest thou, Raleigh, thy friend is far too Pindaric for this presence. Have him away, and make us quit of him, or it shall be the worse for him; for his flights are too unbridled for any place but Parnassus, or Saint Luke's Hospital. But come back instantly thyself, when he is placed under fitting restraint.—We wish we had seen the beauty which could make such havoc in a wise man's brain."

Tressilian was again endeavouring to address the Queen, when Raleigh, in obedience to the orders he had received, interfered, and, with Blount's assistance, half led half forced him out of the presence chamber, where he himself indeed began to think his appearance did his cause more harm than good.

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When they had attained the antechamber, Raleigh treated Blount to see Tressilian safely conducted into the apartments allotted to the Earl of Sussex's followers, and, if necessary, recommended that a guard should be mounted on him.

"This extravagant passion," he said, "and, as it would seem, the news of the lady's illness, has utterly recked his excellent judgment. But it will pass away if he be kept quiet. Only let him break forth again at no time; for he is already far in her Highness's displeasure, and should she be again provoked she will find for him a worse place of confinement, and sterner keepers."

"I judged as much as that he was mad," said Nicholas Blount, looking down upon his own crimson stockings and yellow roses, "whenever I saw him wearing yonder damned boots, which stunk so in her nostrils.—I will but see him stowed, and be back with you presently.—But, Walter, did the Queen ask who I was?—methought she glanced an eye at me."

"Twenty—twenty eye-glances she sent, and I told her all how thou wert a brave soldier, and a—But for God's sake get off Tressilian!"

"I will—I will," said Blount; "but methinks this court-haunting is no such bad pastime, after all. We shall rise by it, Walter, my brave lad. Thou saidst I was good soldier, and a—What besides, dearest Walter?"

"An all unutterable—codshead.—For God's sake, begone!"

Tressilian, without farther resistance or expostulation, allowed, or rather suffered himself to be conducted by Blount to Raleigh's lodging, where he was formally installed into a small truckle-bed, placed in a wardrobe, and designed for a domestic. He saw but too plainly, that no remonstrances would avail to procure the help or sympathy of his friends, until the lapse of the time for which he had pledged himself to remain inactive, short

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enable him either to explain the whole circumstances to them, or remove from him every pretext or desire of farther interference with the fortunes of Amy, by her having found means to place herself in a state of reconciliation with her husband.

With great difficulty, and only by the most patient and mild remonstrances with Blount, he escaped the disgrace and mortification of having two of Sussex's stoutest yeomen quartered in his apartment. At last, however, when Nicholas had seen him fairly deposited in his truckle-bed, and had bestowed one or two hearty kicks, and as hearty curses, on the boots, which, in his lately acquired spirit of popperty, he considered as a strong symptom, if not the cause, of his friend's malady, he contented himself with the modified measure of locking the door on the unfortunate Tressilian ; whose gallant and disinterested efforts to save a female who had treated him with ingratitude, thus terminated for the present, in the displeasure of his Sovereign, and the conviction of his friends that he was little better than a madman.

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## CHAP. XXXII.

*The wisest Sovereigns err like private men,  
And royal hand has sometimes laid the sword  
Of chivalry upon a worthless shoulder,  
Which better had been branded by the hangman.  
What then ?—Kings do their best—and they and we  
Must answer for the intent, and not the event.*

OLD PLAY.

 T is a melancholy matter," said the Queen, when Tressilian was withdrawn, " to see a wise and learned man's wit thus pitifully unsettled. Yet this public display of his imperfection of brain plainly shows us that his supposed injury and accusation were

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therefore, my Lord of Leicester, we remit formerly made to us in behalf of your servant Varney, whose good gifts and fidelity, as useful to you, ought to have due reward from us well that your lordship, and all you have, neatly devoted to our service. And we render the honour more especially that we are a guest, fearing a chargeable and troublesome one, under Iahip's roof; and also for the satisfaction of the said Knight of Devon, Sir Hugh Robart, whose son he hath married; and we trust the especial grace which we are about to confer may recommend to his son-in-law.—Your sword, my Lord of Leicester."

The Earl unbuckled his sword, and taking it by the hilt, presented on bending knee the hilt to Elizabeth.

She took it slowly, drew it from the scabbard, and while the ladies who stood around turned away their eyes with real or affected shuddering, she noted with a curious eye the high polish and rich damasked ornaments upon the glittering blade.

"Had I been a man," she said, "methinks none of my ancestors would have loved a good sword better. As it is with me, I like to look on one, and could, like the fairy of whom I have read in some Italian rhymes—were my godson Harrington here he could tell me the passage"—even trim my hair and arrange my head-gear in such a steel mirror as this is.—Richard Varney, come forth, and kneel down. In the name of God and Saint George, we dub thee knight! Be Faithful, Brave, and Fortunate.—Arise, Sir Richard Varney."

Varney arose and retired, making a deep obeisance to the sovereign who had done him so much honour.

"The buckling of the spur, and what other trimmings," said the Queen, "may be added to complete the shape; for we intend, Sir Richard Varney,"

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panion in his honours. And as we must not be partial in conferring such distinction, we mean on this matter to confer with our cousin of Sussex."

That noble Earl, who since his arrival at Kenilworth, and indeed since the commencement of this Progress, had found himself in a subordinate situation to Leicester, was now wearing a heavy cloud on his brow—a circumstance which had not escaped the Queen, who hoped to appease his discontent, and to follow out her system of balancing policy by a mark of peculiar favour, the more gratifying as it was tendered at a moment when his rival's triumph appeared to be complete.

At the summons of Queen Elizabeth, Sussex hastily approached her person: and being asked on which of his followers, being a gentleman and of merit, he would wish the honour of knighthood to be conferred, he answered, with more sincerity than policy, that he would have ventured to speak for Tressilian, to whom he conceived he owed his own life, and who was a distinguished soldier and scholar, besides a man of unstained lineage, "only," he said, "he feared the events of that night"—And then he stopped.

"I am glad your lordship is thus considerate," said Elizabeth; "the events of this night would make us, in the eyes of our subjects, as mad as this poor brain-sick gentleman himself—for we ascribe his conduct to no malice—should we choose this moment to do him grace."

"In that case," said the Earl of Sussex, somewhat disconcerted, "your Majesty will allow me to name my master of the horse, Master Nicholas Blount, a gentleman of fair estate and ancient name, who has served your Majesty both in Scotland and Ireland, and *brought away bloody marks on his person, all honourably taken and requited.*"

*The Queen could not help shrugging her shoulders slightly even at this second suggestion; and the Duchess*

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land, who read in the Queen's manner that she suspected Sussex would have named Raleigh, and could have enabled her to gratify her own wish he honoured his recommendation, only waited the assent to what he had proposed, and then said, he hoped, since these two high nobles had been permitted to suggest a candidate for the honours of y, she, in behalf of the ladies in presence, might similar indulgence.

"Were no woman to refuse you such a boon," said Queen, smiling.

"Men," pursued the Duchess, "in the name of these ladies present, I request your Majesty to confer the f knighthood on Walter Raleigh, whose birth, of arms, and promptitude to serve our sex with sword or pen, deserve such distinction from us all."

"Mercy, fair ladies," said Elizabeth, smiling, "the boon is granted, and the gentle squire Lack-Cloak shall become the good knight Lack-Cloak, at your desire. Let the two aspirants for the honour of y step forward."

nt was not as yet returned from seeing Tressilian, conceived, safely disposed of; but Raleigh came and kneeling down, received at the hand of the Queen that title of honour, which was never bestowed on a more distinguished or more illustrious

tly afterwards Nicholas Blount entered, and, apprised by Sussex, who met him at the door of the Queen, of the Queen's gracious purpose regarding him, desired to advance towards the throne. It is a sometimes seen, and it is both ludicrous and pitiful when an honest man of plain common sense is led by the coquetry of a pretty woman, or any use, into those frivolous fopperies which only concern the youthful, the gay, and those to whom life

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practice has rendered them a second nature. Poor Blount was in this situation. His head was already giddy from a consciousness of unusual finery, and the supposed necessity of suiting his manners to the gaiety of his dress ; and now this sudden view of promotion altogether completed the conquest of the newly inhaled spirit of foppery over his natural disposition, and converted a plain, honest, awkward man into a coxcomb of a new and most ridiculous kind.

The knight-expectant advanced up the hall, the whole length of which he had unfortunately to traverse, turning out his toes with so much zeal, that he presented his leg at every step with its broad side foremost, so that he greatly resembled an old-fashioned table-knife with a curved point, when seen sideways. The rest of his gait corresponded with this unhappy amble ; and the implied mixture of bashful fear and self-satisfaction was so unutterably ridiculous, that Leicester's friends did not suppress a titter, in which many of Sussex's partisans were unable to resist joining, though ready to eat their nails with mortification. Sussex himself lost all patience, and could not forbear whispering into the ear of his friend, " Curse thee ! canst thou not walk like a man and a soldier ? " an interjection which only made honest Blount start and stop, until a glance at his yellow roses and crimson stockings restored his self-confidence, when on he went at the same pace as before.

The Queen conferred on poor Blount the honour of knighthood with a marked sense of reluctance. That wise Princess was fully aware of the propriety of using great circumspection and economy in bestowing those titles of honour, which the Stuarts, who succeeded to *her throne, distributed* with an imprudent liberality, *which greatly diminished* their value. Blount had no sooner arisen and retired, than she turned to the *Duchess of Rutland*. " Our woman wit," she said,

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island, is sharper than that of those proud doublet and hose. Seest thou, out of theseights, thine is the only true metal to stamp /'s imprint upon?"

"Richard Varney, surely—the friend of my of Leicester—surely *he* has merit," replied the Duchess.

"Varney has a sly countenance, and a smooth tongue," replied the Queen. "I fear me, he will prove nay—but the promise was of ancient standing.

Lord of Sussex must have lost his own wits, I think, recommend to us first a madman like Tressilian, and then a clownish fool like this other fellow. I protest, Rutland, that while he sat on his knees before me, mopping and mowing as if he had scalding porridge in his mouth, I had much ado to forbear cutting him over the pate, instead of striking his shoulder."

"Your Majesty gave him a smart *accolade*," said the Duchess; "we who stood behind heard the blade clatter on his collar-bone, and the poor man fidgeted too as if he felt it."

"I could not help it, wench," said the Queen, laughing; "but we will have this same Sir Nicholas sent to Ireland or Scotland, or somewhere, to rid our court of so antic a chevalier; he may be a good soldier in the field, though a preposterous ass in a banqueting hall."

The discourse became then more general, and soon after there was a summons to the banquet.

In order to obey this signal, the company were under the necessity of crossing the inner court of the Castle, that they might reach the new buildings, containing the large banqueting room, in which preparations for supper were made upon a scale of profuse magnificence, corresponding to the occasion.

*The livery cupboards were loaded with plate of the*

444, then stooping down to look for them, and then  
distributing them amongst the various inhabitants with

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the anxious face and mien of the parish beadle dividing a dole among paupers.

These donations were accepted with the usual clamour and *vivats* of applause common on such occasions ; but as the parties gratified were chiefly dependants of Lord Leicester, it was Varney whose name was repeated with the loudest acclamations. Lambourne, especially, distinguished himself by his vociferations of " Long life to Sir Richard Varney ! — Health and honour to Sir Richard ! — Never was a more worthy knight dubbed ! " —then, suddenly sinking his voice, he added,—" since the valiant Sir Pandarus of Troy," —a winding-up of his clamorous applause, which set all men a-laughing who were within hearing of it.

It is unnecessary to say anything farther of the festivities of the evening, which were so brilliant in themselves, and received with such obvious and willing satisfaction by the Queen, that Leicester retired to his own apartment, with all the giddy raptures of successful ambition. Varney, who had changed his splendid attire, and now waited on his patron in a very modest and plain undress, attended to do the honours of the Earl's *coucher*.

" How ! Sir Richard," said Leicester, smiling, " your new rank scarce suits the humility of this attendance."

" I would disown that rank, my lord," said Varney, " could I think it was to remove me to a distance from your lordship's person."

" Thou art a grateful fellow," said Leicester ; " but I must not allow you to do what would abate you in the opinion of others."

While thus speaking, he still accepted, without hesitation, the offices about his person, which the new-made knight seemed to render as eagerly as if he had really *felt, in discharging the task, that pleasure which his words expressed.*

"Ye distant orbs of Heaven & Earth  
Strive to stretch their hands with earnest  
Contestation towards the heavenly bodies.

## **KENILWORTH.**

invocation of the ambitious Earl, " ye are silent while you wheel your mystic rounds, but Wisdom has given to you a voice. Tell me, then, to what end is my high course destined? Shall the greatness to which I have aspired be bright, pre-eminent, and stable as your own ; or am I but doomed to draw a brief and glittering train along the nightly darkness, and then to sink down to earth, like the base refuse of those artificial fires with which men emulate your rays ? "

He looked on the heavens in profound silence for a minute or two longer, and then again stepped into the apartment, where Varney seemed to have been engaged in putting the Earl's jewels into a casket.

"What said Alasco of my horoscope?" demanded Leicester. "You already told me, but it has escaped me, for I think but lightly of that art."

"Many learned and great men have thought otherwise," said Varney; "and, not to flatter your lordship, my own opinion leans that way."

"Ay, Saul among the prophets?" said Leicester—  
"I thought thou wert sceptical in all such matters as thou couldst neither see, hear, smell, taste, or touch, and that thy belief was limited by thy senses."

"Perhaps, my lord," said Varney, "I may be misled on the present occasion by my wish to find the predictions of astrology true. Alasco says, that your favourite planet is culminating, and that the adverse influence—he would not use a plainer term—though not over-me, was evidently combust, I think he said, or retrograde."

"It is even so," said Leicester, looking at an abstract astrological calculations which he had in his hand: the stronger influence will prevail, and, as I think, the *hour* pass away.--Lend me your hand, Sir Richard; doff my gown--and remain, as I told you, *burdenless* to us.

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myself to sleep. I believe the bustle of this day has fevered my blood, for it streams through my veins like a current of molten lead—remain an instant, I pray you—I would fain feel my eyes heavy ere I closed them."

Varney officiously assisted his lord to bed, and placed a massive silver night-lamp, with a short sword, on a marble table which stood close by the head of the couch. Either in order to avoid the light of the lamp, or to hide his countenance from Varney, Leicester drew the curtain, heavy with entwined silk and gold, so as completely to shade his face. Varney took a seat near the bed, but with his back towards his master, as if to intimate that he was not watching him, and quietly waited till Leicester himself led the way to the topic by which his mind was engrossed.

"And so, Varney," said the Earl, after waiting in vain till his dependant should commence the conversation, "men talk of the Queen's favour towards me?"

"Ay, my good lord," said Varney; "of what can they else, since it is so strongly manifested?"

"She is indeed my good and gracious mistress," said Leicester, after another pause; "but it is written, 'Put not thy trust in Princes.'"

"A good sentence and a true," said Varney, "unless you can unite their interest with yours so absolutely, that they must needs sit on your wrist like hooded hawks."

"I know what thou meanest," said Leicester, impatiently, "though thou art to-night so prudentially careful of what thou sayest to me—Thou wouldest intimate, I might marry the Queen if I would?"

"*It is your speech, my lord, not mine,*" answered Varney; "but whose soever be the speech, it is the hought of ninety-nine out of an hundred men through-  
*it broad England.*"

## KENILWORTH.

said Leicester, turning himself in his bed, "A man knows better. Thou, for example, obstacle that cannot be overleaped."

"But, my lord, if the stars speak true," said Varney indisposedly.

"I talk'st thou of them," said Leicester, "that are not in them or in aught else?"

"A mistake, my lord, under your gracious pardon," said Varney;

"I believe in many things that predict the weather;

"I believe, if showers fall in April, that we shall have flowers in May; that if the sun shines, grain will grow;

"And I believe in much natural philosophy to the effect, which, if the stars swear to me, I will say the stars speak the truth. And in like manner, I will not disbelieve that which I see wished for and expected on earth, solely because the astrologers have read it in the heavens."

"Thou art right," said Leicester, again tossing himself on his couch—"Earth does wish for it. I have had advices from the reformed churches of Germany—from the Low Countries—from Switzerland, urging this as a point on which Europe's safety depends. France will not oppose it—The ruling party in Scotland look to it as their best security—Spain fears it, but cannot prevent it—and yet thou knowest it is impossible."

"I know not that, my lord," said Varney, "the Countess is indisposed."

"Villain!" said Leicester, starting up on his couch, and seizing the sword which lay on the table beside him, "go thy thoughts that way?—thou wouldest not do murder!"

"For whom or what do you hold me, my lord?" said Varney, assuming the superiority of an innocent man subjected to unjust suspicion. "I said nothing to deserve such a horrid imputation as your violence infers. I said but that the Countess was ill. And Countess,"

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though she be—lovely and beloved as she is, surely your lordship must hold her to be mortal? She may die, and your lordship's hand become once more your own."

"Away! away!" said Leicester; "let me have no more of this."

"Good-night, my lord," said Varney, seeming to understand this as a command to depart; but Leicester's voice interrupted his purpose.

"Thou 'scapest me not thus, Sir Fool," said he; "I think thy knighthood has addled thy brains—Confess thou hast talked of impossibilites, as of things which may come to pass."

"My lord, long live your fair Countess," said Varney; "but neither your love nor my good wishes can make her immortal. But God grant she live long to be happy herself, and to render you so! I see not but you may be King of England notwithstanding."

"Nay, now, Varney, thou art stark mad," said Leicester.

"I would I were myself within the same nearness to a good estate of freehold," said Varney. "Have we not known in other countries, how a left-handed marriage might subsist betwixt persons of different degree?—ay, and be no hindrance to prevent the husband from conjoining himself afterwards with a more suitable partner?"

"I have heard of such things in Germany," said Leicester.

"Ay, and the most learned doctors in foreign universities justify the practice from the Old Testament," said Varney. "And after all, where is the harm? The

*beautiful partner, whom you have chosen for true love, has your secret hours of relaxation and affection. Her spouse is safe—her conscience may slumber securely—You have health to provide royally for your issues, should even bless you with offspring.*

—Good-night.—  
—yet stay—Can you guess who  
wings himself in such careless  
to-day?—to strike her tender  
with all the sympathies due to a  
mistress, and abandoning himself  
arney, smothering a sneering laugh  
lieved Master Tressilian had no su-  
ead."

"How!" said Leicester; "what mean  
ever knavery in that laugh of thine, Varne?"

"I only meant, my lord," said Varne.  
lian has taken the sure way to avoid  
e hath had a companion—a female  
istress—a sort of player's wife or sister,  
th him in Mervyn's Bower, where I qu-  
tain reasons of my ~~~~ "

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"I lodged him for that reason," said Varney, "in Mervyn's Tower, where he is under the eye of my very vigilant, if he were not also my very drunken, servant, Michael Lambourne, whom I have told your Grace of."

"Grace!" said Leicester; "what mean'st thou by that epithet?"

"It came unawares, my lord; and yet it sounds so very natural, that I cannot recall it."

"It is thine own preferment that hath turned thy brain," said Leicester, laughing; "new honours are as heady as new wine."

"May your lordship soon have cause to say so from experience," said Varney; and wishing his patron good-night, he withdrew.

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## CHAP. XXXIII.

*Here stands the victim—there the proud betrayer,  
E'en as the hind pull'd down by strangling dogs  
Lies at the hunter's feet—who courteous proffers  
To some high dame, the Dian of the chase,  
To whom he looks for guerdon, his sharp blade,  
To gash the sobbing throat.* THE WOODSMAN.

**W**E are now to return to Mervyn's Bower, the apartment, or rather the prison, of the unfortunate Countess of Leicester, who for some time kept within bounds her uncertainty and her impatience. She was aware that, in the tumult of the day, there might be some delay ere her letter could be safely conveyed to the hands of Leicester, and that some time more might elapse ere he could extricate himself from the necessary accordance on Elizabeth to come and visit her in her bower. "I will not expect him," she said, "till ~~450~~ he cannot be absent from his royal quest, even to

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see me. He will, I know, come earlier, if it be possible, but I will not expect him before night."—And yet all the while she did expect him; and while she tried to argue herself into a contrary belief, each hasty noise, of the hundred which she heard, sounded like the hurried step of Leicester on the staircase, hastening to fold her in his arms.

The fatigue of body which Amy had lately undergone, with the agitation of mind natural to so cruel a state of uncertainty, began by degrees strongly to affect her nerves, and she almost feared her total inability to maintain the necessary self-command through the scenes which might lie before her. But, although spoiled by an over-indulgent system of education, Amy had naturally a mind of great power, united with a frame which her share in her father's woodland exercises had rendered uncommonly healthy. She summoned to her aid such mental and bodily resources; and not unconscious how much the issue of her fate might depend on her own self-possession, she prayed internally for strength of body and for mental fortitude, and resolved, at the same time, to yield to no nervous impulse which might weaken either.

Yet when the great bell of the Castle, which was placed in Cæsar's Tower, at no great distance from that called Mervyn's, began to send its pealing clamour abroad, in signal of the arrival of the royal procession, the din was so painfully acute to ears rendered nervously sensitive by anxiety, that she could hardly forbear shrieking with anguish, in answer to every stunning clash of the senseless peal.

Shortly afterwards, when the small apartment was at once enlightened by the shower of artificial fires with which the air was suddenly filled, and which crossed each other like fiery spirits, each bent on his own separation, or like salamanders executing a frolic dance

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the reign of the sylphs, the Countess felt at first as if such rocket shot close by her eyes, and discharged its sparks and flashes so nigh that she could feel a sense of the heat. But she struggled against these fantastic terrors, and compelled herself to arise, stand by the window, look out, and gaze upon a sight, which a another time would have appeared to her at once captivating and fearful. The magnificent towers of the Castle were enveloped in garlands of artificial fire, or shrouded with tufts of pale smoke. The surface of the lake glowed like molten iron, while many fireworks (then thought extremely wonderful, though now common) whose flame continued to exist in the opposing element, dived and rose, hissed and roared, and spouted fire, like so many dragons of enchantment, sporting upon a burning lake.

Even Amy was for a moment interested by what was to her so new a scene. "I had thought it magical art," she said, "but poor Trebilian taught me to judge of such things as they are. Great God! and may not these idle splendours resemble my own hoped-for happiness,—a single spark, which is instantly swallowed up by surrounding darkness,—a precarious glow which rises but for a brief space into the air, that its fall may be the lower? Oh, Leicester! after all—all that thou hast said—hast sworn—that Amy was thy love, thy life, can it be that thou art the magician at whose nod these enchantments arise, and that she sees them, as an outcast, if not a captive?"

The sustained, prolonged, and repeated bursts of music, from so many different quarters, and at so many varying points of distance, which sounded as if not the Castle of Kenilworth only, but the whole country around had been at once the scene of solemnising some high national festival, carried the same oppressive thought of closer to her heart, while some notes would, melt in a

“ sounds,” she said.  
“ ~~be~~ HIS ; but I cannot say,—~~be~~ ~~the~~ sun,  
suit me not ;—and the voice of the mea-  
at mingles in the dance, would have mo-  
dulate the music, than the command of h-  
ess of all.”

degrees the sounds of revelry died away,  
Tess withdrew from the window at which  
listening to them. It was night, but  
ded considerable light in the room, so that  
to make the arrangement which she jud-  
. There was hope that Leicester might c-  
rtment as soon as the revel in the Castl-  
d ; but there was also risk she might be c-  
e unauthorised intruder. She had lost c-  
key, since Tressilian had entered so ea-  
door was locked on the inside ; yet all th-  
urity she could think of was to place the  
door. that she might be warned by the  
“ Having taken th-

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Place, listening for the low whistle with which Leicester often used to announce his presence in the courtyard, when arriving suddenly on one of his stolen visits. But on this occasion, instead of a whistle, she heard the peculiar blast of a bugle-horn, such as her father used to wind on the fall of the stag, and which huntsmen then called a *mort*. She ran, as she thought, to a window that looked into the courtyard, which she saw filled with men in mourning garments. The old Curate seemed about to read the funeral service. Mumblazen, tricked out in an antique dress, like an ancient herald, held aloft a scutcheon, with its usual decorations, of skulls, cross-bones, and hour-glasses, surrounding a coat-of-arms, of which she could only distinguish that it was surmounted with an Earl's coronet. The old man looked at her with a ghastly smile, and said, "Amy, are they not rightly quartered?" Just as he spoke, the horns again poured on her ear the melancholy yet wild strain of the *mort*, or death-note, and she awoke.

The Countess awoke to hear a real bugle-note, or rather the combined breath of many bugles, sounding not the *mort*, but the jolly *reveille*, to remind the inmates of the Castle of Kenilworth that the pleasures of the day were to commence with a magnificent stag-hunting in the neighbouring Chase. Amy started up from her couch, listened to the sound, saw the first beams of the summer morning already twinkle through the lattice of her window, and recollects, with feelings of giddy agony, where she was, and how circumstanced.

"He thinks not of *me*," she said—"he will not come nigh me! A Queen is his guest, and what cares he in what corner of his huge Castle a wretch like me pines in *doubt which is fast fading into despair?*" At once a sound *at the door, as of some one attempting to open it softly*, filled her with an ineffable mixture of joy and fear; an *hastening to remove the obstacle she had placed aga*

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and to unlock it, she had the precaution to ask.  
you, my love?"  
"my Countess," murmured a whisper in

rew open the door, and exclaiming "Leicester!"  
er arms around the neck of the man who stood  
, muffled in his cloak.

"—not quite Leicester," answered Michael Lam-  
;, for he it was, returning the caress with vehe-  
,—" not quite Leicester, my lovely and most  
, duchess, but as good a man."

ith an exertion of force, of which she would at  
her time have thought herself incapable, the Coun-  
s freed herself from the profane and profaning grasp  
the drunken debauchee, and retreated into the midst of  
er apartment, where despair gave her courage to make  
I stand.

As Lambourne, on entering, dropped the lap of his  
cloak from his face, she knew Varney's profligate  
servant; the very last person, excepting his detested  
master, by whom she would have wished to be dis-  
covered. But she was still closely muffled in her travel-  
ling dress, and as Lambourne had scarce ever been  
admitted to her presence at Cumnor Place, her person,  
she hoped, might not be so well known to him as his  
was to her, owing to Janet pointing him frequently out  
as he crossed the court, and telling stories of his wicked-  
ness. She might have had still greater confidence in her  
disguise, had her experience enabled her to discover that  
he was much intoxicated; but this could scarce have con-  
soled her for the risk which she might incur, from such a  
character, in such a time, place, and circumstances.

Lambourne flung the door behind him as he entered,  
and folding his arms, as if in mockery of the attitude of  
distraction into which Amy had thrown herself, he pro-  
ceeded thus: "Hark ye, most fair Callipolis—or mos-

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lovely Countess of clouts, and divine Duchess of dark corners—if thou takest all that trouble of skewering thyself together, like a trussed fowl, that there may be more pleasure in the carving, even save thyself the labour. I love thy first frank manner the best—like thy present as little”—(he made a step towards her, and staggered)—“as little as—such a damned uneven floor as this, where a gentleman may break his neck, if he does not walk as upright as a posture master on the tight-rope.”

“Stand back!” said the Countess; “do not approach nearer to me on thy peril!”

“My peril!—and stand back!—Why, how now, madam? Must you have a better mate than honest Mike Lambourne? I have been in America, girl, where the gold grows, and have brought off such a load on’t”—

“Good friend,” said the Countess, in great terror at the ruffian’s determined and audacious manner, “I prithee begone, and leave me.”

“And so I will, pretty one, when we are tired of each other’s company—not a jot sooner.”—He seized her by the arm, while, incapable of further defence, she uttered shriek upon shriek. “Nay, scream away if you like it,” said he, still holding her fast; “I have heard the sea at the loudest, and I mind a squalling woman no more than a miauling kitten—Damn me!—I have heard fifty or a hundred screaming at once, when there was a town stormed.”

The cries of the Countess, however, brought unexpected aid, in the person of Lawrence Staples, who had heard her exclamations from his apartment below, and entered in good time to save her from being discovered, if not from more atrocious violence. Lawrence was drunk also from the debauch of the preceding night, but fortunately his intoxication had taken a different turn from that of Lambourne.

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"**W**e devil's noise is this in the ward?" he said man and woman together in the same cell? ist rule. I will have decency under my rule, ter of the Fetters!"

"**W**e down stairs, thou drunken beast," said ; " seest thou not the lady and I would be

"**W**r, worthy sir!" said the Countess, addressing do but save me from him, for the sake of

"**A**ks fairly," said the jailor, " and I will take love my prisoners ; and I have had as good ider my key, as they have had in Newgate ster. And so, being one of my lambkins, as e shall disturb her in her pen-fold. So, let ian, or I'll knock your brains out with my

"**C**e a blood-pudding of thy midriff first," an- abourne, laying his left hand on his dagger, taining the Countess by the arm with his have at thee, thou old ostrich, whose only on a bunch of iron keys!"

raised the arm of Michael, and prevented drawing his dagger ; and as Lambourne and strove to shake him off, the Countess den exertion on her side, and slipping her the glove on which the ruffian still kept hold, her liberty, and escaping from the apartment, airs ; while at the same moment, she heard batants fall on the floor with a noise which in- terror. The outer wicket offered no impedi- flight, having been opened for Lambourne's ; so that she succeeded in escaping down the ed into the Pleasance, which seemed to her the direction in which she was most likely uit.

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Meanwhile Lawrence and Lamourne rolled on the floor of the apartment, closely grappled together. Neither had, happily, opportunity to draw their daggers, but Lawrence found space enough to dash his heavy keys across Michael's face, and Michael, in return, grasped the turnkey so felly by the throat, that the blood gushed from nose and mouth; so that they were both gory and filthy spectacles, when one of the other officers of the household, attracted by the noise of the fray, entered the room, and with some difficulty effected the separation of the combatants.

"A murrain on you both," said the charitable mediator, "and especially on you, Master Lamourne! What the heed lie you here for, fighting on the floor like two butchers' curs in the kennel of the shambles?"

Lamourne arose, and somewhat sobered by the interposition of a third party, looked with something less than his usual brazen impudence of visage: "We fought for a wench, an thou must know," was his reply.

"A wench! Where is she?" said the officer.

"Why, vanished, I think," said Lamourne, looking around him, "unless Lawrence hath swallowed her. That filthy paunch of his devours as many distressed damsels and oppressed orphans, as e'er a giant in King Arthur's history. they are his prime food; he worries them body, soul, and substance."

"Ay, ay! It's no matter," said Lawrence, gathering up his huge ungainly form from the floor; "but I have had your betters, Master Michael Lamourne, under the little turn of my forefinger and thumb; and I shall have thee, before all's done, under my hatches. The impudence of thy brow will not always save thy shin-bones from iron, and thy foul thirsty gullet from a hempen cord." — The words were no sooner out of his mouth, when Lamourne again made at him.

"Nay, go not to it again," said the sower, "or I w<sup>ll</sup> do

... up at me  
... do thy work—I thought I had  
night when I floated about for Orion, I  
benting cask of ale."

ing, he fell to work to cleanse from his signs of the fray, and get his apper.

"it hast thou done to him?" said the king aside to the jailor; "his face is

but the imprint of the key of my cabin  
ark for his gallows-face. No man shall  
my prisoners ; they are my jewels, and  
use casket accordingly.—And so, mistress  
ailing—Hey ! why, surely, there was a

"k you are all mad this morning," said the woman. "I saw no woman here, nor no man neither. I saw only two beasts rolling in the mud."

Lam

## KENILWORTH.

for them, since the jailor, out of mere habit, was about to lock the wicket after him ; and had they not been within the reach of interfering, they would have had the pleasure of being shut up in the turret-chamber, from which the Countess had been just delivered.

That unhappy lady, as soon as she found herself at liberty, fled, as we have already mentioned, into the Pleasance. She had seen this richly-ornamented space of ground from the window of Mervyn's Tower ; and it occurred to her at the moment of her escape, that among its numerous arbours, bowers, fountains, statues, and grottoes, she might find some recess, in which she could lie concealed until she had an opportunity of addressing herself to a protector, to whom she might communicate as much as she dared of her forlorn situation, and through whose means she might supplicate an interview with her husband.

" If I could see my guide," she thought, " I would learn if he had delivered my letter. Even did I but see Tressilian, it were better to risk Dudley's anger, by confiding my whole situation to one who is the very soul of honour, than to run the hazard of farther insult among the insolent menials of this ill-ruled place. I will not again venture into an enclosed apartment. I will wait, I will watch—amidst so many human beings, there must be some kind heart which can judge and compassionate what mine endures."

In truth, more than one party entered and traversed the Pleasance. But they were in joyous groups of four or five persons together, laughing and jesting in their own fulness of mirth and lightness of heart.

*The retreat which she had chosen gave her the easy alternative of avoiding observation. It was but stepping* ~~ck~~ *to the farthest recess of a grotto, ornamented with* ~~tic~~ *work and moss-seats, and terminated by a fountain,* *she might easily remain concealed, or at her pleasure*

at herself to any solitary wanderer whose curiosity lead him to that romantic retirement. Anticipating such an opportunity, she looked into the clear water, which the silent fountain held up to her like a mirror, and felt shocked at her own appearance, and yet, at the same time, muffed and disfigured as her guise made her seem to herself, whether any female (it was from the compassion of her own sex that she chiefly expected sympathy) would engage in conference with so suspicious an object. Reasoning thus like a woman, to whom external appearance is scarcely in any circumstances a matter of unimportance, and like a beauty who had some confidence in the power of her own charms, she laid aside her travelling cloak and capotaine hat, and placed them beside her, so that she could assume them in an instant, ere one could penetrate from the entrance of the grotto to its extremity, in case the intrusion of Varney or of Lambourne should render such disguise necessary. The dress which she wore under these vestments was somewhat of a theatrical cast, so as to suit the assumed personage of one of the females who was to act in the pageant. Wayland had found the means of arranging it thus upon the second day of their journey, having experienced the service arising from the assumption of such a character on the preceding day. The fountain, acting both as a mirror and ewer, afforded Amy the means of a brief toilette, of which she availed herself as hastily as possible; then took in her hand her small casket of jewels, in case she might find them useful intercessors, and retiring to the darkest and most sequestered nook, sat down on a seat of moss, and awaited till fate should give her some chance of rescue, or of propitiating an intercessor.

## KENILWORTH.

### CHAP. XXXIV.

*Have you not seen the partridge quake,  
Viewing the hawk approaching nigh?  
She cuddles close beneath the brake  
Afraid to sit, afraid to fly.—PRIOR.*

 T chanced upon that memorable morning, that one of the earliest of the huntress train, who appeared from her chamber in full array for the Chase, was the Princess, for whom all these pleasures were instituted, England's Maiden Queen. I know not if it were by chance, or out of the befitting courtesy due to a mistress by whom he was so much honoured, that she had scarcely made one step beyond the threshold of her chamber ere Leicester was by her side, and proposed to her, until the preparations for the Chase had been completed, to view the Pleasance, and the gardens which it connected with the Castle-yard.

To this new scene of pleasures they walked, the Earl's arm affording his Sovereign the occasional support which she required, where flights of steps, then a favourite ornament in a garden, conducted them from terrace to terrace, and from parterre to parterre. The ladies in attendance, gifted with prudence, or endowed perhaps with the amiable desire of acting as they would be don<sup>o</sup> by, did not conceive their duty to the Queen's perso required them, though they lost not sight of her, approach so near as to share, or perhaps disturb, the conversation betwixt the Queen and the Earl, who v not only her host but also her most trusted, esteem and favoured servant. They contented themselves v admiring the grace of this illustrious couple, whose r<sup>o</sup> state were now exchanged for hunting suits, a<sup>l</sup> equally magnificent.

Elizabeth's silvan dress, which was of a pale bl<sup>l</sup>

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lace and *sigillaria*, approached in form to an ancient Amazon, and was, therefore, well up to her height, and to the dignity of her which her conscious rank and long habits of ty had rendered in some degree too masculine to to the best advantage in ordinary female words. or's hunting-suit of Lincoln-green, richly em- bedded with gold, and crossed by the gay baldric, & sustained a bugle-horn, and a wood-knife instead sword, became its master, as did his other vestments court or of war. For such were the perfections of his men and women, that Leicester was always supposed to be seen to the greatest advantage in the character and dress which for the time he represented or wore.

The conversation of Elizabeth and the favourite Earl has not reached us in detail. But those who watched at some distance (and the eyes of courtiers and court ladies are right sharp) were of opinion, that on no occasion did the dignity of Elizabeth, in gesture and motion, seem so decidedly to soften away into a manner expressive of indecision and tenderness. Her step was not only slow, but even unequal, a thing most unbecoming in her carriage, her looks seemed bent on the ground, and there was a timid disposition to withdraw from her companion, which external gesture in females often indicates exactly the opposite tendency in the secret mind. The Duchess of Rutland, who ventured nearest, was even heard to aver, that she discerned a tear in Elizabeth's eye, and a blush on the cheek, and still farther, "She bent her looks on the ground to avoid mine," said the Duchess, "she who, in her ordinary mood, could look down a lion." To what conclusion these symptoms ~~had~~ <sup>is</sup> sufficiently evident, nor were they probably entirely ~~unconscious~~. The progress of private conversation, ~~between~~ <sup>between</sup> two persons of different sexes, is often decisive of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> fate, and gives it a turn very different, perhaps ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup>.

## KENILWORTH.

what they themselves anticipated. Gallantry becomes mingled with conversation, and affection and passion come gradually to mix with gallantry. Nobles, as well as shepherd swains, will, in such a trying moment, say more than they intended; and Queens, like village maidens, will listen longer than they should.

Horses in the meanwhile neighed, and champed the bits with impatience in the base-court; hounds yelled in their couples, and yeomen, rangers, and prickers, lamented the exhaling of the dew, which would prevent the scent from lying. But Leicester had another chase in view, or, to speak more justly towards him, had become engaged in it without premeditation, as the high-spirited hunter which follows the cry of the hounds that have crossed his path by accident. The Queen—an accomplished and handsome woman—the pride of England, the hope of France and Holland, and the dread of Spain, had probably listened with more than usual favour to that mixture of romantic gallantry with which she always loved to be addressed; and the Earl had, in vanity, in ambition, or in both, thrown in more and more of that delicious ingredient, until his importunity became the language of love itself.

"No, Dudley," said Elizabeth, yet it was with broken accents—"No, I must be the mother of my people. Other ties, that make the lowly maiden happy, are denied to her Sovereign—No, Leicester, urge it no more—Were I as others, free to seek my own happiness—then, indeed—but it cannot—cannot be.—Delay the chase—delay it for half-an-hour—and leave me, my lord."

"How, leave you, madam!" said Leicester.—"Has my madness offended you?"

"No, Leicester, not so!" answered the Queen hastily; "but it is madness—and must not be repeated. Go—*ut go not far from hence*—and meantime let no one *rude on my privacy.*"

## KENILWORTH.

spoke thus, Dudley bowed deeply, and re-  
slow and melancholy air. The Queen stood  
r him, and murmured to herself—"Were it  
were it *but* possible!—but no—no—Elizabeth  
the wife and mother of England alone."

spoke thus, and in order to avoid some one  
step she heard approaching, the Queen turned  
the grotto in which her hapless, and yet but too  
soulful rival, lay concealed.

mind of England's Elizabeth, if somewhat shaken  
agitating interview to which she had just put a  
, was of that firm and decided character which  
covers its natural tone. It was like one of those  
druidical monuments, called Rocking-stones.  
nger of Cupid, boy as he is painted, could put her  
s in motion, but the power of Hercules could not  
estroyed their equilibrium. As she advanced with  
pace towards the inmost extremity of the grotto,  
intenance, ere she had proceeded half the length,  
covered its dignity of look, and her mien its air of  
ind.

as then the Queen became aware, that a female  
was placed beside, or rather partly behind, an  
er column, at the foot of which arose the pellucid  
n, which occupied the inmost recess of the twi-  
rotto. The classical mind of Elizabeth suggested  
ry of Numa and Egeria, and she doubted not that  
italian sculptor had here represented the Naiad,  
inspirations gave laws to Rome. As she advanced,  
came doubtful whether she beheld a statue or a  
f flesh and blood. The unfortunate Amy, indeed,  
ed motionless, betwixt the desire which she had  
e her condition known to one of her own sex, and  
for the stately form which approached her, and  
bough her eyes had never before beheld, her fears  
suspected to be the personage she really was.

## KENILWORTH.

Amy had arisen from her seat with the purpose of addressing the lady, who entered the grotto alone, and, as she at first thought, so opportunely. But when she recollect ed the alarm which Leicester had expressed at the Queen's knowing aught of their union, and became more and more satisfied that the person whom she now beheld was Elizabeth herself, she stood with one foot advanced and one withdrawn, her arms, head, and hands, perfectly motionless, and her cheek as pallid as the alabaster pedestal against which she leaned. Her dress was of pale sea-green silk, little distinguished in that imperfect light, and somewhat resembled the drapery of a Grecian Nymph, such an antique disguise having been thought the most secure, where so many masquers and revellers were assembled ; so that the Queen's doubt of her being a living form was well justified by all contingent circumstances, as well as by the bloodless cheek and the fixed eye.

Elizabeth remained in doubt, even after she had approached within a few paces, whether she did not gaze on a statue so cunningly fashioned, that by the doubtful light it could not be distinguished from reality. She stopped, therefore, and fixed upon this interesting object her princely look with so much keenness, that the astonishment which had kept Amy immovable gave way to awe, and she gradually cast down her eyes and drooped her head under the commanding gaze of the Sovereign. Still, however, she remained in all respects, saving this slow and profound inclination of the head, motionless and silent.

From her dress, and the casket which she instinctively held in her hand, Elizabeth naturally conjectured that the beautiful but mute figure which she beheld was a performer in one of the various theatrical pageants which had been placed in different situations to surprise her in their homage, and that the poor player, overcome

with awe at her presence signed her, or lacked natural and courteous and Elizabeth according kindness,—“ Ho grotto—art thou spell by the charms of the Fear?—We are his verse his charm. Sp

Instead of answer Countess dropped or casket fall from her gether, looked up in agony of fear and considerably affected.

“ What may this new passion than befits a what wouldst thou have.

“ Your protection happy petitioner.

“ Each daughter of it,” replied the Queen, “ have a deeper root than what, do you crave for?”

Amu hastily ended

## KENILWORTH.

malady to the physician, nor are we accustomed to ask questions so oft, without receiving an answer."

"I request—I implore," stammered forth the unfortunate Countess,—"I beseech your gracious protection—against—against one Varney." She choked well-nigh as she uttered the fatal word, which was instantly caught up by the Queen.

"What, Varney,—Sir Richard Varney—the servant of Lord Leicester?—What, damsel, are you to him, or he to you?"

"I—I—was his prisoner—and he practised on my life—and I broke forth to—to"—

"To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless," said Elizabeth. "Thou shalt have it—that is, if thou art worthy; for we will sift this matter to the uttermost.—Thou art," she said, bending on the Countess an eye which seemed designed to pierce her very inmost soul,—"Thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Liddcote Hall?"

"Forgive me—forgive me—most gracious princess!" said Amy, dropping once more on her knee from which she had arisen.

"For what should I forgive thee, silly wench?" said Elizabeth; "for being the daughter of thine own father? Thou art brain-sick, surely. Well, I see I must wring the story from thee by inches—Thou didst deceive thine old and honoured father—thy look confesses it—cheated Master Tressilian—thy blush avouches it—and married this same Varney?"

Amy sprung on her feet, and interrupted the Queen eagerly, with, "No, madam, no—as there is a God above us, I am not the sordid wretch you would make me! I am not the wife of that contemptible slave—of that most deliberate villain! I am not the wife of Varney! I would rather be the bride of Destruction!"

*The Queen, overwhelmed in her tears, A...—make.*

of Leicester knows it all."

The Earl of Leicester!" said Elizabeth, in utter astonishment—"The Earl of Leicester!" she repeated, with kindling anger,—"Woman, thou art set on to this—thou dost belie him—he takes no keep of such things as thou art. Thou art suborned to slander the noblest lord, and the truest-hearted gentleman, in England! But were he the right hand of our trust, or something yet dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing, and that in his presence. Come with me—come with me instantly!"

As Amy shrunk back with terror, which the incensed Queen interpreted as that of conscious guilt, Elizabeth rapidly advanced, seized on her arm, and hastened with swift and long steps out of the grotto, and along the principal alley of the Pleasance, dragging with her the terrified Countess, whom she still held by the arm, and whose utmost exertions could but just keep pace with those of the *indignant Queen*.

Leicester was at this moment the centre of a splendid group of lords and ladies assembled together under an arcade, or portico, which closed the alley. The company

## KENILWORTH.

had drawn together in that place, to attend the commands of her Majesty when the hunting-party should go forward, and their astonishment may be imagined, when, instead of seeing Elizabeth advance towards them with her usual measured dignity of motion, they beheld her, walking so rapidly, that she was in the midst of them ere they were aware ; and then observed, with fear and surprise, that her features were flushed betwixt anger and agitation, that her hair was loosened by her haste of motion, and that her eyes sparkled as they were wont when the spirit of Henry VIII. mounted highest in his daughter. Nor were they less astonished at the appearance of the pale, attenuated, half dead, yet still lovely female, whom the Queen upheld by main strength with one hand, while with the other she waived aside the ladies and nobles who pressed towards her, under the idea that she was taken suddenly ill.—“Where is my Lord of Leicester?” she said, in a tone that thrilled with astonishment all the courtiers who stood around—“Stand forth, my Lord of Leicester !”

If, in the midst of the most serene day of summer, when all is light and laughing around, a thunderbolt were to fall from the clear blue vault of heaven, and rend the earth at the very feet of some careless traveller, he could not gaze upon the smouldering chasm, which so unexpectedly yawned before him, with half the astonishment and fear which Leicester felt at the sight that so suddenly presented itself. He had that instant been receiving, with a political affectation of disavowing and misunderstanding their meaning, the half uttered, half intimated congratulations of the courtiers, upon the *favour* of the Queen, carried apparently to its highest pitch *during the interview of that morning* ; from which most of *them seemed to augur*, that he might soon arise from their *qual in rank to become their master*. And now, while *subdued yet proud smile with which he disclaimed*

## KENILWORTH.

erences was yet curling his cheek, the Queen the circle, her passions excited to the uttermost ; supporting with one hand, and apparently without it, the pale and sinking form of his almost ex-wife, and pointing with the finger of the other to life-dead features, demanded in a voice that sounded in the ears of the astounded statesman like the last dread *jet-call*, that is to summon body and spirit to the judgment-seat, " Knowest thou this woman ? "

As, at the blast of that last trumpet, the guilty shall fly upon the mountains to cover them, Leicester's inward thoughts invoked the stately arch which he had built in pride, to burst its strong conjunction, and overwhelm him in its ruins. But the cemented stones, architrave and battlement, stood fast ; and it was the proud master himself, who, as if some actual pressure had bent him to the earth, kneeled down before Elizabeth, and prostrated his brow to the marble flag-stones on which she stood.

" Leicester," said Elizabeth, in a voice which trembled with passion, " could I think thou hast practised on me —on me thy Sovereign—on me thy confiding, thy too partial mistress, the base and ungrateful deception which thy present confusion surmises—by all that is holy, false lord, that head of thine were in as great peril as ever was thy father's ! "

Leicester had not conscious innocence, but he had pride to support him. He raised slowly his brow and features, which were black and swollen with contending emotions, and only replied, " My head cannot fall but by the sentence of my peers—to them I will plead, and not to a princess who thus requites my faithful service."

" What ! my lords," said Elizabeth, looking around, " we are defied, I think—defied in the Castle we have ourselves bestowed on this proud man !—My Lord Shrewsbury, you are marshal of England, attach him of high treason ! "

## KENILWORTH.

"Whom does your Grace mean?" said Shrewsbury, much surprised, for he had that instant joined the astonished circle.

"Whom should I mean, but that traitor Dudley, Earl of Leicester!—Cousin of Hunsdon, order out your band of gentlemen pensioners, and take him into instant custody.—I say, villain, make haste!"

Hunsdon, a rough old noble, who, from his relationship to the Boleyns, was accustomed to use more freedom with the Queen than almost any other dared to do, replied bluntly, "And it is like your Grace might order me to the Tower to-morrow, for making too much haste. I do beseech you to be patient."

"Patient—God's life!" exclaimed the Queen, "name not the word to me—thou know'st not of what he is guilty!"

Amy, who had by this time in some degree recovered herself, and who saw her husband, as she conceived, in the utmost danger from the rage of an offended Sovereign, instantly (and alas, how many women have done the same!) forgot her own wrongs, and her own danger, in her apprehensions for him, and throwing herself before the Queen, embraced her knees, while she exclaimed, "He is guiltless, madam—he is guiltless—no one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Leicester!"

"Why, minion," answered the Queen, "didst not thou, thyself, say that the Earl of Leicester was privy to thy whole history?"

"Did I say so?" repeated the unhappy Amy, laying aside every consideration of consistency, and of self-interest; "Oh, if I did, I foully belied him. May God so judge me, as I believe he was never privy to a thought that would harm me!"

"Woman!" said Elizabeth, "I will know who has moved thee to this; or my wrath—and the wrath of kings is a flaming fire—shall wither and consume thee like a weed in the furnace."

## KENILWORTH

had uttered this  
is pride to his  
extremity of me-  
nor ever, if he stoop-  
is interposition of  
him for her kindness,  
He had already raised  
of honour, to avow hi-  
the protector of his  
as it appeared, to be  
t into the presence, with  
ce and apparel.

What means this saucy in-  
trigue, as a man altogethe-  
confusion, prostrated himse-  
"Pardon, my Liege, pard-  
xe avenge itself on me, w<sup>l</sup>  
noble, my generous, m-  
er!"

ny, who was yet kneeling,  
whom she deemed most  
her, and was about to fly-  
ked at once by the unce-  
h his looks had reassumed  
s confidant seemed to ope-  
, and uttering a faint scre-  
to cause her to be impriso-  
e Castle—to deal with her  
it spare," she exclaimed,  
t will destroy the little ji-  
t of that unutterable and m-  
And whv. sweetheart?" sa-

## KENILWORTH.

“ I shall go mad if I look longer on

“ but I think thou art distraught already,”  
Queen.—“ My Lord Hunsdon, look to this  
young woman, and let her be safely  
in honest keeping, till we require her to  
g.”

ee of the ladies in attendance, either moved  
n for a creature so interesting, or by some  
offered their service to look after her ; but  
briefly answered, “ Ladies, under favour, no.—  
ll (give God thanks) sharp ears and nimble  
ur kinsman Hunsdon has ears of the dullest,  
ue somewhat rough, but yet of the slowest.—  
look to it that none have speech of her.”

“ Sir Lady !” said Hunsdon, taking in his strong  
ms the fading and almost swooning form of  
ne is a lovely child ; and though a rough nurse,  
ice hath given her a kind one. She is safe with  
le of my own ladybirds of daughters.”

ing, he carried her off, unresistingly and almost  
ously ; his war-worn locks and long grey beard  
with her light-brown tresses, as her head re-  
a his strong square shoulder. The Queen fol-  
im with her eye—she had already, with that  
hand which forms so necessary a part of a  
n’s accomplishments, suppressed every appear-  
igitation, and seemed as if she desired to banish  
of her burst of passion from the recollection  
no had witnessed it. “ My Lord of Hunsdon  
,” she observed, “ he is indeed but a rough nur-  
nder a babe.”

“ Lord of Hunsdon,” said the Dean of Sp  
speak it not in defamation of his more n  
th a broad license in speech, and garr  
somewhat too freely with the cru

and of old papistne.

"It is the fault of his blood, Mr. Dean," said Queen, turning sharply round upon the reverend digni as she spoke; "and you may blame mine for the s distemperature. The Boleyns were ever a hot and pl spoken race, more hasty to speak their mind than care to choose their expressions. And, by my word—I b there is no sin in that affirmation—I question if it ' much cooled by mixing with that of Tudor."

As she made this last observation, she smiled gracio and stole her eyes almost insensibly round to seek th of the Earl of Leicester, to whom she now began think she had spoken with hasty harshness upon unfounded suspicion of a moment.

The Queen's eye found the Earl in no mood to ac the implied offer of conciliation. His own looks followed, with late and rueful repentance, the faded i which Hansdon had just borne from the presence; now reposed gloomily on the ground, but more—a least it seemed to Elizabeth—with the expression of who has received an unjust affront, than of him wt conscious of guilt. She turned her face angrily from l and said to Varney, "Speak, Sir Richard, and exp these riddles—thou hast sense and the use of speech, at, which elsewhere we look for in vain."

As she said this, she darted another resentful gl towards Leicester, while the wily Varney hastened to his own story.

"Your Majesty's piercing eye," he said, "has alre dectected the cruel malady of my beloved lady; wh am her happy that I am, I would not suffer to be exp the Certificate of her physician, seeking to conceal a now broken out with so much the more scandi She is then distraught?" said the Queen—" doubted not of it—her whole demeanour was

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I found her moping in a corner of yonder grotto ; and every word she spoke—which indeed I dragged from her as by the rack—she instantly recalled and forswore. But how came she hither? Why had you her not in safe-keeping?"

" My gracious Liege," said Varney, " the worthy gentleman under whose charge I left her, Master Anthony Foster, has come hither but now, as fast as man and horse can travel, to show me of her escape, which she managed with the art peculiar to many who are afflicted with this malady. He is at hand for examination."

" Let it be for another time," said the Queen. " But Sir Richard, we envy you not your domestic felicity ; your lady rallied on you bitterly, and seemed ready to swoon at beholding you."

" It is the nature of persons in her disorder, so please your Grace," answered Varney, " to be ever most inveterate in their spleen against those whom, in their better moments, they hold nearest and dearest,"

" We have heard so, indeed," said Elizabeth, " and give faith to the saying."

" May your Grace then be pleased," said Varney, " to command my unfortunate wife to be delivered into the custody of her friends ?"

Leicester partly started ; but, making a strong effort, he subdued his emotion, while Elizabeth answered sharply. " You are something too hasty, Master Varney ; we will have first a report of the lady's health and state of mind from Masters, our own physician, and then determine what shall be thought just. You shall have license, however, to see her, that if there be any matrimonial quarrel between you—such things we have heard do occur, even between a loving couple—you may make it up, without scandal to our court, or trouble to ourselves."

Varney bowed low, and made no other answer.

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in a degree of condescension which could only arise of the most heartfelt interest, "Discord, as theian poet says, will find her way into peaceful contras, as well as into the privacy of families ; and we fear own guards and ushers will hardly exclude her from rta. My Lord of Leicester, you are offended with us, we have right to be offended with you. We will > the lion's part upon us, and be the first to forgive." Leicester smoothed his brow, as if by an effort, but the able was too deep-seated that its placidity should at e return. He said, however, that which fitted the occasion, "that he could not have the happiness of forng, because she who commanded him to do so, could imit no injury towards him."

Elizabeth seemed content with this reply, and inti- ced her pleasure that the sports of the morning should cceed. The bugles sonnded—the hounds bayed—the ses pranced—but the courtiers and ladies sought the isements to which they were summoned with hearts , different from those which had leaped to the morn- s *reveille*. There was doubt, and fear, and expecta- i, on every brow, and surmise and intrigue in every sper.

Blount took an opportunity to whisper into Raleigh's ear, his storm came like a levanter in the Mediterranean." *Varium et mutabile,*" answered Raleigh, in a similar e.

"Nay, I know nought of your Latin," said Blount ; ut I thank God Tressilian took not the sea during t hurricane. He could scarce have missed shipwreck, wing as he does so little how to trim his sails to a rt gale."

"Thou wouldest have instructed him ?" said Raleigh. "Why, I have profited by my time as well as thou. Walter," replied honest Blount. "I am knight as as thou, and of the earlier creation."

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"Now, God further thy wit," said Raleigh ; "but for Tressilian, I would I knew what were the matter with him. He told me this morning he would not leave his chamber for the space of twelve hours or thereby, being bound by a promise. This lady's madness, when he shall learn it, will not, I fear, cure his infirmity. The moon is at the fullest, and men's brains are working like yeast. But hark ! they sound to mount. Let us to horse, Blount ; we young knights must deserve our spurs."

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## CHAP. XXXV.

### *Sincerity,*

*Thou first of virtues ! let no mortal leave  
The onward path, although the earth should gape  
And from the gulf of hell destruction cry,  
To take dissimulation's winding way.*—DOUGLAS.

 T was not till after a long and successful morning's sport, and a prolonged repast which followed the return of the Queen to the Castle, that Leicester at length found himself alone with Varney, from whom he now learned the whole particulars of the Countess's escape, as they had been brought to Kenilworth by Foster, who, in his terror for the consequences, had himself posted thither with the tidings. As Varney, in his narrative, took especial care to be silent concerning those practices on the Countess's health which had driven her to so desperate a resolution, Leicester, who could only suppose that she had adopted it out of jealous impatience, to attain the avowed state and appearance belonging to her rank, was not a little offended at the levity with which his wife had broken his strict commands, and exposed him to the resentment of Elizabeth.

"I have given," he said, "to this daughter of an obscure Devonshire gentleman, the proudest name in Eng-

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after ere she bear the title of Lady Leicest: it may scarce be with safety during the life: But your lordship is best judge, you alone & passages have taken place betwixt Elizabeth

"You are right, Varney," said Leicest this morning been both fool and villain; an' beth hears of my unhappy marriage, she can herself treated with that premeditated slight never forgive. We have once this day stood little short of defiance; and to those, I'll again return."

"Is her resentment, then, so imp' Varney.

"Far from it," replied the Marq; "she is in spirits now, and I have a

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but too condescending, in giving me opportunities to repair what she thinks my faulty heat of temper.

"Ay," answered Varney ; "the Italians say right—in lovers' quarrels, the party that loves most is always most willing to acknowledge the greater fault.—So then, my lord, if this union with the lady could be concealed, you stand with Elizabeth as you did ?"

Leicester sighed, and was silent for a moment ere he replied.

"Varney, I think thou art true to me, and I will tell thee all. I do *not* stand where I did. I have spoken to Elizabeth—under what mad impulse I know not—on a theme which cannot be abandoned without touching every female feeling to the quick, and which yet I dare not and cannot prosecute. She can never, never forgive me, for having caused and witnessed those yieldings to human passion."

"We must do something, my lord," said Varney, "and that speedily."

"There is nought to be done," answered Leicester, despondingly ; "I am like one that has long toiled up a dangerous precipice, and when he is within one perilous stride of the top, finds his progress arrested when retreat has become impossible. I see above me the pinnacle which I cannot reach—beneath me the abyss into which I must fall, as soon as my relaxing grasp and dizzy brain join to hurl me from my present precarious stance."

"Think better of your situation, my lord," said Varney —"let us try the experiment in which you have but now acquiesced. Keep we your marriage from Elizabeth's knowledge, and all may yet be well. I will instantly go to the lady myself—She hates me, because I have been *earnest with* your lordship, as she truly suspects, in *opposition to* what she terms her rights. I care not for her prejudices—She *shall* listen to me ; and I will show her such reasons for yielding to the pressure of the times,

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that I doubt not to bring back her consent to whatever measures these exigencies may require."

"No, Varney," said Leicester; "I have thought upon what is to be done, and I will myself speak with Amy."

It was now Varney's turn to feel, upon his own account, the terrors which he affected to participate solely on account of his patron. "Your lordship will not yourself speak with the lady?"

"It is my fixed purpose," said Leicester; "fetch me one of the livery cloaks; I will pass the sentinel as thy servant. Thou art to have free access to her."

"But, my lord"—

"I will have no *butts*," replied Leicester; "it shall be even thus, and not otherwise. Hunsdon sleeps, I think, in Saintlowe's Tower. We can go thither from these apartments by the private passage, without risk of meeting any one. Or what if I do meet Hunsdon? he is more my friend than enemy, and thick-witted enough to adopt any belief that is thrust on him. Fetch me the cloak instantly."

Varney had no alternative save obedience. In a few minutes Leicester was muffled in the mantle, pulled his bonnet over his brows, and followed Varney along the secret passage of the Castle which communicated with Hunsdon's apartments, in which there was scarce a chance of meeting any inquisitive person, and hardly light enough for any such to have satisfied their curiosity. They emerged at a door where Lord Hunsdon had, with military precaution, placed a sentinel, one of his own northern retainers as it fortuned, who readily admitted Sir Richard Varney and his attendant, saying only, in his northern dialect, "I would, man, thou couldst make the mad lady be still yonder; for her moans do sae dirl through my head, that I would rather keep watch on a snow-drift in the wastes of Catlowdie."

*They hastily entered and shut the door behind them.*

## KENILWORTH.

"Now, good devil, if there be one," said Varney, within himself, "for once help a votary at a dead pinch, for my boat is amongst the breakers!"

The Countess Amy, with her hair and her garments dishevelled, was seated upon a sort of couch, in an attitude of the deepest affliction, out of which she was startled by the opening of the door. She turned hastily round, and fixing her eye on Varney, exclaimed, "Wretch! art thou come to frame some new plan of villainy?"

Leicester cut short her reproaches by stepping forward, and dropping his cloak, while he said, in a voice rather of authority, than of affection, "It is with me, madam, you have to commune, not with Sir Richard Varney."

The change effected on the Countess's look and manner was like magic. "Dudley!" she exclaimed, "Dudley! and art thou come at last?" And with the speed of lightning she flew to her husband, clung around his neck, and, unheeding the presence of Varney, overwhelmed him with caresses, while she bathed his face in a flood of tears; muttering, at the same time, but in broken and disjointed monosyllables, the fondest expressions which love teaches his votaries.

Leicester, as it seemed to him, had reason to be angry with his lady for transgressing his commands, and thus placing him in the perilous situation in which he had that morning stood. But what displeasure could keep its ground before these testimonies of affection from a being so lovely, that even the negligence of dress, and the withering effects of fear, grief, and fatigue, which would have impaired the beauty of others, rendered hers *but the more interesting!* He received and repaid her *caresses with fondness*, mingled with melancholy, the *last of which she seemed scarcely to observe, until the first transport of her own joy was over; when, looking anxiously in his face, she asked if he was ill.*

## KENILWORTH.

"my body, Amy," was his answer.

"I will be well too.—O Dudley! I have been ill, since we last met!—for I call not this a horrible vision a meeting. I have been in grief, and in danger—But thou art come, joy, and health, and safety!"

"Amy," said Leicester, "thou hast undone

"my lord?" said Amy, her cheek at once losing its flush of joy,—"how could I injure that which is better than myself?"

"I would not upbraid you, Amy," replied the Earl; "but are you not here contrary to my express commands—and does not your presence here endanger both ourself and me?"

"Does it, does it indeed!" she exclaimed, eagerly; "then why am I here a moment longer? Oh, if you knew by what fears I was urged to quit Cumnor Place!—But I will say nothing of myself—only that if it might be otherwise, I would not willingly return *thither*;—yet if it concern your safety"—

"We will think, Amy, of some other retreat," said Leicester; "and you shall go to one of my Northern Castles, under the personage—it will be but needful, I trust, for a very few days—of Varney's wife."

"How, my lord of Leicester!" said the lady, disengaging herself from his embraces; "is it to your wife you give the dishonourable counsel to acknowledge herself the bride of another—and of all men the bride of that Varney?"

"Madam, I speak it in earnest—Varney is my true and faithful servant, trusted in my deepest secrets. I had better lose my right hand than his service at this moment. You have no cause to scorn him as you do."

"I could assign one, my lord," replied the Countess, "and I see he shakes even under that assured look of

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his. But he that is necessary as your right hand to your safety, is free from any accusation of mine. May he be true to you ; and that he may be true, trust him not too much or too far. But it is enough to say, that I will not go with him unless by violence, nor would I acknowledge him as my husband, were all " —

" It is a temporary deception, madam," said Leicester, irritated by her opposition, " necessary for both our safeties, endangered by you through female caprice, or the premature desire to seize on a rank to which I gave you title, only under condition that our marriage, for a time, should continue secret. If my proposal disgust you, it is yourself has brought it on both of us. There is no other remedy—you must do what your own impatient folly hath rendered necessary—I command you."

" I cannot put your commands, my lord," said Amy, " in balance with those of honour and conscience. I will NOT, in this instance, obey you. You may achieve your own dishonour, to which these crooked policies naturally tend, but I will do nought that can blemish mine. How could you again, my lord, acknowledge me as a pure and chaste matron, worthy to share your fortunes, when, holding that high character, I had strolled the country the acknowledged wife of such a profligate fellow as your servant Varney ? "

" My lord," said Varney, interposing, " my lady is too much prejudiced against me, unhappily, to listen to what I can offer ; yet it may please her better than what she proposes. She has good interest with Master Edmund Tressilian, and could doubtless prevail on him to consent to be her companion to Lidcote Hall, and *there she might remain in safety until time permitted the development of this mystery.*"

*Leicester was silent, but stood looking eagerly on Amy, with eyes which seemed suddenly to glow as much with suspicion as displeasure.*

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Countess only said. "Would to God I were in my  
/s house!—When I left it, I little thought I was  
ng peace of mind and honour behind me!"

Varney proceeded with a tone of deliberation. "Doubt-  
s this will make it necessary to take strangers into my  
d's counsels; but surely the Countess will be warrant  
: the honour of Master Tressilian and such of her  
her's family"—

"Peace, Varney," said Leicester; "by Heaven, I  
will strike my dagger into thee, if again thou namest  
Tressilian as a partner of my counsels!"

"And wherefore not?" said the Countess: "unless  
they be counsels fitter for such as Varney, than for a  
man of stainless honour and integrity.—My lord, my  
lord, bend no angry brows on me—it is the truth, and it  
is I who speak it. I once did Tressilian wrong for your  
sake—I will not not do him the further injustice of being  
silent when his honour is brought in question. I can  
forbear," she said, looking at Varney, "to pull the mask  
off hypocrisy, but I will not permit virtue to be slandered  
in my hearing."

There was a dead pause. Leicester stood displeased,  
yet undetermined, and too conscious of the weakness of  
his cause; while Varney, with a deep and hypocritical  
affectation of sorrow, mingled with humility, bent his  
eyes on the ground.

It was then that the Countess Amy displayed, in the  
midst of distress and difficulty, the natural energy of  
character, which would have rendered her, had fate  
allowed, a distinguished ornament of the rank which she  
held. She walked up to Leicester with a composed  
step, a dignified air, and looks in which strong affection  
essayed in vain to shake the firmness of conscious truth  
and rectitude of principle. "You have spoke your  
*mind, my lord,*" she said, "in these difficulties, with  
*which, unhappily, I have found myself unable to comply.*

## KENILWORTH.

This gentleman—this person I would say—has hinted at another scheme, to which I object not but as it displeases you. Will your lordship be pleased to hear what a young and timid woman, but your most affectionate wife, can suggest in the present extremity?"

Leicester was silent, but bent his head towards the Countess, as an intimation that she was at liberty to proceed.

"There hath been but one cause for all these evils, my lord," she proceeded, "and it resolves itself into the mysterious duplicity with which you have been induced to surround yourself. Extricate yourself at once, my lord, from the tyranny of these disgraceful trammels. Be like a true English gentleman, knight, and earl, who holds that truth is the foundation of honour, and that honour is dear to him as the breath of his nostrils. Take your ill-fated wife by the hand, lead her to the footstool of Elizabeth's throne.—Say, that in a moment of infatuation, moved by supposed beauty, of which none perhaps can now trace even the remains, I gave my hand to this Amy Robsart.—You will then have done justice to me, my lord, and to your own honour; and should law or power require you to part from me, I will oppose no objection—since I may then with honour hide aggrieved and broken heart in those shades from which your love withdrew me. Then—have but a little patience, and Amy's life will not long darken your brighter prospects."

There was so much of dignity, so much of tenderness, in the Countess's remonstrance, that it moved all that was noble and generous in the soul of her husband.

*The scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and the duplicity and tergiversation of which he had been guilty, stung him at once with remorse and shame.*

*"I am not worthy of you, Amy," he said, "that could weigh aught which ambition has to give against such a*

## KENILWORTH:

as thine. I have a bitter penance to perform, sentangling, before sneering foes and astounded ds, all the meshes of my own deceitful policy.—d the Queen—but let her take my head, as she has eatened."

" Your head, my lord !" said the Countess ; " because u used the freedom and liberty of an English subject choosing a wife? For shame ; it is this distrust of ne Queen's justice, this apprehension of danger, which cannot but be imaginary, that, like scarecrows, have induced you to forsake the straightforward path, which, as it is the best, is also the safest."

" Ah, Amy, thou little knowest !" said Dudley ; but, instantly checking himself, he added, " Yet she shall not find in me a safe or easy victim of arbitrary vengeance.—I have friends—I have allies—I will not, like Norfolk, be dragged to the block, as a victim to sacrifice. Fear not, Amy ! thou shalt see Dudley bear himself worthy of his name. I must instantly communicate with some of those friends on whom I can best rely ; for, as things stand, I may be made prisoner in my own Castle."

" Oh, my good lord," said Amy, " make no faction in a peaceful state ! There is no friend can help us so well as our own candid truth and honour. Bring but these to our assistance, and you are safe amidst a whole army of the envious and malignant. Leave these behind you, and all other defence will be fruitless. Truth, my noble lord, is well painted unarmed."

" But Wisdom, Amy," answered Leicester, " is arrayed in panoply of proof. Argue not with me on the means I shall use to render my confession—since it must be called so—as safe as may be ; it will be fraught with enough of danger, do what we will.—Varney, we must hence.—Farewell, Amy, whom I am to vindicate as mine own, at an expense and risk of which thou alone couldst be worthy ! You shall soon hear farther from me."

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He embraced her fervently, muffled himself as before, and accompanied Varney from the apartment. The latter, as he left the room, bowed low, and, as he raised his body, regarded Amy with a peculiar expression, as if he desired to know how far his own pardon was included in the reconciliation which had taken place betwixt her and her lord. The Countess looked upon him with a fixed eye, but seemed no more conscious of his presence than if there had been nothing but vacant air on the spot where he stood.

"She has brought me to the crisis," he muttered.—"She or I are lost. There was something, I wot not if it was fear or pity—that prompted me to avoid this fatal crisis. It is now decided—She or I must perish."

While he thus spoke, he observed, with surprise, that a boy, repulsed by the sentinel, made up to Leicester, and spoke with him. Varney was one of those politicians, whom not the slightest appearances escape without inquiry. He asked the sentinel what the lad wanted with him, and received for answer, that the boy had wished him to transmit a parcel to the mad lady, but that he cared not to take charge of it, such communication being beyond his commission. His curiosity satisfied in that particular, he approached his patron, and heard him say,—"Well, boy, the packet shall be delivered."

"Thanks, good Master Serving-man," said the boy, and was out of sight in an instant.

Leicester and Varney returned with hasty steps to the Earl's private apartment, by the same passage which had conducted them to Saintlowe's Tower.

## CHAP. XXXVI.

— *I have said*  
*This is an adulteress—I have said with whom;*  
*More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is*  
*A fedenary with her, and one that knows*  
*What she should shame to know herself.*

WINTER'S TALE.

**A**HEY were no sooner in the Earl's cabinet, than, taking his tablets from his pocket, he began to write, speaking partly to Varney, and partly to himself :—“There are many of them close bounden to me, and especially those in good estate and high office ; many who, if they look back towards my benefits, or forward towards the perils which may befall themselves, will not, I think, be disposed to see me stagger unsupported. Let me see—Knollis is sure, and through his means Guernsey and Jersey—Horsey commands in the Isle of Wight—My brother-in-law, Huntingdon, and Pembroke, have authority in Wales—Through Bedford I lead the Puritans, with their interest, so powerful in all the boroughs—My brother of Warwick is equal, well-nigh, to myself, in wealth, followers, and dependencies—Sir Owen Hopton is at my devotion ; he commands the Tower of London, and the national treasure deposited there—My father and grandfather needed never to have stooped their heads to the block, had they thus forecast their enterprises.—Why look you so sad, Varney ? I tell thee, a tree so deep-rooted is not easily to be torn up by the tempest !”

“ Alas ! my lord,” said Varney, with well-acted passion, and then resumed the same look of despondency which Leicester had before noted.

“ Alas ! ” repeated Leicester, “ and wherefore alas, Sir Richard ? Doth your new spirit of chivalry supply

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no more vigorous ejaculation, when a noble struggle is impending? Or, if *alas* means thou wilt flinch from the conflict, thou mayest leave the Castle, or go join mine enemies, whichever thou thinkest best."

"Not so, my lord," answered his confidant; "Varney will be found fighting or dying by your side. Forgive me, if in love to you, I see more fully than your noble heart permits you to do, the inextricable difficulties with which you are surrounded. You are strong, my lord, and powerful; yet, let me say it without offence, you are so only by the reflected light of the Queen's favour. While you are Elizabeth's favourite, you are all, save in name, like an actual sovereign. But let her call back the honours she has bestowed, and the Prophet's gourd did not wither more suddenly. Declare against the Queen, and I do not say that in the wide nation, or in this province alone, you would find yourself instantly deserted and outnumbered; but I will say, that even in this very Castle, and in the midst of your vassals, kinsmen, and dependants, you would be a captive, nay, a sentenced captive, should she please to say the word. Think upon Norfolk, my lord—upon the powerful Northumberland—the splendid Westmoreland;—think on all who have made head against this sage Princess. They are dead, captive, or fugitive. This is not like other thrones, which can be overturned by a combination of powerful nobles; the broad foundations which support it are in the extended love and affections of the people. You might share it with Elizabeth if you would; but neither yours nor any other power, foreign or domestic, will avail to overthrow, or even to *shake it.*"

*He paused, and Leicester threw his tablets from him with an air of reckless despite. "It may be as thou sayest," he said; "and, in sooth, I care not whether ruth or cowardice dictate thy forebodings. But it shall*

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not be said I fell without a struggle.—Give orders, that those of my retainers who served under me in Ireland be gradually drawn into the main Keep, and let our gentlemen and friends stand on their guard, and go armed, as if they expected an onset from the followers of Sussex. Possess the townspeople with some apprehension ; let them take arms, and be ready, at a signal given, to overpower the Pensioners and Yeomen of the Guard."

" Let me remind you, my lord," said Varney, with the same appearance of deep and melancholy interest, " that you have given me orders to prepare for disarming the Queen's guard. It is an act of high treason, but you shall nevertheless be obeyed."

" I care not," said Leicester, desperately ;—" I care not. Shame is behind me, Ruin before me ; I must on."

Here there was another pause, which Varney at length broke with the following words : " It is come to the point I have long dreaded. I must either witness, like an ungrateful beast, the downfall of the best and kindest of masters, or I must speak what I would have buried in the deepest oblivion, or told by any other mouth than mine."

" What is that thou sayest, or wouldst say?" replied the Earl ; " we have no time to waste on words, when the time calls us to action."

" My speech is soon made, my lord—would to God it were as soon answered ! Your marriage is the sole cause of the threatened breach with your sovereign, my lord, is it not?"

" Thou knowest it is !" replied Leicester. " What needs so fruitless a question?"

" Pardon me, my lord," said Varney ; " the use lies here. Men will wager their lands and lives in defence of a rich diamond, my lord ; but were it not first prudent to look if there is no flaw in it?"

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"What means this?" said Leicester, with eyes sternly fixed on his dependant; "of whom dost thou dare to speak?"

"It is—of the Countess Amy, my lord, of whom I am unhappily bound to speak; and of whom I *will* speak, were your lordship to kill me for my zeal."

"Thou mayest happen to deserve it at my hand," said the Earl; "but speak on, I will hear thee."

"Nay, then, my lord, I will be bold. I speak for my own life as well as for your lordship's. I like not this lady's tampering and trickstering with this same Edmund Tressilian. You know him, my lord. You know he had formerly an interest in her, which it cost your lordship some pains to supersede. You know the eagerness with which he has pressed on the suit against me in behalf of this lady, the open object of which is to drive your lordship to an avowal of what I must ever call your most unhappy marriage, the point to which my lady also is willing, at any risk, to urge you."

Leicester smiled constrainedly. "Thou meanest well, good Sir Richard, and wouldest, I think, sacrifice thine own honour, as well as that of any other person, to save me from what thou think'st a step so terrible. But, remember,"—he spoke these words with the most stern decision,—"you speak of the Countess of Leicester."

"I do, my lord," said Varney; "but it is for the welfare of the Earl of Leicester. My tale is but begun. I do most strongly believe that this Tressilian has, from the beginning of his moving in her cause, been in connivance with her ladyship the Countess."

"Thou speak'st wild madness, Varney, with the sober face of a preacher. Where or how could they communicate together?"

"My lord," said Varney, "unfortunately I can show that but too well. It was just before the supplication was presented to the Queen, in Tressilian's name, that I

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met him, to my utter astonishment, at the postern-gate which leads from the demesne at Cumnor Place."

"Thou met'st him, villain ! and why didst thou not strike him dead?" exclaimed Leicester.

"I drew on him, my lord, and he on me ; and had not my foot slipped, he would not, perhaps, have been again a stumbling-block in your lordship's path."

Leicester seemed struck dumb with surprise. At length he answered, "What other evidence hast thou of this, Varney, save thine own assertion?—for, as I will punish deeply, I will examine coolly and warily. Sacred Heaven ! but no—I will examine coldly and warily—coldly and warily." He repeated these words more than once to himself, as if in the very sound there was a sedative quality ; and again compressing his lips, as if he feared some violent expression might escape from them, he asked again, "What farther proof?"

"Enough, my lord," said Varney, "and to spare. I would it rested with me alone, for with me it might have been silenced for ever. But my servant, Michael Lambourne, witnessed the whole, and was, indeed, the means of first introducing Tressilian into Cumnor Place ; and therefore I took him into my service, and retained him in it, though something of a debauched fellow, that I might have his tongue always under my own command." He then acquainted Lord Leicester how easy it was to prove the circumstance of their interview true, by evidence of Anthony Foster, with the corroborative testimonies of the various persons at Cumnor, who had heard the wager laid, and had seen Lambourne and Tressilian set off together. In the whole narrative, Varney hazarded nothing fabulous, excepting that, not indeed by direct assertion, but by inference, he led his patron to suppose that the interview betwixt Amy and Tressilian at Cumnor Place had been longer than the few minutes to which it was in reality limited.

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"And wherefore was I not told of all this?" said Leicester, sternly. "Why did all of ye—and in particular thou, Varney—keep back from me such material information?"

"Because, my lord," replied Varney, "the Countess pretended to Foster and to me, that Tressilian had intruded himself upon her; and I concluded their interview had been in all honour, and that she would at her own time tell it to your lordship. Your lordship knows with what unwilling ears we listen to evil surmises against those whom we love; and I thank Heaven, I am no make-bate or informer, to be the first to sow them."

"You are but too ready to receive them, however, Sir Richard," replied his patron. "How knowest thou that this interview was not in all honour, as thou hast said? Methinks the wife of the Earl of Leicester might speak for a short time with such a person as Tressilian, without injury to me, or suspicion to herself."

"Questionless, my lord," answered Varney; "had I thought otherwise, I had been no keeper of the secret. But here lies the rub—Tressilian leaves not the place without establishing a correspondence with a poor man, the landlord of an inn in Cumnor, for the purpose of carrying off the lady. He sent down an emissary of his, whom I trust soon to have in right sure keeping under Mervyn's Tower. Killigrew and Lambsbey are scouring the country in quest of him. The host is rewarded with a ring for keeping counsel—your lordship may have noted it on Tressilian's hand—here it is. This fellow, this agent, makes his way to the Place as a pedlar, holds conferences with the lady, and they make their escape *together by night*—rob a poor fellow of a horse by the way, such was their guilty haste; and at length reach *this castle*, where the Countess of Leicester finds refuge—I dare not say in what place."

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"Speak, I command thee," said Leicester; "speak while I retain sense enough to hear thee."

"Since it must be so," answered Varney, "the lady resorted immediately to the apartment of Tressilian, where she remained many hours, partly in company with him, and partly alone. I told you Tressilian had a paramour in his chamber—I little dreamed that paramour was"—

"Amy, thou wouldest say," answered Leicester; "but it is false, false as the smoke of hell! Ambitious she may be—fickle and impatient—'tis a woman's fault; but false to me!—never, never.—The proof—the proof of this!" he exclaimed, hastily.

"Carrol, the Deputy Marshal, ushered her thither by her own desire, on yesterday afternoon—Lambourne and the Warder both found her there at an early hour this morning."

"Was Tressilian there with her?" said Leicester, in the same hurried tone.

"No, my lord. You may remember," answered Varney, "that he was that night placed with Sir Nicholas Blount, under a species of arrest."

"Did Carrol, or the other fellows, know who she was?" demanded Leicester.

"No, my lord," replied Varney; "Carrol and the Warder had never seen the Countess, and Lambourne knew her not in her disguise; but, in seeking to prevent her leaving the cell, he obtained possession of one of her gloves, which, I think, your lordship may know."

He gave the glove which had the Bear and Ragged Staff, the Earl's impress, embroidered upon it in seed pearls.

"I do, I do recognise it," said Leicester. "They were my own gift. The fellow of it was on the arm which she threw this very day around my neck!"—He spoke this with violent agitation.

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"Your lordship," said Varney, "might yet farther inquire of the lady herself, respecting the truth of these passages."

"It needs not—it needs not," said the tortured Earl; "it is written in characters of burning light, as if they were branded on my very eyeballs! I see her infamy—I can see nought else; and—gracious Heaven!—for this vile woman was I about to commit to danger the lives of so many noble friends—shake the foundation of a lawful throne—carry the sword and torch through the bosom of a peaceful land—wrong the kind mistress who made me what I am—and would, but for that hell-framed marriage, have made me all that man can be! All this I was ready to do for a woman, who trinkets and traffics with my worst foes!—And thou, villain, why didst thou not speak sooner?"

"My lord," said Varney, "a tear from my lady would have blotted out all I could have said. Besides, I had not these proofs until this very morning, when Anthony Foster's sudden arrival, with the examinations and declarations, which he had extorted from the innkeeper Gosling, and others, explained the manner of her flight from Cumnor Place, and my own researches discovered the steps which she had taken here."

"Now, may God be praised for the light he has given! so full, so satisfactory, that there breathes not a man in England who shall call my proceeding rash, or my revenge unjust.—And yet, Varney, so young, so fair, so fawning, and so false! Hence, then, her hatred to thee, my trusty, my well-beloved servant, because you withstood her plots, and endangered her paramour's life!"

"I never gave her any other cause of dislike, my lord," replied Varney; "but she knew that my counsels went directly to diminish her influence with your lordship; and that I was, and have been, ever ready to peril my life against your enemies."

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"It is too, too apparent," replied Leicester; "yet, with what an air of magnanimity she exhorted me to commit my head to the Queen's mercy, rather than wear the veil of falsehood a moment longer! Methinks the angel of truth himself can have no such tones of high-souled impulse. Can it be so, Varney?—Can falsehood use thus boldly the language of truth?—Can infamy thus assume the guise of purity?—Varney, thou hast been my servant from a child—I have raised thee high—can raise thee higher. Think, think for me! Thy brain was ever shrewd and piercing—May she not be innocent? Prove her so, and all I have yet done for thee shall be as nothing—nothing—in comparison of thy recompense!"

The agony with which his master spoke had some effect even on the hardened Varney, who, in the midst of his own wicked and ambitious designs, really loved his patron as well as such a wretch was capable of loving anything; but he comforted himself, and subdued his self-reproaches, with the reflection, that if he inflicted upon the Earl some immediate and transitory pain, it was in order to pave his way to the throne, which, were this marriage dissolved by death or otherwise, he deemed Elizabeth would willingly share with his benefactor. He therefore persevered in his diabolical policy; and, after a moment's consideration, answered the anxious queries of the Earl with a melancholy look, as if he had in vain sought some exculpation for the Countess; then suddenly raising his head, he said with an expression of hope, which instantly communicated itself to the countenance of his patron—"Yet wherefore, if guilty, should she have perilled herself by coming hither? Why not rather have fled to her father's or elsewhere?—though that, indeed, might have interfered with her desire to be acknowledged as Countess of Leicester."

"True, true, true!" exclaimed Leicester, his transient gleam of hope giving way to the utmost bitterness.

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feeling and expression ; " thou art not fit to fathom a woman's depth of wit, Varney. I see it all. She would not quit the estate and title of the wittol who had wedded her. Ay, and if in my madness I had started into rebellion, or if the angry Queen had taken my head, as she this morning threatened, the wealthy dower which law would have assigned to the Countess Dowager of Leicester, had been no bad windfall to the beggarly Tressilian. Well might she goad me on to danger, which could not end otherwise than profitably to her.—Speak not for her, Varney ! I will have her blood ! "

" My lord," replied Varney, " the wildness of your distress breaks forth in the wildness of your language."

" I say, speak not for her ! " replied Leicester ; " she has dishonoured me—she would have murdered me—all ties are burst between us. She shall die the death of a traitress and adulteress, well merited both by the laws of God and man ! And—what is this casket," he said, " which was even now thrust into my hand by a boy, with the desire I would convey it to Tressilian, as he could not give it to the Countess ? By Heaven ! the words surprised me as he spoke them, though other matters chased them from my brain ; but now they return with double force.—It is her casket of jewels !—Force it open, Varney ; force the hinges open with thy poniard."

" She refused the aid of my dagger once," thought Varney, as he unsheathed the weapon to cut the string which bound a letter, " but now it shall work a mightier ministry in her fortunes."

With this reflection, by using the three-cornered stiletto-blade as a wedge, he forced open the slender silver *hinges of the casket*. The Earl no sooner saw them give way, than he snatched the casket from Sir Richard's hand, wrenched off the cover, and tearing out the splendid contents, flung them on the floor in a transport of

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he eagerly searched for some letter or billet, and make the fancied guilt of his innocent yet more apparent. Then stamping furiously with rage, he exclaimed, "Thus I annihilate the toys for which thou hast sold thyself, body and soul, signed thyself to an early and timeless death, to misery and remorse for ever!—Tell me not of less, Varney—She is doomed!"

Saying, he left the room, and rushed into an adjacent closet, the door of which he locked and bolted.

Varney looked after him, while something of a more human feeling seemed to contend with his habitual sneer. "I am sorry for his weakness," he said, "but love has made him a child. He throws down and treads on these costly toys—with the same vehemence would he dash to pieces this frailest toy of all, of which he used to rave so madly. But that taste also will be forgotten when its object is no more. Well, he has no eye to value things as they deserve, and that nature has given to Varney. When Leicester shall be a sovereign, he will think as little of the gales of passion, through which he gained that royal port, as ever did sailor in harbour of the perils of a voyage. But these tell-tale articles must not remain here—they are rather too rich vails for the drudges who dress the chamber."

While Varney was employed in gathering together and putting them into a secret drawer of a cabinet that chanced to be open, he saw the door of Leicester's closet open, the tapestry pushed aside, and the Earl's face thrust out, but with eyes so dead, and lips and cheeks so bloodless and pale, that he started at the sudden change. No sooner did his eyes encounter the Earl's than the latter withdrew his head, and shut the door of the closet. This manœuvre Leicester repeated twice, without speaking a word, so that Varney began to doubt whether his brain was not actually affected by his mental agony. The third

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time, however, he beckoned, and Varney obeyed the signal. When he entered, he soon found his patron's perturbation was not caused by insanity, but by the fellness of purpose which he entertained, contending with various contrary passions. They passed a full hour in close consultation ; after which the Earl of Leicester, with an incredible exertion, dressed himself, and went to attend his royal guest.

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## CHAP. XXXVII.

*You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting  
With most admired disorder.—MACBETH.*

 T was afterwards remembered, that during the banquets and revels which occupied the remainder of this eventful day, the bearing of Leicester and Varney was totally different from their usual demeanour. Sir Richard Varney had been held rather a man of counsel and of action, than a votary of pleasure. Business, whether civil or military, seemed always to be his proper sphere ; and while in festivals and revels, although he well understood how to trick them up and present them, his own part was that of a mere spectator ; or if he exercised his wit, it was in a rough, caustic, and severe manner, rather as if he scoffed at the exhibition and the guests, than shared the common pleasure.

But upon the present day his character seemed changed. He mixed among the younger courtiers and ladies, and appeared for the moment to be actuated by a spirit of light-hearted gaiety, which rendered him a match for the liveliest. Those who had looked upon him as a man *given up to graver and more ambitious pursuits, a bitter sneerer and passer of sarcasms at the expense of those, who, taking life as they find it, were disposed to snatch at each pastime it presents, now perceived with astonish-*

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His wit could carry as smooth an edge as their  
mug be as lively, and his brow as unclouded.  
art of damnable hypocrisy he could draw this  
quiet over the black thoughts of one of the worst  
in bosoms, must remain unintelligible to all but  
peers, if any such ever existed ; but he was a man  
of ordinary powers, and those powers were un-  
dedicated in all their energy to the very worst of  
s.

was entirely different with Leicester. However  
tuated his mind usually was to play the part of a  
d courtier, and appear gay, assiduous, and free from  
care but that of enhancing the pleasure of the moment,  
while his bosom internally throbbed with the pangs of  
unsatisfied ambition, jealousy, or resentment, his heart  
had now a yet more dreadful guest, whose workings  
could not be overshadowed or suppressed ; and you  
might read in his vacant eye and troubled brow, that his  
thoughts were far absent from the scenes in which he  
was compelling himself to play a part. He looked, moved,  
and spoke, as if by a succession of continued efforts ;  
and it seemed as if his will had in some degree lost the  
promptitude of command over the acute mind and goodly  
form of which it was the regent. His actions and ges-  
tures, instead of appearing the consequence of simple  
volition, seemed, like those of an automaton, to wait the  
revolution of some internal machinery ere they could be  
performed ; and his words fell from him piecemeal, in-  
terrupted, as if he had first to think what he was to say,  
then how it was to be said, and as if, after all, it was only  
by an effort of continued attention that he completed a  
sentence without forgetting both the one and the  
other.

The singular effects which these distractions of mind  
produced upon the behaviour and conversation of the  
most accomplished courtier of England, as they were

## KENILWORTH.

isible to the lowest and dullest menial who approached his person, could not escape the notice of the most intelligent princess of the age. Nor is there the least doubt, that the alternate negligence and irregularity of his manner, would have called down Elizabeth's severe displeasure on the Earl of Leicester, had it not occurred to her to account for it, by supposing that the apprehension of that displeasure which she had expressed towards him with such vivacity that very morning, was dwelling upon the spirits of her favourite, and, spite of his efforts to the contrary, distracted the usual graceful tenor of his mien, and the charms of his conversation. When this idea, so flattering to female vanity, had once obtained possession of her mind, it proved a full and satisfactory apology for the numerous errors and mistakes of the Earl of Leicester; and the watchful circle around observed with astonishment, that, instead of resenting his repeated negligence, and want of even ordinary attention (although these were points on which she was usually extremely punctilious), the Queen sought, on the contrary, to afford him time and means to recollect himself, and deigned to assist him in doing so, with an indulgence which seemed altogether inconsistent with her usual character. It was clear, however, that this could not last much longer, and that Elizabeth must finally put another and more severe construction on Leicester's uncourteous conduct, when the Earl was summoned by Varney to speak with him in a different apartment.

After having had the message twice delivered to him, he rose, and was about to withdraw, as it were by instinct—then stopped, and turning round, entreated permission of the Queen to absent himself for a brief space

*upon matters of pressing importance.*

"Go, my lord," said the Queen; "we are aware our presence must occasion sudden and unexpected occurrences, which require to be provided for on the instant."

"wrinkled brow, and those free thoughts which  
want to have at the disposal of your friends."

ster only bowed low in answer to this rebuke,  
ired. At the door of the apartment he was met  
ney, who eagerly drew him apart, and whispered  
ar, "All is well!"

"s Masters seen her?" said the Earl.

has, my lord; and as she would neither answer  
ries, nor allege any reason for her refusal, he will  
l testimony that she labours under a mental dis-  
ind may be best committed to the charge of her

The opportunity is therefore free, to remove  
we proposed."

t Tressilian?" said Leicester.

: will not know of her departure for some time,"  
Varney; "it shall take place this very evening,  
morrow he shall be cared for."

, by my soul," answered Leicester; "I will take  
ace on him with my own hand!"

u, my lord, and on so inconsiderable a man as  
an! No, my lord, he hath long wished to visit  
parts. Trust him to me—I will take care he  
not hither to tell tales."

it so, by Heaven, Varney!" exclaimed Leicester.  
considerable do you call an enemy, that hath had  
to wound me so deeply, that my whole after life  
e one scene of remorse and misery?—No; rather  
ego the right of doing myself justice with my  
d on that accursed villain, I will unfold the whole

## KENILWORTH.

truth at Elizabeth's footstool, and let her vengeance descend at once on them and on myself."

Varney saw with great alarm that his lord was wrought up to such a pitch of agitation, that if he gave not way to him, he was perfectly capable of adopting the desperate resolution which he had announced, and which was instant ruin to all the schemes of ambition which Varney had formed for his patron and for himself. But the Earl's rage seemed at once uncontrollable and deeply concentrated ; and while he spoke, his eyes shot fire, his voice trembled with excess of passion, and the light foam stood on his lip.

His confidant made a bold and successful effort to obtain the mastery of him even in this hour of emotion.—"My lord," he said, leading him to a mirror, "behold your reflection in that glass, and think if these agitated features belong to one who, in a condition so extreme, is capable of forming a resolution for himself."

"What, then, wouldst thou make me?" said Leicester, struck at the change in his own physiognomy, though offended at the freedom with which Varney made the appeal. "Am I to be thy ward, thy vassal,—the property and subject of my servant?"

"No, my lord," said Varney, firmly, "but be master of yourself, and of your own passion. My lord, I, your born servant, am ashamed to see how poorly you bear yourself in the storm of fury. Go to Elizabeth's feet, confess your marriage—impeach your wife and her paramour of adultery—and avow yourself, amongst all your peers, the wittol who married a country girl, and was cozened by her and her book-learned gallant.—Go, my lord—but first take farewell of Richard Varney, with all the benefits you ever conferred on him. He served the noble, the lofty, the high-minded Leicester, and was more proud of depending on him, than he could be of commanding thousands. But the abject

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he stoops to every adverse circumstance, whose ~~us~~ resolves are scattered like chaff before every ~~the~~ passion, him, Richard Varney serves not. He is much above him in constancy of mind, as beneath ~~the~~ rank and fortune."

They spoke thus without hypocrisy, for, though the hardness of mind which he boasted was hardness and penetrability, yet he really felt the ascendancy which ~~haunted~~ ; while the interest which he actually felt in the fortunes of Leicester, gave unusual emotion to his ~~the~~ and manner.

Leicester was overpowered by his assumed superiority ; it seemed to the unfortunate Earl as if his last friend was about to abandon him. He stretched his hand towards Varney, as he uttered the words, " Do not leave me—What wouldst thou have me do ? "

" Be thyself, my noble master," said Varney, touching the Earl's hand with his lips, after having respectfully grasped it in his own ; " be yourself, superior to those storms of passion which wreck inferior minds. Are you the first who has been cozened in love? The first whom a vain and licentious woman has cheated into an affection, which she has afterwards scorned and misused? And will you suffer yourself to be driven frantic, because you have not been wiser than the wisest men whom the world has seen? Let her be as if she had not been—let her pass from your memory, as unworthy of ever having held a place there. Let your strong resolve of this morning, which I have both courage, zeal, and means enough to execute, be like the fiat of a superior being, a passionless act of justice. She hath deserved death—let her die ! "

While he was speaking, the Earl held his hand fast, compressed his lips hard, and frowned, as if he laboured to catch from Varney a portion of the cold, ruthless, and dispassionate firmness which he recommended. When

## KENILWORTH.

he was silent, the Earl still continued to grasp his hand, until, with an effort at calm decision, he was able to articulate, "Be it so—she dies!—But one tear might be permitted."

"Not one, my lord," interrupted Varney, who saw by the quivering eye and convulsed cheek of his patron, that he was about to give way to a burst of emotion,—"Not a tear—the time permits it not—Tressilian must be thought of!"

"That indeed is a name," said the Earl, "to convert tears into blood. Varney, I have thought on this, and I have determined—neither entreaty nor argument shall move me—Tressilian shall be my own victim."

"It is madness, my lord; but you are too mighty for me to bar your way to your revenge. Yet resolve at least to choose fitting time and opportunity, and to forbear him until they shall be found."

"Thou shalt order me in what thou wilt," said Leicester, "only thwart me not in this."

"Then, my lord," said Varney, "I first request of you to lay aside the wild, suspected, and half-frenzied demeanour, which hath this day drawn the eyes of all the court upon you; and which, but for the Queen's partial indulgence, which she hath extended towards you in a degree far beyond her nature, she had never given you the opportunity to atone for."

"Have I indeed been so negligent?" said Leicester, as one who awakes from a dream; "I thought I had coloured it well; but fear nothing, my mind is now eased—I am calm. My horoscope shall be fulfilled; and that it may be fulfilled, I will tax to the highest ~~every~~ <sup>every</sup> faculty of my mind. Fear me not, I say, -I will ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Queen instantly—not thine own looks and language shall be more impenetrable than mine.—Hast ~~I~~ <sup>I</sup> ~~must~~ <sup>must</sup> ~~crave~~ <sup>crave</sup> your signature?" said Varney, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~you~~ <sup>you</sup> will.

## KENILWORTH.

o those of your servants whom I must em-  
possess your full authority in commanding

er drew off the signet-ring, which he commonly  
gave it to Varney with a haggard and stern  
on of countenance, adding only, in a low half-  
red tone, but with terrific emphasis, the words,  
at thou dost, do quickly."

ie anxiety and wonder took place, meanwhile, in  
esence-hall, at the prolonged absence of the noble  
of the Castle, and great was the delight of his  
ds, when they saw him enter as a man, from whose  
om, to all human seeming, a weight of care had been  
t removed. Amply did Leicester that day redeem the  
edge he had given to Varney, who soon saw himself  
o longer under the necessity of maintaining a character  
so different from his own, as that which he had assumed  
in the earlier part of the day, and gradually relapsed  
into the same grave, shrewd, caustic observer of con-  
versation and incident, which constituted his usual part  
in society.

With Elizabeth, Leicester played his game as one, to  
whom her natural strength of talent, and her weakness  
in one or two particular points, were well known. He  
was too wary to exchange on a sudden the sullen per-  
sonage which he had played before he retired with Var-  
ney; but, on approaching her, it seemed softened into  
a melancholy, which had a touch of tenderness in it, and  
which, in the course of conversing with Elizabeth, and  
as she dropped in compassion one mark of favour after  
another to console him, passed into a flow of affectionate  
gallantry, the most assiduous, the most delicate, the most  
insinuating, yet at the same time the most respectful,  
with which a Queen was ever addressed by a subject.  
*Elizabeth listened, as in a sort of enchantment; her jealousy of power was lulled asleep; her resolution*

## ANSWER

formake all social or domestic ties, and dedicate herself exclusively to the care of her people, began to be shaken, and once more the star of Dudley culminated in the court-hispon.

But Leicester did not enjoy this triumph over nature, and over conscience, without its being imbibed to him, not only by the internal rebellion of his feelings against the violence which he exercised over them, but by many accidental circumstances, which, in the course of the banquet, and during the subsequent amusements of the evening, jarred upon that nerve, the least vibration of which was agony.

The courtiers were, for example, in the great hall, after having left the banqueting-room, awaiting the appearance of a splendid masque, which was the expected entertainment of this evening, when the Queen interrupted a wild career of wit, which the Earl of Leicester was running against Lord Willoughby, Raleigh, and some other courtiers, by saying—“We will impeach you of high treason, my lord, if you proceed in this attempt to slay us with laughter. And here comes a thing may make us all grave at his pleasure, our learned physician Masters, with news belike of our poor suppliant, Lady Verney—nay, my lord, we will not have you leave us, for this being a dispute betwixt married persons, we do not hold our own experience deep enough to decide thereon, without good counsel.—How now, Masters, what think’st thou of the runaway bride?”

The smile with which Leicester had been speaking, when the Queen interrupted him, remained arrested on his lips, as if it had been carved there by the chisel of Michael Angelo, or of Chantrey; and he listened to the words of the physician with the same immovable cast of countenance.

"The Lady Physician" said the  
Varney, gracious Sovereign," said the  
Master. "Be patient and wait until

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nce with me, touching the state of her  
ng wildly of being soon to plead her own  
e your own presence, and of answering no  
rson's inquiries."

"the heavens forefend!" said the Queen ; "we  
eady suffered from the misconstructions and  
which seem to follow this poor brain-sick lady  
er she comes.—Think you not so, my lord?"  
ded, appealing to Leicester, with something in her  
that indicated regret, even tenderly expressed, for  
disagreement of that morning. Leicester compelled  
self to bow low. The utmost force he could exert  
inadequate to the farther effort of expressing in  
is his acquiescence in the Queen's sentiment.

"You are vindictive," she said, "my lord ; but we  
ll find time and place to punish you. But once more to  
his same trouble-mirth, this Lady Varney—What of her  
health, Masters ? "

"She is sullen, madam, as I already said," replied  
Masters, "and refuses to answer interrogatories, or be  
amenable to the authority of the mediciner. I conceive  
her to be possessed with a delirium, which I incline to  
term rather *hypochondria* than *phrenesis* ; and I think  
she were best cared for by her husband in his own house,  
and removed from all this bustle of pageants, which dis-  
turb her weak brain with the most fantastic phantoms.  
She drops hints as if she were some great person in  
disguise—some Countess or Princess perchance. God  
help them, such are often the hallucinations of these  
infirm persons ! "

"Nay then," said the Queen, "away with her with  
all speed. Let Varney care for her with fitting humanity ;  
but let them rid the Castle of her forthwith. She will  
think herself lady of all, I warrant you. It is pity so fair  
*a form*, however, should have an infirm understanding.—  
What think you, my lord ? "

## KENILWORTH.

"It is pity indeed," said the Earl, repeating the words like a task which was set him.

"But, perhaps," said Elizabeth, "you do not join with us in our opinion of her beauty; and indeed we have known men prefer a statelier and more Juno-like form, to that drooping fragile one, that hung its head like a broken lily. Ay, men are tyrants, my lord, who esteem the animation of the strife above the triumph of an unresisting conquest, and, like sturdy champions, love best those women who can wage contest with them.—I could think with you, Rutland, that, give my lord of Leicester such a piece of painted wax for a bride, he would have wished her dead ere the end of the honeymoon."

As she said this, she looked on Leicester so expressively, that, while his heart revolted against the egregious falsehood, he did himself so much violence as to reply in a whisper, that Leicester's love was more lowly than her majesty deemed, since it was settled where he could never command, but must ever obey.

The Queen blushed, and bid him be silent; yet looked as if she expected that he would not obey her commands. But at that moment the flourish of trumpets and kettle-drums from a high balcony which overlooked the hall, announced the entrance of the masquers, and relieved Leicester from the horrible state of constraint and dissimulation in which the result of his own duplicity had placed him.

The masque which entered consisted of four separate bands which followed each other at brief intervals, each consisting of six principal persons and as many torch-bearers, and each representing one of the various nations by which England had at different times been occupied. The aboriginal Britons, who first entered, were ushered in by two ancient Druids, whose hoary hair was crowned

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plet of oak, and who bore in their hands mistletoe. The masquers who followed these figures were succeeded by two Bards, arrayed and bearing harps, which they occasionally sang at the same time certain stanzas of an hymn to Belus, or the Sun. The aboriginal had been selected from amongst the tallest and robust young gentlemen in attendance on the

Their masks were accommodated with long grey beards and hair; their vestments were of the of wolves and bears; while their legs, arms, and upper parts of their bodies, being sheathed in flesh-red silk, on which were traced in grotesque lines representations of the heavenly bodies, and of animals other terrestrial objects, gave them the lively appearance of our painted ancestors, whose freedom was first encroached upon by the Romans.

The sons of Rome, who came to civilize as well as to conquer, were next produced before the princely assembly; and the manager of the revels had correctly imitated the high crest and military habits of that celebrated people, accommodating them with the light yet strong buckler, and the short two-edged sword, the use of which had made them victors of the world. The Roman eagles were borne before them by two standard-bearers, who recited a hymn to Mars, and the classical warriors followed with the grave and haughty step of men who aspired at universal conquest.

The third quadrille represented the Saxons, clad in the bearskins which they had brought with them from the German forests, and bearing in their hands the redoubtable battle-axes which made such havoc among the natives of Britain. They were preceded by two Scalds, who chanted the praises of Odin.

*Last came the knightly Normans, in their mail-shirts and hoods of steel, with all the panoply of chivalry, and*

## KENILWORTH.

marshalled by two Minstrels, who sung of war and ladies' love.

These four bands entered the spacious hall with the utmost order, a short pause being made, that the spectators might satisfy their curiosity as to each quadrille before the appearance of the next. They then marched completely round the hall, in order the more fully to display themselves, regulating their steps to organs, shalms, hautboys, and virginals, the music of the Lord Leicester's household. At length the four quadrilles of masquers, ranging their torch-bearers behind them, drew up in their several ranks, on the two opposite sides of the hall, so that the Romans confronting the Britons, and the Saxons the Normans, seemed to look on each other with eyes of wonder, which presently appeared to kindle into anger, expressed by menacing gestures. At the burst of a strain of martial music from the gallery the masquers drew their swords on all sides, and advanced against each other in the measured steps of a sort of Pyrrhic or military dance, clashing their swords against their adversaries' shields, and clattering them against their blades as they passed each other in the progress of the dance. It was a very pleasant spectacle to see how the various bands, preserving regularity amid motions which seemed to be totally irregular, mixed together, and then disengaging themselves, resumed each their own original rank as the music varied.

In this symbolical dance were represented the conflicts which had taken place among the various nations which had anciently inhabited Britain.

At length, after many mazy evolutions, which afforded great pleasure to the spectators, the sound of a loud-voiced trumpet was heard, as if it blew for instant battle, or for victory won. The masquers instantly ceased their mimic strife, and collecting themselves under their original leaders, or presenters, for such was the appropriate

## KENILWORTH.

led to share the anxious expectation which  
as experienced concerning what was next to

gates of the hall were thrown wide, and no less astounded than the fiend-born Merlin, dressed in a dark and mystical attire, suited to his ambiguous birth and magical power. About him and behind him fluttered many extraordinary forms, intended to represent the spirits who waited to do his powerful bidding; and so much did this part of the pageant impress the menials and others of the lower class then in attendance, that many of them forgot even the reverence for the Queen's presence, so far as to thrust them into the lower part of the hall.

Earl of Leicester, seeing his officers had some difficulty to repel these intruders without more disturbance, was fitting where the Queen was in presence, and went himself to the bottom of the hall; but, at the same time, with her usual feeling for common people, requesting that they might be permitted to remain undisturbed to witness the pageant. He went under this pretext; but his real motive was to gain a moment to himself, and to relieve his mind; were it but for one instant, from the dreadful task of passing, under the guise of gaiety and gallantry, the agonizing pangs of shame, anger, remorse, and thirst for vengeance. He imposed silence by his look and sign, and the vulgar crowd, at the lower end of the apartment, he wrapped his cloak around him, and mixing himself with the crowd, stood in some degree an undistinguished spectator of the progress of the masque.

On having entered, and advanced into the middle of the hall, summoned the presenters of the contending parties, and round him by a wave of his magical rod, and addressed to them, in a poetical speech, that the isle of

## KENILWORTH.

Britain was now commanded by a Royal Maiden, to whom it was the will of fate that they should all do homage, and request of her to pronounce on the various pretensions which each set forth to be esteemed the pre-eminent stock, from which the present natives, the happy subjects of that angelical Princess, derived their lineage.

In obedience to this mandate, the bands, each moving to solemn music, passed in succession before Elizabeth ; doing her as they passed, each after the fashion of the people whom they represented, the lowest and most devotional homage, which she returned with the same gracious courtesy that had marked her whole conduct since she came to Kenilworth.

The presenters of the several masques or quadrilles then alleged, each in behalf of his own troop, the reasons which they had for claiming pre-eminence over the rest ; and when they had been all heard in turn, she returned them this gracious answer : " That she was sorry she was not better qualified to decide upon the doubtful question which had been propounded to her by the direction of the famous Merlin, but that it seemed to her that no single one of these celebrated nations could claim pre-eminence over the others, as having most contributed to form the Englishman of her own time, who unquestionably derived from each of them some worthy attribute of his character. Thus," she said, " the Englishman had from the ancient Briton his bold and tameless spirit of freedom,—from the Roman his disciplined courage in war, with his love of letters and civilisation in time of peace,—from the Saxon his wise and equitable laws,—and from the chivalrous Norman *his love of honour and courtesy, with his generous desire for glory.*"

*Merlin answered with readiness, that it did indeed require that so many choice qualities should meet in the*

## KENILWORTH.

English, as might render them in some measure the muster of the perfections of other nations, since they alone could render them in some degree deserving the blessings they enjoyed under the reign of England Elizabeth.

The music then sounded, and the quadrilles, together with Merlin and his assistants, had begun to remove from the crowded hall, when Leicester, who was, as we have mentioned, stationed for the moment near the bottom of the hall, and consequently engaged in some degree in the crowd, felt himself pulled by the cloak while a voice whispered in his ear, " My lord, I do desire some instant conference with you."

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### CHAP. XXXVIII.

*How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?*

MACBETH.

 DESIRE some conference with you." The words were simple in themselves, but Lord

Leicester was in that alarmed and feverish state of mind when the most ordinary occurrences seemed aught with alarming import; and he turned hastily round to survey the person by whom they had been spoken. There was nothing remarkable in the speaker's appearance, which consisted of a black silk doublet and a short mantle, with a black vizard on his face; for it was known he had been among the crowd of masks who had thronged into the hall in the retinue of Merlin, though he did not wear any of the extravagant disguises which most of them were distinguished.

"Who are you, or what do you want with me?" said Leicester, not without betraying, by his accents, the tried state of his spirits.

"No evil, my lord," answered the mask, " but

tained him.

" Those who talk to your lordship of what your own honour demands, have a right over your time, whatever occupations you may lay aside in order to indulge them."

" How ! my honour ? Who dare impeach it ? " said Leicester.

" Your own conduct alone can furnish grounds for accusing it, my lord, and it is that topic on which I would speak with you."

" You are insolent," said Leicester, " and abuse the hospitable license of the time, which prevents me from having you punished. I demand your name ? "

" Edmund Tressilian of Cornwall," answered the mask. " My tongue has been bound by a promise for four-and-twenty hours,—the space is passed,—I now speak and do your lordship the justice to address myself first to you."

The thrill of astonishment which had penetrated to Leicester's very heart at hearing that name pronounced by the voice of the man he most detested, and by whom he conceived himself so deeply injured, at first rendered him immovable, but instantly gave way to such a thirst for revenge as the pilgrim in the desert feels for the water-brooks. He had but sense and self-government enough left to prevent his stabbing to the heart the impious villain, who, after the ruin he had brought 518 to him, dared, with such unmoved assurance, thus to

... scarce  
and what does Master Edmund  
at my hand?"

"ice, my lord," answered Tressilian, c

ice," said Leicester, "all men are ent  
Master Tressilian, are peculiarly so, and b  
I have it."

spect nothing less from your no  
Tressilian; "but time presses, and  
th you to-night—May I wait on you  
,"

answered Leicester, sternly, "not unde  
oof mine own—We will meet under  
heaven."

re discomposed or displeased, my lor  
silian; "yet there is no occasion for  
The place is equal to me, so you all  
our of your time uninterrupted."

ter time will, I trust" "

" "

## KENILWORTH.

my task !—I will not sink under it now, since midnight at furthest, will bring me vengeance."

While these reflections thronged through Leicester's mind, he again made his way through the obsequious crowd, which divided to give him passage, and resumed his place, envied and admired, beside the person of his Sovereign. But, could the bosom of him thus admired and envied, have been laid open before the inhabitants of that crowded hall, with all its dark thoughts of guilty ambition, blighted affection, deep vengeance, and conscious sense of meditated cruelty, crossing each other like spectres in the circle of some foul enchantress ; which of them, from the most ambitious noble in the courtly circle, down to the most wretched menial, who lived by shifting of trenchers, would have dared to change characters with the favourite of Elizabeth, and the Lord of Kenilworth !

New tortures awaited him as soon as he had rejoined Elizabeth.

" You come in time, my lord," she said, " to decide a dispute between us ladies. Here has Sir Richard Varney asked our permission to depart from the castle with his infirm lady, having, as he tells us, your lordship's consent to his absence, so he can obtain ours. Certes, we have no will to withhold him from the affectionate charge of this poor young person—but you are to know that Sir Richard Varney hath this day abown himself so much captivated with these ladies of ours, that here is our Duchess of Rutland says, he will carry his poor infirm wife no farther than the lake, plunge her in, to tenant the crystal palaces that the enchanted nymph told us of, and return a jolly widower, to dry his tears, and to make up the loss among our train. Now say you, my lord ?—We have seen Varney under two or three different eras—you know what are his proper attributes—think

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as confounded, but the danger was urgent, absolutely necessary. "The ladies," he said, "too lightly of one of their own sex, in he could deserve such a fate, or too ill of ak it could be inflicted upon an innocent

"him, my ladies," said Elizabeth ; " like all his could excuse their cruelty by imputing fickleness

" / not us, madam," replied the Earl ; " we say scanner women, like the lesser lights of heaven, revolutions and phases, but who shall impute illity to the sun, or to Elizabeth ? "

discourse presently afterwards assumed a less tendency, and Leicester continued to support it in it with spirit, at whatever expense of mental . So pleasing did it seem to Elizabeth, that the bell had sounded midnight ere she retired from company, a circumstance unusual in her quiet and habits of disposing of time. Her departure was use the signal for breaking up the company, who sed to their several places of repose, to dream over istimes of the day, or to anticipate those of the w.

unfortunate Lord of the Castle, and founder of loud festival, retired to far different thoughts. His ion to the valet who attended him, was to send y instantly to his apartment. The messenger re- l after some delay, and informed him that an hour lapsed since Sir Richard Varney had left the Castle, e postern-gate, with three other persons, one of was transported in a horse-litter.

low came he to leave the castle after the watch was said Leicester ; " I thought he went not till day- "

" gave satisfactory reasons, as I understand," said

## KENILWORTH.

the domestic, "to the guard, and, as I hear, showed your lordship's signet"—

"True—true," said the Earl; "yet he has been hasty—Do any of his attendants remain behind?"

"Michael Lambourne, my lord," said the valet, "was not to be found when Sir Richard Varney departed, and his master was much incensed at his absence. I saw him but now saddling his horse to gallop after his master."

"Bid him come hither instantly," said Leicester; "I have a message to his master."

The servant left the apartment, and Leicester traversed it for some time in deep meditation—"Varney is over-zealous," he said, "over-pressing—He loves me, I think—but he hath his own ends to serve, and he is inexorable in pursuit of them. If I rise he rises, and he hath shown himself already but too eager to rid me of this obstacle which seems to stand betwixt me and sovereignty. Yet I will not stoop to bear this disgrace. She shall be punished, but it shall be more advisedly. I already feel, even in anticipation, that over-haste would light the flames of hell in my bosom. No—one victim is enough at once, and that victim already waits me."

He seized upon writing materials, and hastily traced these words:—"Sir Richard Varney, we have resolved to defer the matter intrusted to your care, and strictly command you to proceed no farther in relation to our Countess, until our further order. We also command your instant return to Kenilworth, as soon as you have safely bestowed that with which you are intrusted. But if the safe-placing of your present charge shall detain you longer than we think for, we command you, in that case, to send back our signet-ring by a trusty and speedy messenger, we having present need of the same. And requiring your strict obedience in these things, and commanding you to God's keeping, we rest your assured good friend and master,

"R. LEICESTER.

## KENILWORTH.

at our Castle of Kenilworth, the tenth of year of Salvation one thousand five hundred and five."

ster had finished and sealed this mandate, Lambourne, booted up to mid-thigh, having his cloak girthed around him with a broad belt, and a plumed cap on his head, like that of a courier, entered his chamber ushered in by the valet.

"What is thy capacity of service?" said the Earl. "I have querry to your lordship's master of the horse," replied Lambourne, with his customary assurance.

"Lie up thy saucy tongue, sir," said Leicester; "the service that may suit Sir Richard Varney's presence, suit mine. How soon wilt thou overtake thy master?"

In one hour's riding, my lord, if man and horse hold good," said Lambourne, with an instant alteration of his demeanour, from an approach to familiarity to the deepest respect. The Earl measured him with his eye from top to toe.

"I have heard of thee," he said; "men say thou art a prompt fellow in thy service, but too much given to brawling and to wassail to be trusted with things of moment."

"My lord," said Lambourne, "I have been soldier, sailor, traveller, and adventurer; and these are all trades in which men enjoy to-day, because they have no surety of to-morrow. But though I may misuse mine own leisure, I have never neglected the duty I owe my master."

"See that it be so in this instance," said Leicester, "and it shall do thee good. Deliver this letter speedily and carefully, into Sir Richard Varney's hands."

"Does my commission reach no farther?" said Lambourne.

"No," answered Leicester, "but it deeply concerns me that it be carefully as well as hastily executed."

"I will spare neither care nor horse-flesh," answered Lambourne, and immediately took his leave.

"So, this is the end of my private audience, from which I hoped so much!" he muttered to himself as he went through the long gallery, and down the back staircase. "Cogs bones! I thought the Earl had wanted a cast of my office in some secret intrigue, and it all ends in carrying a letter! Well, his pleasure shall be done, however, and as his lordship well says, it may do me good another time. The child must creep ere he walk, and so must your infant courtier. I will have a look into this letter, however, which he hath sealed so sloven-like." Having accomplished this, he clapped his hands together in ecstasy, exclaiming, "The Countess—the Countess!—I have the secret that shall make or mar me.—But come forth, Bayard," he added, leading his horse into the courtyard, "for your flanks and my spurs must be presently acquainted."

Lambourne mounted accordingly, and left the Castle by the postern-gate, where his free passage was permitted, in consequence of a message to that effect left by Sir Richard Varney.

As soon as Lambourne and the valet had left the apartment, Leicester proceeded to change his dress for a very plain one, threw his mantle around him, and taking a lamp in his hand, went by the private passage of communication to a small secret postern-door, which opened into the courtyard, near to the entrance of the Pleasance. His reflections were of a more calm and determined character than they had been at any late period, and he endeavoured to claim, even in his own eyes, the character of a man more sinned against than sinning.

"I have suffered the deepest injury," such was the tenor of his meditations, "yet I have restricted the instant revenge which was in my power, and have limited it to that which is manly and noble. But shall the

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s false woman has this day disgraced, binding fetter on me, to check me in the which my destinies invite me? No!— er means of disengaging such ties, with- g the cords of life. In the sight of God, I ger bound by the union she has broken. shall divide us—oceans roll betwixt us, and s, whose abysses have swallowed whole navies, .he sole depositories of the deadly mystery."

ch a train of argument did Leicester labour to le his conscience to the prosecution of plans of ance, so hastily adopted, and of schemes of am- , which had become so woven in with every pur- and action of his life, that he was incapable of the ort of relinquishing them ; until his revenge appeared him to wear a face of justice, and even of generous moderation.

In this mood, the vindictive and ambitious Earl entered the superb precincts of the Pleasance, then illumined by the full moon. The broad yellow light was reflected on all sides from the white freestone, of which the pavement, balustrades, and architectural ornaments of the place, were constructed ; and not a single fleecy cloud was visible in the azure sky, so that the scene was nearly as light as if the sun had but just left the horizon. The numerous statues of white marble glimmered in the pale light, like so many sheeted ghosts just arisen from their sepulchres, and the fountains threw their jets into the air, as if they sought that their waters should be brightened by the moonbeams, ere they fell down again upon their basins in showers of sparkling silver. The day had been sultry, and the gentle night-breeze, which sighed along the terrace of the Pleasance, raised not a deeper breath than the fan in the hand of youthful beauty. The bird of summer night had built many a nest in the bowers of the adjacent garden, and

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the tenants now indemnified themselves for silence during the day, by a full chorus of their own unrivalled warblings, now joyous, now pathetic, now united, now responsive to each other, as if to express their delight in the placid and delicious scene to which they pour'd their melody.

Musing on matters far different from the fall of water, the gleam of moonlight, or the song of the nightingale, the stately Leicester walked slowly from the one end of the terrace to the other, his cloak wrapped around him, and his sword under his arm, without seeing any thing resembling the human form.

"I have been fooled by my own generosity," he said, "if I have suffered the villain to escape me—ay, and perhaps to go to the rescue of the Adulteress, who is so poorly guarded."

These were his thoughts, which were instantly dispelled when, turning to look back towards the entrance, he saw a human form advancing slowly from the portico, and darkening the various objects with its shadow, as passing them successively, in its approach towards him.

"Shall I strike ere I again hear his detested voice?" was Leicester's thought, as he grasped the hilt of the sword. "But no! I will see which way his vile practice tends. I will watch, disgusting as it is, the coils and masses of the loathsome snake, ere I put forth my strength and crush him."

His hand quitted the sword-hilt, and he advanced slowly towards Tressilian, collecting, for their meeting all the self-possession he could command, until they came front to front with each other.

*Tressilian made a profound reverence, to which I replied with a haughty inclination of the head,* the words, "You sought secret conference with us—I am here, and attentive."

"My lord," said Tressilian, "I am so earnest"

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say, and so desirous to find a patient, a hearing, that I will stoop to exculpate ~~whatever~~ might prejudice your lordship. You think me your enemy?"

"At some apparent cause?" answered Leving that Tressilian paused for a reply.

"I am wrong, my lord. I am a friend, but a dependant nor partisan of the Earl of Sussex, courtiers call your rival; and it is some consider- ne since I ceased to regard either courts, or intrigues, as suited to my temper or genius."

"doubt, sir," answered Leicester; "there are occupations more worthy a scholar, and for such I holds Master Tressilian—Love has his in- as well as ambition."

erceive, my lord," replied Tressilian, "you give eight to my early attachment for the unfortunate person of whom I am about to speak, and per-ink I am prosecuting her cause out of rivalry, an a sense of justice."

matter for my thoughts, sir," said the Earl ; ed. You have as yet spoken of yourself only; ortant and worthy subject doubtless, but which, , does not altogether so deeply concern me, hould postpone my repose to hear it. Spare me prelude, sir, and speak to the purpose, if indeed e aught to say that concerns me. When you have in my turn, have something to communicate."

"I will speak, then, without farther prelude, my nswered Tressilian; "having to say that which, ncerns your lordship's honour, I am confident not think your time wasted in listening to. I request an account from your lordship of the un- my Robsart, whose history is too well known to regret deeply that I did not at once take this and make yourself judge between me and it."

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er consideration. "I have heard you, man," said he, "without interruption, and at my ears were never before made to words of so frontless a villain. The task you is fitter for the hangman's scourge than a nobleman, but yet,—Villain, draw and self!"

Spoke the last words, he dropped his mantle on his head, struck Tressilian smartly with his sheathed rapier, and instantly drawing his rapier, put himself into a posture of assault. The vehement fury of his language at first filled Tressilian, in his turn, with surprise equal to what Leicester had felt when he addressed him. But astonishment gave way to resentment, when the unmerited insults of his language were followed by a blow, which immediately put to flight every thought save that of instant combat. Tressilian's sword was instantly drawn, and though perhaps somewhat inferior to Leicester in the use of the weapon, he understood it well enough to maintain the contest with great spirit, the rather that of the two he was for the time the more cool, since he could not help imputing Leicester's conduct either to actual frenzy, or to the influence of some strong delusion.

The rencontre had continued for several minutes, without either party receiving a wound, when, of a sudden, voices were heard beneath the portico, which formed the entrance of the terrace, mingled with the steps of men advancing hastily. "We are interrupted," said Leicester to his antagonist; "follow me."

At the same time a voice from the portico said, "The jackanape is right—they are tilting here."

Leicester, meanwhile, drew off Tressilian into a sort of recess behind one of the fountains, which served to conceal them, while six of the yeomen of the Queen's guard passed along the middle walk of the *Pleasance*. M. M.

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and they could hear one say to the rest, "We shall never find them to-night among all these squirming funnels, squirrel-cages, and rabbit-holes ; but if we light not on them, before we reach the farther end, we will return, and mount a guard at the entrance, and so secure them till morning."

"A proper matter," said another, "the drawing of swords so near the Queen's presence, ay, and in her very palace, as 'twere !—Hang it, they must be some poor drunken game-cocks fallen to sparring—'twere pity almost we should find them—the penalty is chopping off a hand, is it not ?—'twere hard to lose hand for handling a bit of steel, that comes so natural to one's gripe."

"Thou art a brawler thyself, George," said another ; "but take heed, for the law stands as thou sayest."

"Ay," said the first, "an the act be not mildly construed ; for thou know'st 'tis not the Queen's Palace, but my Lord of Leicester's."

"Why, for that matter, the penalty may be as severe," said another ; "for an our Gracious Mistress be Queen, as she is, God save her, my Lord of Leicester is as good as King."

"Hush ! thou knave !" said a third ; "how knowest thou who may be within hearing ?"

They passed on, making a kind of careless search, but seemingly more intent on their own conversation than bent on discovering the persons who had created the nocturnal disturbance.

They had no sooner passed forward along the terrace, than Leicester, making a sign to Tressilian to follow him, glided away in an opposite direction, and escaped through the portico undiscovered. He conducted Tressilian to Mervyn's Tower, in which he was now again

lodged ; and then, ere parting with him, said these words, "If thou hast courage to continue and bring to an end what is thus broken off, be near me when the

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forth to-morrow—we shall find a time, and I  
you a signal when it is fitting."

"Lord," said Tressilian, "at another time I might  
quired the meaning of this strange and furious  
cy against me. But you have laid that on my  
r, which only blood can wash away ; and were  
high as your proudest wishes ever carried you, I  
have from you satisfaction for my wounded  
ur."

these terms they parted, but the adventures of the  
it were not yet ended with Leicester. He was com-  
med to pass by Saintlowe's Tower, in order to gain the  
ivate passage which led to his own chamber, and in  
e entrance thereof he met Lord Hunsdon half clothed,  
d with a naked sword under his arm.

"Are you awakened, too, with this 'larum, my Lord of  
Leicester?" said the old soldier. "'Tis well—By gog's-  
nails, the nights are as noisy as the day in this Castle  
of yours. Some two hours since I was waked by the  
screams of that poor brain-sick Lady Varney, whom her  
husband was forcing away. I promise you, it required  
both your warrant and the Queen's to keep me from  
entering into the game, and cutting that Varney of  
yours over the head ; and now there is a brawl down in  
the Pleasance, or what call you the stone terrace-walk,  
where all yonder gimcracks stand?"

The first part of the old man's speech went through  
the Earl's heart like a knife ; to the last he answered  
that he himself had heard the clash of swords, and had  
come down to take order with those who had been so  
insolent so near the Queen's presence.

"Nay, then," said Hunsdon, "I will be glad of your  
lordship's company."

*Leicester was thus compelled to turn back with the  
rough old Lord to the Pleasance, where Hunsdon heard  
from the yeomen of the guard, who were under hi*

KEN...

immediate command, the unsuccessful  
made for the authors of the disturbance -  
for their pains some round dozen of curses on them, as  
lazy knaves and blind whoresons. Leicester also thought  
it necessary to seem angry that no discovery had been  
effected; but at  
after all it could  
had been drinking  
be sufficiently  
place after  
to his cup,  
of the  
"unless  
keeping,  
wassail" I  
good  
a dose of  
night to you."

Joyful at being rid of his company, Leicester took  
leave of him at the entrance of his lodging, where they  
had first met, and entering the private passage, took up  
the lamp which he had left there, and by its expiring  
light found the way to his own apartment.

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CHAP. XXXIX.

Room! room! for my horse will wince  
If he comes within so many yards of a prince;  
For to tell you true and in rhyme,  
He was foal'd in Queen Elizabeth's time;  
When the great Earl of Lester  
In his castle did feast her.

THE amusement with which Elizabeth and  
her court were next day to be regaled, was ar-  
rangement by the true-hearted men of Covent  
Garden between the English

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ly to a custom long preserved in their  
, and warranted for truth by old histories

. In this pageant, one party of the towns-  
the Saxons and the other the Danes, and  
th in rude rhymes and with hard blows, the  
of these two fierce nations, and the Amazonian  
the English women, who, according to the  
e the principal agents in the general massacre  
anes, which took place at Hocktide, in the year  
1012. This sport, which had been long a favourite  
e with the men of Coventry, had, it seems, been  
own by the influence of some zealous clergyman of  
more precise cast, who chanced to have considerable

afluence with the magistrates. But the generality of the  
inhabitants had petitioned the Queen that they might  
have their play again, and be honoured with permission  
to represent it before her Highness. And when the  
matter was canvassed in the little council, which usually  
attended the Queen for dispatch of business, the pro-  
posal, although opposed by some of the stricter sort,  
found favour in the eyes of Elizabeth, who said that such  
toys occupied, without offence, the minds of many, who,  
lacking them, might find worse subjects of pastime ; and  
that their pastors, however commendable for learning  
and godliness, were somewhat too sour in preaching  
against the pastimes of their flocks ; and so the pageant  
was permitted to proceed.

Accordingly, after a morning repast, which Master  
Laneham calls an ambrosial breakfast, the principal  
persons of the court in attendance upon her Majesty,  
pressed to the Gallery Tower, to witness the approach of  
the two contending parties of English and Danes ; and  
after a signal had been given, the gate which opened in  
the circuit of the Chase was thrown wide to admit them.  
On they came, foot and horse ; for some of the  
ambitious burghers and yeomen had put themselves

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fantastic dresses, imitating knights, in order to resemble the chivalry of the two different nations. However, to prevent fatal accidents, they were not permitted to appear on real horses, but had only license to accoutre themselves with those hobbyhorses, as they are called, which anciently formed the chief delight of a morrice-dance, and which still are exhibited on the stage, in the grand battle fought at the conclusion of Mr. Bayes's tragedy. The infantry followed in similar disguises. The whole exhibition was to be considered as a sort of anti-masque, or burlesque of the more stately pageants, in which the nobility and gentry bore part in the show, and, to the best of their knowledge, imitated with accuracy the personages whom they represented. The Hocktide play was of a different character, the actors being persons of inferior degree, and their habits the better fitted for the occasion, the more incongruous and ridiculous that they were in themselves. Accordingly their array, which the progress of our tale allows us no time to describe, was ludicrous enough, and their weapons, though sufficiently formidable to deal sound blows, were long alder-poles instead of lances, and sound cudgels for swords ; and for fence, both cavalry and infantry were well equipped with stout headpieces and targets, both made of thick leather.

Captain Coxe, that celebrated humorist of Coventry, whose library of ballads, almanacs, and penny histories, fairly wrapped up in parchment, and tied round for security with a piece of whipcord, remains still the envy of antiquaries, being himself the ingenious person under whose direction the pageant had been set forth, rode ~~boldly~~ <sup>boldly</sup> on his hobbyhorse before the bands of English, ~~trussed~~, <sup>trussed</sup>, saith Laneham, and brandishing his long ~~as became an experienced man of war, who had~~ <sup>as became an experienced man of war, who had</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> under the Queen's father, bluff King Henry, at ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> Boulogne. This chieftain was, as right and

He first to enter the lists, and, passing the lead of his myrmidons, kissed the hilt of the Queen, and executed at the same time a like whereof had never been practised by hobbyhorse. Then passing on with all his cavaliers and infantry, he drew them up with all at the opposite extremity of the bridge or until his antagonists should be fairly prepared to set.

There was no long interval ; for the Danish cavalry and infantry, no way inferior to the English in number, and equipment, instantly arrived, with the mournful bagpipe blowing before them in token of their country, and headed by a cunning master of defence, only inferior to the renowned Captain Coxe, if to him, in the discipline of war. The Danes, as invaders, took their station under the Gallery Tower, and opposite to that of Mortimer ; and, when their arrangements were completely made, a signal was given for the encounter.

Their first charge upon each other, was rather moderate, for either party had some dread of being forced into the lake. But as reinforcements came up on either side, the encounter grew from a skirmish into a blazing battle. They rushed upon one another, as Master Laneham testifies, like rams inflamed by jealousy, with such furious encounter, that both parties were often overthrown, and the clubs and targets made a most horrible clatter. In many instances that happened which had been dreaded by the more experienced warriors, who began the day of strife. The rails which defended the ledges of the bridge had been, perhaps on purpose, left but slightly fastened, and gave way under the pressure of those who thronged to the combat, so that the hot courage of many of the combatants received a sufficient cooling. These incidents might have occasioned more serious damage than became such an affray, for

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many of the champions who met with this mischance could not swim, and those who could were encumbered with their suits of leathern and paper armour ; but the case had been provided for, and there were several boats in readiness to pick up the unfortunate warriors, and convey them to the dry land, where, dripping and dejected, they comforted themselves with the hot ale and strong waters which were liberally allowed to them, without showing any desire to re-enter so desperate a conflict.

Captain Coxe alone, that paragon of Black-Letter Antiquaries, after twice experiencing, horse and man, the perilous leap from the bridge into the lake, equal to any extremity to which the favourite heroes of chivalry, whose exploits he studied in an abridged form, whether Amadis, Belianis, Bevis, or his own Guy of Warwick, had ever been subjected to—Captain Coxe, we repeat, did alone, after two such mischances, rush again into the heat of conflict, his bases, and the foot-cloth of his hobby-horse dropping water, and twice reanimated by voice and example the drooping spirits of the English ; so that at length their victory over the Danish invaders became, as was just and reasonable, complete and decisive. Worthy he was to be rendered immortal by the pen of Ben Jonson, who, fifty years afterwards, deemed that a masque, exhibited at Kenilworth, could be ushered in by none with so much propriety, as by the ghost of Captain Coxe, mounted upon his redoubted hobbyhorse.

These rough rural gambols may not altogether agree with the reader's preconceived idea of an entertainment *presented before Elizabeth*, in whose reign letters revived with such brilliancy, and whose court, governed by a female, whose sense of propriety was equal to her strength of mind, was no less distinguished for delicacy and refinement than her counsels for wisdom and for-

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But whether from the political wish to seem interested in popular sports, or whether from a spark of Henry's rough masculine spirit, which Elizabeth sometimes displayed, it is certain the Queen laughed merrily at the imitation, or rather burlesque of chivalry, as was presented in the Coventry play. She called her person the Earl of Sussex and Lord Hunsdon, perhaps to make amends to the former for the and private audiences with which she had indulged Earl of Leicester, by engaging him in conversation a pastime, which better suited his taste than those amants that were furnished forth from the stores of jousting. The disposition which the Queen showed to and jest with her military leaders, gave the Earl of Leicester the opportunity he had been watching for drawing from the royal presence, which to the court and, so well had he chosen his time, had the graceful appearance of leaving his rival free access to the Queen's son, instead of availing himself of his right as her lord, to stand perpetually betwixt others and the Queen of her countenance.

Leicester's thoughts, however, had a far different object from mere courtesy ; for no sooner did he see the Queen fairly engaged in conversation with Sussex and Hunsdon, behind whose back stood Sir Nicholas Blount, listening from ear to ear at each word which was spoken, than making a sign to Tressilian, who, according to his intent, watched his motions at a little distance, he extricated himself from the press, and walking towards the Queen, he had made his way through the crowds of ordinary spectators, who, with open mouth, stood gazing on the Queen of the English and the Danes. When he had accomplished this, which was a work of some difficulty, he turned another glance behind him to see that Tressilian was equally successful, and as soon as he saw him free from the crowd, he led the way to a small

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thicket, behind which stood a lackey, with two horses ready saddled. He flung himself on the one, and made signs to Tressilian to mount the other, who obeyed without speaking a single word.

Leicester then spurred his horse, and galloped without stopping until he reached a sequestered spot, environed by lofty oaks, about a mile's distance from the Castle, and in an opposite direction from the scene to which curiosity was drawing every spectator. He there dismounted, bound his horse to a tree, and only pronouncing the words, "Here there is no risk of interruption," laid his cloak across his saddle, and drew his sword.

Tressilian imitated his example punctually, yet could not forbear saying, as he drew his weapon, "My lord, as I have been known to many as one who does not fear death when placed in balance with honour, methinks I may, without derogation, ask, wherefore, in the name of all that is honourable, your lordship has dared to offer me such a mark of disgrace, as places us on these terms with respect to each other?"

"If you like not such marks of my scorn," replied the Earl, "betake yourself instantly to your weapon, lest I repeat the usage you complain of."

"It shall not need, my lord," said Tressilian. "God judge betwixt us! and your blood, if you fall, be on your own head."

He had scarce completed the sentence when they instantly closed in combat.

But Leicester, who was a perfect master of defence among all other exterior accomplishments of the time, had seen, on the preceding night, enough of Tressilian's strength and skill, to make him fight with more caution than heretofore, and prefer a secure revenge to a hasty one. For some minutes they fought with equal skill and fortune, till, in a desperate lounge which Leicester successfully put aside, Tressilian exposed himself at dis-

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; and in a subsequent attempt to close, he drew his sword from his hand, and stretched him round. With a grim smile he held the point of it within two inches of the throat of his fallen foe, and placing his foot at the same time upon his breast, bid him confess his villainous wrongs towards him and prepare for death.

“I have no villainy nor wrong towards thee to confess,” answered Tressilian, “and am better prepared for death than thou. Use thine advantage as thou wilt, say God forgive you! I have given you no cause to kill me.”

“No cause!” exclaimed the Earl, “no cause!—but why parley with such a slave?—Die a liar, as thou hast lived!”

He had withdrawn his arm for the purpose of striking the fatal blow, when it was suddenly seized from behind.

The Earl turned in wrath to shake off the unexpected obstacle, but was surprised to find that a strange-looking boy had hold of his sword-arm, and clung to it with such tenacity of grasp, that he could not shake him off without a considerable struggle, in the course of which Tressilian had opportunity to rise and possess himself once more of his weapon. Leicester again turned towards him with looks of unabated ferocity, and the combat would have recommenced with still more desperation on both sides, had not the boy clung to Lord Leicester’s knees, and in a shrill tone implored him to listen one moment ere he prosecuted this quarrel.

“Stand up, and let me go,” said Leicester, “or by Heaven, I will pierce thee with my rapier!—What hast thou to do to bar my way to revenge?”

“Much—much!” exclaimed the undaunted boy: “since my folly has been the cause of these bloody quarrels between you, and perchance of worse evils.”

long tress of woman's hair, of a ~~beautiful~~ ~~light~~ colour. Enraged as he was, nay, almost blinded with fury to see his destined revenge so strangely frustrated, the Earl of Leicester could not resist this extraordinary suppliant. He snatched the letter from his hand—changed colour as he looked on the superscription—undid, with faltering hand, the knot which secured it—glanced over the contents, and, staggering back, would have fallen, had he not rested against the trunk of a tree, where he stood for an instant, his eyes bent on the letter, and his sword-point turned to the ground, without seeming to be conscious of the presence of an antagonist, towards whom he had shown little mercy, and who might in turn have taken him at advantage. But for such revenge Tressilian was too noble-minded—he also stood still in surprise, waiting the issue of this strange fit of passion, but holding his weapon ready to defend himself in case of need, against some new and sudden attack on the part of Leicester, whom he again suspected to be

*The hour indeed.*

letter dropped from Leicester's hand when he had refused it. "Take my sword," he said, "Tressilian, and pierce my heart, as I would but now have pierced yours!"

"My lord," said Tressilian, "you have done me great wrong; but something within my breast ever whispered that it was by egregious error."

"Error, indeed!" said Leicester, and handed him the letter; "I have been made to believe a man of honour a villain, and the best and purest of creatures a false profligate.—Wretched boy, why comes this letter now, and where has the bearer lingered?"

"I dare not tell you, my lord," said the boy, withdrawing, as if to keep beyond his reach;—"but here comes one who was the messenger."

Wayland at the same moment came up; and, interrogated by Leicester, hastily detailed all the circumstances of his escape with Amy,—the fatal practices which had driven her to flight—and her anxious desire to throw herself at once under the protection of her husband,—pointing out the evidence of the domestics of Kenilworth. "who could not," he observed, "but remember her eager inquiries after the Earl of Leicester on her first arrival."

"The villains!" exclaimed Leicester; "but ~~of~~, that worst of villains, Varney!—and she is even now in his power!"

"But not, I trust in God," said Tressilian, "with any commands of fatal import?"

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the Earl, hastily.—"I said something in madness—but it was recalled, fully recalled, by a hasty messenger; and she is now—she must now be safe."

"Yes," said Tressilian, "she *must* be safe, and I *must* be assured of her safety. My own quarrel with you is ended, my lord; but there is another to begin with the seducer of Amy Robsart, who has screened his guilt under the cloak of the infamous Varney."

"The *seducer* of Amy!" replied Leicester, with a voice like thunder; "say her husband!—her misguided, blinded, most unworthy husband!—She is as surely Countess of Leicester as I am belted Earl. Nor can you, sir, point out that manner of justice which I will not render her at my own free will. I need scarce say, I fear not your compulsion."

The generous nature of Tressilian was instantly turned from consideration of anything personal to himself, and centred at once upon Amy's welfare. He had by no means undoubting confidence in the fluctuating resolutions of Leicester, whose mind seemed to him agitated beyond the government of calm reason; neither did he, notwithstanding the assurances he had received, think Amy safe in the hands of his dependants. "My lord," he said, calmly, "I mean you no offence, and am far from seeking a quarrel. But my duty to Sir Hugh Robsart compels me to carry this matter instantly to the Queen that the Countess's rank may be acknowledged in *your* person."

"You shall not need, sir," replied the Earl haughtily; "do not dare to interfere. No voice but Dudley's shall

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ey's infamy—to Elizabeth herself will I tell  
r Cunnor Place with the speed of life and

, he unbound his horse from the tree, threw  
the saddle, and rode at full gallop towards

me before you, Master Tressilian," said the  
ing Tressilian mount in the same haste—"my  
not all told out, and I need your protection."

silian complied, and followed the Earl, though at  
furious rate. By the way the boy confessed, with  
h contrition, that in resentment at Wayland's evading  
his inquiries concerning the lady, after Dickon con-  
ived he had in various ways merited his confidence, he  
ad purloined from him in revenge the letter with which  
Amy had intrusted him for the Earl of Leicester. His  
purpose was to have restored it to him that evening, as  
he reckoned himself sure of meeting with him, in conse-  
quence of Wayland's having to perform the part of  
Arion in the pageant. He was indeed something alarmed  
when he saw to whom the letter was addressed ; but he  
argued that, as Leicester did not return to Kenilworth  
until that evening, it would be again in the possession of  
the proper messenger, as soon as, in the nature of things,  
it could possibly be delivered. But Wayland came not  
to the pageant, having been in the interim expelled by  
Lambourne from the Castle, and the boy not being able  
to find him, or to get speech of Tressilian, and finding  
himself in possession of a letter addressed to no less a  
person than the Earl of Leicester, became much afraid of  
the consequences of his frolic. The caution, and indeed  
the alarm, which Wayland had expressed respecting  
Varney and Lambourne, led him to judge, that the letter  
must be designed for the Earl's own hand, and that he  
*might* prejudice the lady by giving it to any of the  
domestics. He made an attempt or two to obtain an

KENILWORTH.

audience of Leicester, but the singularity of his features, and the meanness of his appearance, occasioned his being always repulsed by the insolent menials whom he applied to for that purpose. Once, indeed, he had nearly succeeded, when, in prowling about, he found in the grotto the casket which he knew to belong to the unlucky Countess, having seen it on her journey, for nothing escaped his prying eye. Having strove in vain to restore it either to Tressilian or the Countess, he put it into the hands, as we have seen, of Leicester himself, but unfortunately he did not recognise him in his disguise.

At length the boy thought he was on the point of succeeding, when the Earl came down to the lower part of the hall ; but just as he was about to accost him, he was prevented by Tressilian. As sharp in ear as in wit, the boy heard the appointment settled betwixt them, to take place in the Pleasance, and resolved to add a third to the party, in hopes that, either in coming or in returning, he might find an opportunity of delivering the letter to Leicester ; for strange stories began to flit among the domestics, which alarmed him for the lady's safety. Accident, however, detained Dickon a little behind the Earl, and as he reached the arcade he saw them engaged in combat ; in consequence of which he hastened to alarm the guard, having little doubt that what bloodshed took place betwixt them might arise out of his own frolic. Continuing to lurk in the portico, he heard the second appointment which Leicester, at parting, assigned to Tressilian, and was keeping them in view during the encounter of the Coventry men, when, to his surprise, he recognised Wayland in the crowd, much disguised, *indeed, but not sufficiently so to escape the prying glance of his old comrade.* They drew aside out of the crowd to explain their situation to each other. The boy *conversed with Wayland what we have above told, and the boy in return, informed him that his deep anxiety for*

## CHAP. XL.

*High o'er the eastern steep the sun is beaming,  
And darkness flies with her deceitful shadows;—  
So truth prevails o'er falsehood.—OLD PLAY.*

 S Tressilian rode along the bridge, lately the scene of so much riotous sport, he could not but observe that men's countenances had singularly changed during the space of his brief absence. The mock fight was over, but the men, still habited in their masquing suits, stood together in groups, like the inhabitants of a city who have been just startled by some strange and alarming news.

When he reached the base-court, appearances were the same—domestics, retainers, and under officers, stood together and whispered, bending their eyes towards the windows of the great hall with looks which seemed at once alarmed and mysterious."

Sir Nicholas Blount was the first person of his own particular acquaintance Tressilian saw, who left him no time to make inquiries, but greeted him with, "God help thy heart, Tressilian, thou art fitter for a clown

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## KENILWORTH.

than a courtier—thou canst not attend as becomes one who follows her Majesty.—Here you are called for, wished for, waited for—no man but you will serve the turn; and hither you come with a misbegotten brat on thy horse's neck, as if thou wert dry nurse to some sucking devil, and wert just returned from airing."

"Why, what is the matter?" said Tressilian, letting go the boy, who sprung to ground like a feather, and himself dismounting at the same time.

"Why, no one knows the matter," replied Blount; "I cannot smell it out myself, though I have a nose like other courtiers. Only my Lord of Leicester has galloped along the bridge, as if he would have ridden over all in his passage, demanding an audience of the Queen, and is closeted even now with her, and Burleigh, and Walsingham—and you are called for—but whether the matter be treason or worse no one knows."

"He speaks true, by Heaven!" said Raleigh, who that instant appeared; "you must immediately to the Queen's presence."

"Be not rash, Raleigh," said Blount, "remember his ~~knots~~—For Heaven's sake, go to my chamber, dear Tressilian, and don my new bloom-coloured silken hose—I have worn them but twice."

"Pshaw!" answered Tressilian; "do thou take care of this boy, Blount; be kind to him, and look he escapes you not—much depends on him."

So saying, he followed Raleigh hastily, leaving honest Blount with the bridle of his horse in one hand, and the boy in the other. Blount gave a long look after him.

"Nobody," he said, "calls me to these mysteries—and he leaves me here to play horse-keeper and child-keeper at once. I could excuse the one, for I love a good horse naturally; but to be plagued with a ~~brachet~~ whelp.—Whence come ye my fair-favoured

is," answered the boy.

dst thou learn there, forward imp?"

ulls, with their webbed feet and yellow  
the boy.

said Blount, looking down on his own  
—“ Nay, then the devil take him asks thee  
ons.”

Tressilian traversed the full length of the  
, in which the astonished courtiers formed  
groups, and were whispering mysteriously toge-  
the all kept their eyes fixed on the door, which  
the upper end of the hall into the Queen's  
rawing apartment. Raleigh pointed to the door—  
silian knocked, and was instantly admitted. Many  
eck was stretched to gain a view into the interior of  
; apartment ; but the tapestry which covered the door  
the inside was dropped too suddenly to admit the  
 slightest gratification of curiosity.

Upon entrance, Tressilian found himself, not without a strong palpitation of heart, in the presence of Elizabeth, who was walking to and fro in a violent agitation, which she seemed to scorn to conceal, while two or three of her most sage and confidential counsellors exchanged anxious looks with each other, but delayed speaking till her wrath had abated. Before the empty chair of state in which she had been seated, and which was half pushed aside by the violence with which she had started from it, knelt Leicester, his arms crossed, and his brows bent on the ground, still and motionless as the effigies upon a sepulchre. Beside him stood the Lord Shrewsbury, then Earl Marshal of England, holding his baton of office—the Earl's sword was unbuckled, and lay before him on the floor.

“ Ho, sir ! ” said the Queen, coming close up to  
Tressilian, and stamping on the floor with the action  
and manner of Henry himself ; “ you knew of this fair

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## KENILWORTH.

work—you are an accomplice in this deception which has been practised on us—you have been a main cause of our doing injustice?" Tressilian dropped on his knee before the Queen, his good sense showing him the risk of attempting any defence at that moment of irritation. "Art dumb, sirrah!" she continued; "thou know'st of this affair, dost thou not?"

"Not, gracious madam, that this poor lady was Countess of Leicester."

"Nor shall any one know her for such," said Elizabeth. "Death of my life! Countess of Leicester!—I say Dame Amy Dudley—and well if she hath not cause to write herself widow of the traitor Robert Dudley."

"Madam," said Leicester, "do with me what it may be your will to do—but work no injury on this gentleman—he hath in no way deserved it."

"And will he be the better for thy intercession," said the Queen, leaving Tressilian, who slowly arose, and rushing to Leicester, who continued kneeling—"the better for thy intercession, thou doubly false—thou doubly forsworn?—of thy intercession, whose villainy hath made me ridiculous to my subjects, and odious to myself?—I could tear out mine eyes for their blindness!"

Burleigh here ventured to interpose.

"Madam," he said, "remember that you are a Queen—Queen of England—mother of your people. Give not way to this wild storm of passion."

Elizabeth turned round to him, while a tear actually twinkled in her proud and angry eye. "Burleigh," she said, "thou art a statesman—thou dost not, thou canst not comprehend half the scorn—half the misery, that man has poured on me!"

*With the utmost caution—with the deepest reverence, Burleigh took her hand at the moment he saw her heart was at the fullest, and led her aside to an oriel window, apart from the others.*

it!"

"!" said Elizabeth, pausing as if a new train of it had suddenly shot across her brain. "Burleigh, art right—thou art right—anything but disgrace—~~anything~~ but a confession of weakness—anything rather ~~than~~ seem the cheated—slighted—'Sdeath! to think on it is distraction!"

"Be but yourself, my Queen," said Burleigh; "and soar far above a weakness which no Englishman will ever believe his Elizabeth could have entertained, unless the violence of her disappointment carries a sad conviction to his bosom,"

"What weakness, my lord?" said Elizabeth haughtily; "would you too insinuate that the favour in which I held yonder proud traitor, derived its source from aught"—But here she could no longer sustain the proud tone which she had assumed, and again softened as she said, "But why should I strive to deceive even thee, my good and wise servant!"

Burleigh stooped to kiss her hand with affection, and—rare in the annals of courts—a tear of true sympathy dropped from the eye of the minister on the hand of his Sovereign.

It is probable that the consciousness of possessing this sympathy, aided Elizabeth in supporting her mortification, and suppressing her extreme resentment; but she was still more moved by fear that her passion should betray to the public the affront and the disappointment

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it; and on the  
—ever you have sustaine

, she extorted, by successive questions, the  
of his first acquaintance with Amy Robsart  
iage—his jealousy—the causes on which it  
d, and many particulars besides. Leicester's  
, for such it might be called, was wrenched  
piecemeal, yet was upon the whole accurate,  
g that he totally omitted to mention that he had,  
ication, or otherwise, assented to Varney's de-  
upon the life of his Countess. Yet the conscious-  
of this was what at that moment lay nearest to his  
; and although he trusted in great measure to the  
, positive counter-orders which he had sent by Lam-  
arne, it was his purpose to set out for Cumnor Place,  
person, as soon as he should be dismissed from the  
presence of the Queen, who, he concluded, would pre-  
sently leave Kenilworth.

But the Earl reckoned without his host. It is true, his presence and his communications were gall and wormwood to his once partial mistress. But, barred from every other and more direct mode of revenge, the Queen perceived that she gave her false suitor torture by these inquiries, and dwelt on them for that reason, no more regarding the pain which she herself experienced, than the savage cares for the searing of his own hands by grasping the hot pincers with which he tears the flesh of his captive enemy.

At length, however, the haughty lord, like a deer that turns to bay, gave intimation that his patience was failing. "Madam," he said, "I have been much to blame—more than even your just resentment has expressed. Yet, madam, let me say, that my guilt, if it be unpardonable, was not unprovoked; and that, if beauty and condescending dignity could seduce the fra-

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an being, I might plead both, as the recalling this secret from your Majesty." was so much struck with this reply, which care should be heard by no one but she was for the moment silenced, and the temerity to pursue his advantage, who has pardoned so much, will excuse myself on your royal mercy for those which were yester-morning accounted but a

e."

Then fixed her eyes on him while she replied, "Heaven, my lord, thy effrontery passes the belief, as well as patience! But it shall avail ing.—What, ho! my lords, come all and hear—My Lord of Leicester's stolen marriage has a husband, and England a King. His lordship is not this too insolent,—that I could not grace with a few marks of court-favour, but he must pre- to think my hand and crown at a time was in- however, think better of me; and I can pity this itious man, as I could a child, whose bubble of soap burst between his hands. We go to the presence- umber—My Lord of Leicester, we command your close

endance on us."

All was eager expectation in the hall, and what was the universal astonishment, when the Queen said to those next her, "The revels of Kenilworth are not yet ex- hausted, my lords and ladies—we are to solemnise the noble owner's marriage."

There was an universal expression of surprise. "It is true, on our royal word," said the Queen; "he hath kept this a secret even from us, that he might sur- ise us with it at this very place and time. I see y- dying of curiosity to know the happy bride—"

Amy Robs-  
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## KENILWORTH.

same who, to make up the May-game  
& in the pageant as the wife of his

ke, madam," said the Earl, approaching  
re of humility, vexation, and shame in  
and speaking so low as to be heard by  
ke my head, as you threatened in your  
e me these taunts! Urge not a falling  
on a crushed worm."

ny lord," said the Queen, in the same  
a snake is the nobler reptile, and the more  
e—the frozen snake you wot of, which was  
ertain bosom"—

own sake—for mine, madam," said the  
there is yet some reason left in me"—  
oud, my lord," said Elizabeth, "and at  
ce, so please you—your breath thaws our  
have you to ask of us?"

n," said the unfortunate Earl, humbly,  
Cumnor Place."

home your bride belike?—Why, ay,—that  
for, as we have heard, she is indifferently  
re. But, my lord, you go not in person—  
nted upon passing certain days in this  
enilworth, and it were slight courtesy to  
out a landlord during our residence here.  
avour, we cannot think to incur such dis-  
yes of our subjects. Tressilian shall go to  
—and of you, and with him some gen-  
—chamber, lest m:

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hast made a good choice. He is a young knight ~~be~~  
sides, and to deliver a lady from prison is an appropriate  
first adventure.—Cumnor Place is little better than a  
prison, you are to know, my lords and ladies.—Besides,  
there are certain faitours there whom we would willingly  
have in fast keeping. You will furnish them, Master  
Secretary, with the warrant necessary to secure the bodies  
of Richard Varney and the foreign Alasco, dead or alive.  
Take a sufficient force with you, gentlemen—bring the  
lady here in all honour—lose no time, and God be  
with you ! ”

They bowed and left the presence.

Who shall describe how the rest of that day was  
spent at Kenilworth? The Queen, who seemed to have  
remained there for the sole purpose of mortifying and  
taunting the Earl of Leicester, showed herself as skilful  
in that female art of vengeance, as she was in the  
science of wisely governing her people. The train of  
state soon caught the signal, and, as he walked among  
his own splendid preparations, the Lord of Kenilworth,  
in his own Castle, already experienced the lot of a dis-  
graced courtier, in the slight regard and cold manners  
of alienated friends, and the ill-concealed triumph of  
avowed and open enemies. Sussex, from his natural  
military frankness of disposition, Burleigh and Walsing-  
ham, from their penetrating and prospective sagacity,  
and some of the ladies, from the compassion of their sex,  
were the only persons in the crowded court who retained  
towards him the countenance they had borne in the  
morning.

So much had Leicester been accustomed to consider  
~~court-favour as the principal object of his life, that all~~  
~~other sensations were, for the time, lost in the agony~~  
~~which his haughty spirit felt at the succession of petty~~  
~~injuries and studied neglects to which he had been sub-~~  
~~554~~  
~~posed; but when he retired to his own chamber for~~

### KENILWORTH.

the night, that long fair tress of hair which had once secured Amy's letter, fell under his observation, and with the influence of a counter-charm, awakened his heart to nobler and more natural feelings. He kissed it a thousand times ; and while he recollects that he had it always in his power to shun the mortifications which he had that day undergone, by retiring into a dignified and even prince-like seclusion, with the beautiful and beloved partner of his future life, he felt that he could rise above the revenge which Elizabeth had condescended to take.

Accordingly, on the following day, the whole conduct of the Earl displayed so much dignified equanimity ; he seemed so solicitous about the accommodations and amusements of his guests, yet so indifferent to their personal demeanour towards him ; so respectfully distant to the Queen, yet so patient of her harassing displeasure, that Elizabeth changed her manner to him, and, though cold and distant, ceased to offer him any direct affront.

She intimated also with some sharpness to others around her, who thought they were consulting her pleasure in showing a neglectful conduct to the Earl, that while they remained at Kenilworth, they ought to observe the civility due from guests to the Lord of the castle.

In short, matters were so far changed in twenty-four hours, that some of the more experienced and sagacious courtiers foresaw a strong possibility of the Earl's restoration to favour, and regulated their demeanour towards him, as those who might one day claim his services for not having deserted him in adversity. It is however, to leave these intrigues, and follow the Queen and Raleigh on their journey.

## KENILWORTH.

which had a long journey before them. They devoured to procure some tidings as they rode along. Varney and his party, but could hear none, as they travelled in the dark. At a small village about two miles from Kenilworth, where they gave some refreshment to their horses, a poor clergyman, the curate of the place, came out of a small cottage, and entre any of the company who might know aught of sur to look in for an instant on a dying man.

The empiric Wayland undertook to do his best, as the curate conducted him to the spot, he learned the man had been found on the high road about a from the village, by labourers, as they were going their work on the preceding morning, and the curate given him shelter in his house. He had received a shot wound which seemed to be obviously mortal, whether in a broil or from robbers they could not know as he was in a fever, and spoke nothing connect Wayland entered the dark and lowly apartment, and sooner had the curate drawn aside the curtain, than knew in the distorted features of the patient the countenance of Michael Lambourne. Under pretence of : ing something which he wanted, Wayland hastily prised his fellow-travellers of this extraordinary circumstance; and both Tressilian and Raleigh, full of apprehensions, hastened to the curate's house to see dying man.

The wretch was by this time in the agonies of death from which a much better surgeon than Wayland could not have rescued him, for the bullet had passed through his body. He was sensible, however, at *In part, for he knew Tressilian, and made signs that wished him to stoop over his bed.* Tressilian did *and after some inarticulate mutterings, in which the names of Varney and Lady Leicester were alone distinguishable, bade him "make haste, or he would*

s in vain Tressilian urged the patient mation ; he seemed to become in some s, and when he again made a signal to man's attention, it was only for the purpose him to inform his uncle, Giles Gosling of ear, that " he had died without his shoes A convulsion verified his words a few minutes the travellers derived nothing from having him, saving the obscure fears concerning the ne Countess, which his dying words were cal to convey, and which induced them to urge their ney with their utmost speed, pressing horses in the een's name, when those which they rode became unfit : service.

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## CHAP. XLI.

*The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,  
An aerial voice was heard to call,  
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wing  
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.—MICKLE.*

**M**E are now to return to that part of our story where we intimated that Varney, possessed of the authority of the Earl of Leicester, and of the Queen's permission to the same effect, hastened to secure himself against discovery of his perfidy, by removing the Countess from Kenilworth Castle. He had proposed to set forth early in the morning, but reflecting that the Earl might relent in the interim, and seek another interview with the Countess, he resolved to prevent, by immediate departure, all chance of what would probably have ended in his detection and ruin. For this purpose he called for Lambourne, and was exceedingly incensed to find that his trusty attendant was *abroad on some ramble in the neighbouring village, or elsewhere.* As his return was expected, Sir Richard

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## KENILWORTH.

the same time shook the sleeper by the current of his ideas, and he roared !—thieves ! I will die in defence of my d-won gold, that has cost me so dear.—et?—Is Janet safe ? ”

ough, thou bellowing fool ! ” said Varney ; not ashamed of thy clamour ? ”

— Ay this time was broad awake, and, sitting up bed, asked Varney the meaning of so untimely a “ It augurs nothing good,” he added.

A false prophecy, most sainted Anthony,” returned mey ; “ it augurs that the hour is come for con-  
ting thy leasehold into copyhold—What sayest thou  
, that ? ”

“ Hadst thou told me this in broad day,” said Foster, “ I had rejoiced—but at this dead hour, and by this dim light, and looking on thy pale face, which is a ghastly contradiction to thy light words, I cannot but rather think of the work that is to be done, than the guerdon to be gained by it.”

“ Why, thou fool, it is but to escort thy charge back to Cumnor Place.”

“ Is that indeed all ? ” said Foster ; “ thou look’st deadly pale, and thou art not moved by trifles—is that indeed all ? ”

“ Ay, that—and maybe a trifle more,” answered Varney.

“ Ah, that trifle more ! ” said Foster ; “ still thou look’st paler and paler.”

“ Heed not my countenance,” said Varney, “ you see it by this wretched light. Up and be doing, man—Think of Cumnor Place—thine own proper copyhold—Why, thou mayest found a weekly lectureship, besides endowing Janet like a baron’s daughter.—Seventy pounds and odd.”

“ Seventy-nine pounds, five shillings and five-pence half-penny, besides the value of the wood,” said Foster . “ and I am to have it all as copyhold ? ”

## KENILWORTH.

"All, man—squirrels and all—no gipsy shall cut the value of a broom—no boy so much as take a bird's nest, without paying thee a quittance—Ay, that is right—don thy matters as fast as possible—horses and every thing are ready, all save that accursed villain Lambourne, who is out on some infernal gambol."

"Ay, Sir Richard," said Foster, "you would take no advice. I ever told you that drunken profligate would fail you at need. Now I could have helped you to a sober young man."

"What, some slow-spoken, long-breathed brother of the congregation?—Why, we shall have use for such also, man—Heaven be praised, we shall lack labourers of every kind.—Ay, that is right, forget not your pistols—Come now, and let us away."

"Whither?" said Anthony.

"To my lady's chamber—and mind—she *must* along with us. Thou art not a fellow to be startled by a shriek?"

"Not if Scripture reason can be rendered for it; and it is written, 'wives, obey your husbands.' But will my lord's commands bear us out if we use violence?"

"Tush, man; here is his signet," answered Varney; and, having thus silenced the objections of his associate, they went together to Lord Hunsdon's apartments, and acquainting the sentinel with their purpose, as a matter sanctioned by the Queen and the Earl of Leicester, they entered the chamber of the unfortunate Countess.

The horror of Amy may be conceived, when, starting from a broken slumber, she saw at her bedside Varney, the man on earth she most feared and hated. It was even a consolation to see that he was not alone, *though she had so much reason to dread his sullen companion.*

"Madam," said Varney, "there is no time for cere-  
560 My Lord of Leicester, having fully considered

of the time, sends you his orders to accompany us on our return to Cumnor here is his sighet, in token of his instant commands."

se!" said the Countess; "thou hast stolen it—thou, who art capable of every villany, from the best to the basest!"

"TRUE, madam," replied Varney; "so true, you do not instantly arise, and prepare to attend must compel you to obey our orders."

"Compel!—thou darest not put it to that issue, base you art," exclaimed the unhappy Countess.

"That remains to be proved, madam," said Varney, "I had determined on intimidation as the only means of abducing her high spirit; "if you put me to it you will find me a rough groom of the chamber."

It was at this threat that Amy screamed so fearfully, that had it not been for the received opinion of her insanity, she would quickly have had Lord Hunsdon and others to her aid. Perceiving, however, that her cries were vain, she appealed to Foster in the most affecting terms, conjuring him, as his daughter Janet's honour and purity were dear to him, not to permit her to be treated with unwomanly violence.

"Why, madam, wives must obey their husbands—there's Scripture warrant for it," said Foster; "and if you will dress yourself, and come with us patiently, there's no one shall lay a finger on you while I can draw a pistol-trigger."

Seeing no help arrive, and comforted even by the dogged language of Foster, the Countess promised to rise and dress herself, if they would agree to retire from the room. Varney at the same time assured her of all safety and honour while in their hands, and promised, *that he himself would not approach her, since his presence was so displeasing.* Her husband, he added

## KENILWORTH.

would be at Cumnor Place within twenty-four hours after they had reached it.

Somewhat comforted by this assurance, upon which, however, she saw little reason to rely, the unhappy Amy made her toilette by the assistance of the lantern which they left with her when they quitted the apartment.

Weeping, trembling, and praying, the unfortunate lady dressed herself—with sensations how different from the days in which she was wont to decorate herself in all the pride of conscious beauty! She endeavoured to delay the completing her dress as long as she could, until, terrified by the impatience of Varney, she was obliged to declare herself ready to attend them.

When they were about to move, the Countess clung to Foster with such an appearance of terror at Varney's approach, that the latter protested to her, with a deep oath, that he had no intention whatever of even coming near her. "If you do but consent to execute your husband's will in quietness, you shall," he said, "see but little of me. I will leave you undisturbed to the care of the usher whom your good taste prefers."

"My husband's will!" she exclaimed. "But it is the will of God, and let that be sufficient to me.—I will go with Master Foster as unresistingly as ever did a literal sacrifice. He is a father at least; and will have decency, if not humanity. For thee, Varney, were it my latest word, thou art an equal stranger to both."

Varney replied only she was at liberty to choose, and walked some paces before them to show the way; while, half leaning on Foster, and half carried by him, the Countess was transported from Saintlowe's Tower to the eastern-gate, where Tider waited with the litter and horses.

*The Countess was placed in the former without resistance. She saw with some satisfaction that while Foster*

## KENILWORTH.

rode close by the litter, which the latter con-  
sidered round the verge of the lake, to keep sight  
of the stately towers which called her husband lord,  
which still in some places sparkled with lights, where  
the ladies were yet revelling. But when the direction  
of the road rendered this no longer possible, she drew  
her head, and sinking down in the litter, recom-  
mended herself to the care of Providence.

ides the desire of inducing the Countess to proceed  
further on her journey, Varney had it also in view to have  
an interview with Lambourne, by whom he every moment  
expected to be joined, without the presence of any witness.  
He knew the character of this man—prompt,  
bold, resolute, and greedy, and judged him the most fit  
servant he could employ in his farther designs. But ten  
miles of their journey had been measured ere he heard the  
clatter of horse's hoofs behind him, and was overtaken  
by Michael Lambourne.

tted as he was with his absence, Varney received  
the oblique servant with a rebuke of unusual bitterness.  
"A drunken villain," he said, "thy idleness and debauched  
manners will stretch a halter ere it be long; and for me,  
I know not how soon!"

in this style of objurgation, Lambourne, who was elated  
in an unusual degree not only by an extraordinary cup

## KENILWORTH.

insolence ; but ascribing it to liquor, suffered it to pass as if unnoticed, and then began to tamper with Lambourne, touching his willingness to aid in removing out of the Earl of Leicester's way an obstacle to a rise, which would put it in his power to reward his trusty followers to their utmost wish. And upon Michael Lambourne's seeming ignorant what was meant, he plainly indicated "the litter-load, yonder," as the impediment which he desired should be removed.

"Look you, Sir Richard, and so forth," said Michael, "some are wiser than some, that is one thing, and some are worse than some, that's another. I know my lord's mind on this matter better than thou, for he hath trusted me fully in the matter. Here are his mandates, and his last words were, Michael Lambourne—for his lordship speaks to me as a gentleman of the sword, and useth not the words drunken villain, or such like phrases, of those who know not how to bear new dignities.—Varney, says he, must pay the utmost respect to my Countess—I trust to you for looking to it, Lambourne, says his lordship, and you must bring back my signet from him peremptorily."

"Ay," replied Varney, "said he so, indeed? You know all, then?"

"All—all—and you were as wise to make a friend of me while the weather is fair betwixt us."

"And was there no one present," said Varney, "when my lord so spoke?"

"Not a breathing creature," replied Lambourne. "Think you my lord would trust any one with such matters, save an approved man of action like myself?"

"Most true," said Varney; and making a pause, he looked forward on the moonlight road. They were traversing a wide and open heath. The litter, being at least a mile before them, was both out of sight and hearing. He looked behind, and there was an expanse,

"art intrigue?"

"not me!" said Lambourne; "I  
ook a ~~master~~ before it as well as at  
e rest, if I have been an apprentice  
out, and I am resolute to set up

"quittance first, thou fool!" said '  
istol, which he had for some time he  
ambourne through the body.

h fell from his horse, without a singl  
dismounting, rifled his pockets, tu  
hat it might appear he had fallen by  
the Earl's packet, which was his chi  
> took Lambourne's purse, contain  
, the relics of what his debaucher  
om a singular combination of feelin  
and only the length of a small ri  
road, into which he threw it as  
Such are the strange remnants of

"...subduced"

lady cordially."

"We will not trust them, however, friend Anthony," said Varney; "we must secure her to that stranglehold you keep your gold."

"Gold!" said Anthony, much alarmed; "why, I had have it?—God help me, I have no gold I

had. *Marry have I*."

## KENILWORTH.

sares for thy gold?—If I did, could I not  
ned better ways to come at it?—In one word,  
nber, which thou hast fenced so curiously,  
r place of seclusion; and thou, thou hind,  
s her pillows of down.—I dare to say the  
never ask after the rich furniture of these four

last consideration rendered Foster tractable; he  
sked permission to ride before, to make matters  
, and spurring his horse, he posted before the litter,  
; Varney falling about threescore paces behind it, it  
ained only attended by Tider.

When they had arrived at Cumnor Place, the Countess  
ked eagerly for Janet, and showed much alarm when  
informed that she was no longer to have the attendance  
of that amiable girl.

“ My daughter is dear to me, madam,” said Foster,  
gruffly; “ and I desire not that she should get the court-  
tricks of lying and 'scaping—somewhat too much of that  
has she learned already, an it please your ladyship.”

The Countess, much fatigued and greatly terrified by  
the circumstances of her journey, made no answer to this  
insolence, but mildly expressed a wish to retire to her  
chamber.

“ Ay, ay,” muttered Foster, “ 'tis but reasonable;  
but, under favour, you go not to your gew-gaw toy-  
house yonder—you will sleep to-night in better security.”

“ I would it were in my grave,” said the Countess;  
“ but that mortal feelings shiver at the idea of soul and  
body parting.”

“ You, I guess, have no chance to shiver at that,”  
replied Foster. “ My lord comes hither to-morrow,  
and doubtless you will make your own ways good with  
him.”

“ But does he come hither?—does he indeed, good  
Foster?”

568 *playing with much ease and little noise, dr*

## KENILWORTH.

wooden gallery, after the manner of a gallery, as to cut off all communication between the bed-room, which he usually inhabited, being-place of the high winding-stair which led to it. The rope by which this machinery was suspended was generally carried within the bed-chamber, it being the master's object to provide against invasion from without, but now that it was intended to secure the master within, the cord had been brought over to the outer-place, and was there made fast, when Foster, in his much complacency, had dropped the unsuspected trap-door.

Varney looked with great attention at the machinery, peeped more than once down the abyss which was opened by the fall of the trap-door. It was dark as pitch, and seemed profoundly deep, going, as Foster informed his confederate in a whisper, nigh to the lowest vault of the Castle. Varney cast once more a fixed and long look down into this sable gulf, and then followed Foster to the part of the manor-house most usually inhabited.

When they arrived in the parlour which we have mentioned, Varney requested Foster to get them supper, and some of the choicest wine. "I will seek Alasco," he added; "we have work for him to do, and we must put him in good heart."

Foster groaned at this intimation, but made no remonstrance. The old woman assured Varney that Alasco had scarce eaten or drunken since her master's departure, living perpetually shut up in the laboratory, and talking as if the world's continuance depended on what he was doing there.

"I will teach him that the world hath other claims on him," said Varney, seizing a light, and going in quest of the alchemist. He returned, after a considerable absence, very pale, but yet with his habitual sneer on his cheek and nostril—"Our friend," he said, "has exhaled."



oath had two good sops of late."

"sops—what mean you?" said Foster—  
"you?"

"ill know in time," said Varney ;—"and then  
banquet—but thou wilt esteem Her too choice  
for the fiend's tooth—she must have her psalms,  
ps, and seraphs."

"ony Foster heard, and came slowly back to the  
"God! Sir Richard, and must that then be  
?"

"Ay, in very truth, Anthony, or there comes no copy-  
ad in thy way," replied his inflexible associate.

"I always foresaw it would land there!" said Foster ;  
"but how, Sir Richard, how?—for not to win the world  
would I put hands on her."

"I cannot blame thee," said Varney ; "I should be  
reluctant to do that myself—we miss Alasco and his  
manna sorely; ay, and the dog Lambourne."

"Why, where tarries Lambourne?" said Anthony.

"Ask no questions," said Varney, "thou shalt see him  
one day, if thy creed be true.—But to our graver matter.  
—I will teach thee a springe, Tony, to catch a pewit—  
yonder trap-door—yonder grimcrack of thine, will remain  
secure in appearance, will it not, though the supports  
are withdrawn beneath?"

"Ay, marry, will it," said Foster, "so long as it is  
not trodden on."

"But were the lady to attempt an escape over it," re-  
plied Varney, "her weight would carry it down?"

"A mouse's weight would do it," said Foster.

"Why, then, she dies in attempting her escape; and  
what could you or I help it, honest Tony? Let us to  
bed, we will adjust our project to-morrow."

nan-servant were sent on a ~~feign~~  
the village, and Anthony himself, as if  
at the Countess suffered no want of  
visited her place of confinement. He  
ggered at the mildness and patience  
med to endure her confinement, that  
earnestly recommending to her not to  
ld of her room on any account what  
Leicester should come, "Which," he  
in God, will be very soon." Amy ..  
d that she would resign herself to her  
returned to his hardened companion  
e half eased of the perilous load that  
"I have warned her," he said; "surely  
re set in the sight of any bird!"  
ore, the Countess's door unsecured on  
under the eye of Varney, withdrew the  
ustained the falling trap, which, there-  
---" ~~... b... a slight adhesion.~~

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" O C  
" W  
and th  
what s  
" I :  
said F  
" H  
Tony-  
" V  
Foste  
" S  
room  
Earl'  
"  
dese  
hast

was over.

instant, Varney called in at the window, and tone which was an indescribable mixture of mirth and railery, "Is the bird caught?—is the

"forgive us!" replied Anthony Foster.

"thou fool," said Varney, "thy toil is ended, reward secure. Look down into the vault—est thou?"

"See only a heap of white clothes, like a snow-drift," Foster. "O God, she moves her arm!"

"Hurl something down on her—Thy gold chest, my—it is an heavy one."

"Varney, thou art an incarnate fiend!" replied Foster;—"There needs nothing more—she is gone!"

"So pass our troubles," said Varney, entering the room; "I dreamed not I could have mimicked the Earl's call so well."

"Oh, if there be judgment in Heaven, thou hast deserved it," said Foster, "and wilt meet it!—Thou hast destroyed her by means of her best affections—It is a seething of the kid in the mother's milk!"

"Thou art a fanatical ass," replied Varney; "let us now think how the alarm should be given,—the body is to remain where it is."

But their wickedness was to be permitted no longer—for even while they were at this consultation, Tressilian and Raleigh broke in upon them, having obtained admittance by means of Tider and Foster's servant, whom they had secured at the village.

Anthony Foster fled on their entrance; and knowing each corner and pass of the intricate old house, escaped all search. But Varney was taken on the spot; and, instead of expressing compunction for what he had done, seemed to take a fiendish pleasure in pointing out

which could be carried into execu-  
tion. As the heroes of antiquity, he carried  
a small quantity of strong poison,  
the celebrated Demetrius Alasco.  
is potion over-night, he was found  
in his cell; nor did he appear to  
any agony, his countenance presenting  
a habitual expression of sneering  
redominant while he lived. "The  
Scripture, "hath no bonds in his

league in wickedness was long un-  
known. He was deserted immediately after  
the vicinity of what was called the  
"House of the domestics" pretended to  
have seen, and other supernatural visitors.

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tion has  
patron,  
than re-  
court; I  
and fav-  
to histo-  
death, I  
ceived, I  
poison.

Six  
years

## KENILWORTH.

th of time, Janet, hearing no tidings  
ame the uncontrolled mistress of his  
nferred it, with her hand, upon Way-  
an of settled character, and holding a  
eth's household. But it was after they  
dead for some years, that their eldest son  
making some researches about Cumnor  
ered a secret passage, closed by an iron  
, opening from behind the bed in the Lady  
chamber, descended to a sort of cell, in which  
d an iron chest containing a quantity of gold,  
uman skeleton stretched above it. The fate of  
y Foster was now manifest. He had fled to this  
of concealment, forgetting the key of the spring-  
and, being barred from escape, by the means he  
used for preservation of that gold for which he had  
his salvation, he had there perished miserably.  
questionably the groans and screams heard by the  
omestics were not entirely imaginary, but were those of  
his wretch, who, in his agony, was crying for relief and  
succour.

The news of the Countess's dreadful fate put a sudden  
period to the pleasures of Kenilworth. Leicester retired  
from court, and for a considerable time abandoned him-  
self to his remorse. But as Varney in his last declara-  
tion had been studious to spare the character of his  
patron, the Earl was the object rather of compassion  
than resentment. The Queen at length recalled him to  
court ; he was once more distinguished as a statesman  
and favourite, and the rest of his career is well known  
to history. But there was something retributive in his  
death, if, according to an account very generally re-  
ceived, it took place from his swallowing a draught of  
poison which was designed by him for another person.

*Sir Hugh Robsart died very soon after his daughter,  
having settled his estate on Tressilian. But neither the*

## KENILWORTH.

prospect of rural independence, nor the promises of favour which Elizabeth held out to induce him to follow the court, could remove his profound melancholy. Wherever he went, he seemed to see before him the disfigured corpse of the early and only object of his affection. At length, having made provision for the maintenance of the old friends and old servants who formed Sir Hugh's family at Lidcote Hall, he himself embarked with his friend Raleigh for the Virginia expedition, and, young in years but old in grief, died before his day in that foreign land.

Of inferior persons it is only necessary to say, that Blount's wit grew brighter as his yellow roses faded; that, doing his part as a brave commander in the wars, he was much more in his element than during the short period of his following the court; and that Flibbertigibbet's acute genius raised him to favour and distinction, in the employment both of Burleigh and Cecil.



# UCTION AND NOTES.

*ience and advantage of the reader, the Author's Introduction has been slightly abridged, and is amongst the "Notes," of which in reality it forms an important part.*

## INTRODUCTION.

CERTAIN degree of success, real or supposed, in the delineation of Queen Mary, naturally induced the Author to attempt something similar respecting "her sister and ~~she~~," the celebrated Elizabeth. He will not, however, pretend to have approached the task with the same feelings; for candid Robertson himself confesses having felt the prejudices in which a Scotsman is tempted to regard the subject; and that so liberal a historian avows, a poor romance-writer dares not disown. But he hopes the influence of a prejudice, almost as natural to him as his native air, will not be found to have greatly affected the sketch he has attempted of England's Elizabeth. I have endeavoured to describe her as at once a high-minded sovereign, and a female of passionate feelings, hesitating betwixt the sense of her rank and the duty she owed her subjects on the one hand, and on the other, her attachment to a nobleman, who, in external qualifications at least, amply merited her favour. The interest of the story is thrown upon that period when the sudden death of the first Countess of Leicester seemed to open to the ambition of her husband the opportunity of sharing the crown of his sovereign.

It is possible that slander, which very seldom favours the memories of persons in exalted stations, may have blackened the character of Leicester with darker shades than really belonged to it. But the almost general voice of the times attached the most foul suspicions to the death of the unfortunate Countess, more especially as it took place so very opportunely for the indulgence of her lover's ambition. If we can trust Ashmole's *Antiquities of Berkshire*, there was but too much ground for

## INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

the traditions which charge Leicester with the murder of his wife. In the following extract of the passage the reader will find the authority I had for the story of the romance:—

“ Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a very goodly personage, and singularly well featured, being a great favourite to Queen Elizabeth, it was thought, and commonly reported, that had he been a bachelor or widower the Queen would have made him her husband; to this end, to free himself of all obstacles, he commands, or perhaps, with fair flattering entreaties, desires his wife to repose herself here at his servant Anthony Forster’s house, who then lived in the aforesaid manor-house; and also prescribed to Sir Richard Varney (a prompter to this design), at his coming hither, that he should first attempt to poison her, and if that did not take effect, then by any other way whatsoever to dispatch her. This, it seems, was proved by the report of Dr. Walter Bayly, sometime fellow of New College, then living in Oxford, and professor of physic in that university; whom, because he would not consent to take away her life by poison, the Earl endeavoured to displace him the court. This man, it seems, reported for most certain, that there was a practice in Cumnor among the conspirators to have poisoned this poor innocent lady a little before she was killed, which was attempted after this manner:—They seeing the good lady sad and heavy (as one that well knew by her other handling that her death was not far off), began to persuade her that her present disease was abundance of melancholy and other humours, &c., and therefore would needs counsel her to take some potion, which she absolutely refusing to do, as still suspecting the worst; whereupon they sent a messenger on a day (unawares to her) for Dr. Bayly, and entreated him to persuade her to take some little potion by his direction, and they would fetch the same at Oxford; meaning to have added something of their own for her comfort, as the doctor upon just cause and consideration did suspect, seeing their great importunity, and the small need the lady had of physic, and therefore he peremptorily denied their *request*; *misdoubting* (as he afterwards reported) lest, if they had poisoned her under the name of his potion, he might after have been hanged for a colour of their sin, and the doctor remained still well assured that this way taking no effect, she would not long escape their violence, which afterwards happened thus. For Sir Richard Varney above said (the chief pro-

... away with her, with one maid only and a nurse, day forcibly sent away all her servants from her market, about three miles distant from this place; whether first stifling her, or else strangling her) flung her down a pair of stairs and broke her neck, a violence upon her; but, however, though it was reported that she by chance fell down stairs (but still wearing her hood that was upon her head), yet the informer will tell you there, that she was conveyed from her chamber where she lay to another where the bed's head of her stood close to a privy postern door, where they in came and stifled her in her bed, bruised her head very like her neck, and at length flung her down stairs, believing the world would have thought it a mischance, so blinded their villany. But behold the mercy and God in revenging and discovering this lady's murder, the persons that was a coadjutor in this murder was taken for a felony in the marches of Wales, and to publish the manner of the aforesaid murder, was made away in the prison by the Earl's appointment; Richard Varney the other, dying about the same time in died miserably, and blasphemed God, and said to a note (who hath related the same to others since), not ere his death, that all the devils in hell did tear him in 'orster, likewise, after this fact, being a man formerly to hospitality, company, mirth, and music, was aftererved to forsake all this, and with much melancholy veness (soine say with madness) pined and drooped

## N AND NOTES

of so virtuous a lady was to be the thing, by these and other heads of the principal men of the body to be re-buried in St. Mary's pomp and solemnity. It is remarkable that Earl's chaplain, did preach the or twice in his speech, by recom- that virtuous lady so pitifully mis- tifully slain. This Earl, after all his was himself poisoned by that which (some say by his wife at Cornbury though Baker in his Chronicle would anno 1588."

Leicester's death was thus communicated of liquor to his Lady, which he willed tness; which she, after his returne from was poison, gave him, and so he died." has been adopted and circulated by the Commonwealth, a satire written directly to Leicester, which loaded him with the most nong the rest, with the murder of his first to in the Yorkshire Tragedy, a play his family, throws his wife down stairs, with supposed murder of Leicester's Lady—

*By way to charm a woman's tongue  
Up her neck—a politician did it.*

## NOTES.

AMBOURNE, AND THE BLACK BEAR—p. 39.  
be put in epitaphs, Anthony Forster was some-  
reverse of the character represented in the novel.  
numental inscription at Cumnor Church it appears Forster, instead of being a vulgar, low-bred puri-  
as in fact a gentleman of birth and consideration,  
or his skill in the arts of music and horticulture,  
ages. In so far, therefore, the Anthony Forster  
has nothing but the name in common with the

real individual,  
and religious f  
its tenant, tra  
active agent i  
from being a  
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## TO KENILWORTH.

it notwithstanding the charity, benevolence, imputed by the monument of grey marble to n, as well as secret history, name him as the death of the Countess ; and it is added, that and convivial gallant, as we may infer from in the epitaph, he sunk, after the fatal deed, gloomy and retired habits, whose looks and mand that he suffered under the pressure of some ret.

## LEGEND OF WAYLAND SMITH—p. 186.

eat defeat, given by Alfred to the Danish invaders, is Mr. Gough, to have taken place near Ashdown, in re. "The burial place of Baereg, the Danish chief, as slain in this fight, is distinguished by a parcel of stones, an a mile from the hill, set on edge, enclosing a piece of ad somewhat raised. On the east side of the southern ex-ity stand three squarish flat stones, of about four or five feet : either way, supporting a fourth, and now called by the gar WAYLAND SMITH, from an idle tradition about an in-ble smith replacing lost horse-shoes there."—GOUGH'S *Edi- of Camden's Britannia*, vol. i. p. 221.

he popular belief still retains memory of this wild legend, ch, connected as it is with the site of a Danish sepulchre, y have arisen from some legend concerning the northern ergar, who resided in the rocks, and were cunning workers in d and iron. It was believed that Wayland Smith's fee was xence, and that, unlike other workmen, he was offended if e was offered. Of late his offices have been again called to mory ; but fiction has in this, as in other cases, taken the ury to pillage the stores of oral tradition. This monument st be very ancient, for it has been kindly pointed out to me t it is referred to in an ancient Saxon charter, as a landmark e monument has been of late cleared out, and made consider- y more conspicuous.

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH—p. 198.

Among the attendants and adherents of Sussex, we have ed to introduce the celebrated Raleigh, in the dawn o' rt favour.

~- Correspondence there are some curiou-

## INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

lers of Sir Walter Raleigh. "He was a tall, handsome, bold man; but his naïve was that he was damnable proud. Old Sir Robert Harley of Brampton Brian Castle, who knew him, would say, it was a great question who was the proudest, Sir Walter, or Sir Thomas Overbury; but the difference that was was judged in Sir Thomas's side. In the great parlour at Downton, at Mr. Raleigh's, is a good piece, an original of Sir Walter, in a white satin doublet, all embroidered with rich pearls, and a mighty rich chain of great pearls about his neck. The old servants have told me that the pearls were near as big as the painted ones. He had a most remarkable aspect, an exceeding high forehead, long-faced, and sour-eyelidded." A rebus is added to this purpose:

*The enemy to the stomach and the word of disgrace,  
Is the name of the gentleman with the bold face.*

Sir Walter Raleigh's beard turned up naturally, which gave him an advantage over the gallants of the time, whose moustaches received a touch of the barber's art to give them the air then most admired.

### COURT FAVOUR OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH—p. 217.

The gallant incident of the cloak is the traditional account of this celebrated statesman's rise at court. None of Elizabeth's courtiers knew better than he how to make his court to her personal vanity, or could more justly estimate the quantity of flattery which she could condescend to swallow. Being confined in the Tower for some offence, and understanding the Queen was about to pass to Greenwich in her barge, he insisted on approaching the window, that he might see, at whatever distance, the Queen of his Affections, the most beautiful object which the earth bore on its surface. The Lieutenant of the Tower (his own particular friend) threw himself between his prisoner and the window; while Sir Walter, apparently influenced by a fit of unrestrainable passion, swore he would not be debarred from seeing his light, his life, his goddess! A scuffle ensued, *got up* for effect's sake, in which the Lieutenant and his captive grappled and struggled with fury—tore each other's hair—and at length drew daggers, and were only separated by force. The Queen being informed of this scene exhibited by her frantic adorer, it wrought, as was to be expected, much in favour of the captive

The Earl of Leicester's Italian physician, Julio, was affi-  
oy his contemporaries to be a skilful compounder of poi-  
which he applied with such frequency, that the Jesuit Par-  
extols ironically the marvellous good luck of this great favouri-  
the opportune deaths of those who stood in the way of his wi-

The union of the poisoner, the quacksalver, the alchy-  
and the astrologer, in the same person, was familiar to  
pretenders to the mystic sciences.

## ITALIAN RHYMER—p. 439.

The incident alluded to occurs in the poem of Orlando I-  
morato of Boiardo, libro ii. canto 4, stanza 25.

*"Non era per ventura," etc.*

It may be rendered thus:—

*As then, perchance, unguarded was the tower,  
So enter'd free Anglant's dauntless knight.  
No monster and no giant guard the bower  
In whose recess reclined the fairy light,  
Robed in a loose cymar of lily white,  
And on her lap a sword of breadth and might.*

## JCTION AND NOTES.

*ide, as in a mirror bright,  
trims her for a festal night,  
her hair, and placed her coronet aright.*

uent to the Italian school of poetry was  
i on a well-known occasion. Her godson,  
n, having offended her delicacy by trans-  
cocious passages of the Orlando Furioso,  
a, as a penance, the task of rendering the  
nglish.







